

*man's Life is but a
bubble*

B R E N T;

O R,

English Syren.



L O N D O N :

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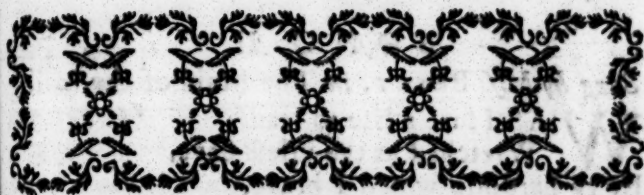
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You say, at your feet, that I wept in despair —	208
You spotted snakes, with double tongue —	97
You tell me I'm handsome, I know not how true	206
You've sure forgot, dear mother mine —	33
You vile pack of vagabonds —	270



THE
BRENT;
OR,
ENGLISH SYREN.

SONG I.

from the New English Opera of The Maid of the Mill.

CHORUS.

FREE from sorrow, free from strife,
Oh how blest the miller's life!
Chearful working thro' the day,
Still he laughs and sings away.
Nought can vex him,
Nought perplex him,
While there's grist to make him gay.

DUET.

Let the great enjoy the blessings
By indulgent fortune sent.
What can wealth, can grandeur offer
More than plenty and content?

B

SONG

THE BRENT;

SONG II.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in The Maid of the Mill.

WAS I sure a life to lead,
Wretched as the vilest slave,
Ev'ry hardship wou'd I brave,
Rudest toil, severest need,
Ere yield my hand so coolly
To the man who never truly
Could my heart in keeping have.

Wealth with others success will insure you,
Where your wit and your person may please;
Take to them your love, I conjure you,
And in mercy set me at ease.

SONG III.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in The Maid of the Mill.

TRUST me, would you taste true pleasure,
Without mixture, without measure,
No where shall you find the treasure
Sure as in the sylvan scene:

Blest, who, no false glare requiring,
Nature's rural sweets admiring,
Can, from grosser joys retiring,
Seek the simple and serene.

SONG IV.

Sung by Mrs. LAMPE, at Marybone-Gardens.

The Words by Mr. S. Boyce. Set by Mr. Cha. Lampe.

YOUNG Collin seeks my heart to move,
And sighs, and talks so much of love,
(He'll hang or drown, I fear it)
Of pangs, and wounds, and pointed darts;
Of Cupid's bow, and bleeding hearts;
I vow I cannot bear it.

He says I'm pretty——mighty well ;
And witty too——that's better still ;

And sensible, I swear it :

But words, you know, are nought but wind ;
Unless he'll freely tell his mind,

I vow I cannot bear it.

The shepherd dances blithe and gay,
And sweetly on his pipe can play ;

I own I like to hear it :

But down-cast looks, and hums and haws,
So badly plead a lover's cause,

I vow I cannot bear it.

I wish some friendly nymph or swain
Would bid the bashful boy speak plain,

(I wonder he should fear it)

I'd then take courage, like my sex,

The honest youth no more to vex,

But wed him, I declare it.

SONG V.

Sung by Mrs. LAMPE, at Marybone-Gardens.

Set by Mr. Charles Lampe.

COME then, come, ye sportive swains ;

Hither, jocund nymphs, advance ;

O'er the smooth enamell'd green,

Lead along the rustic dance.

Come, your grateful tributes pay,

Hail the rosy morn of May.

Now again the rising year

Calls us forth to mirth and joy ;

Pining grief, nor sordid care,

Shall our festive rites annoy.

Swell then, swell the chearful lay,

Hail the rosy morn of May.

B 2 SON G

SONG VI.

Sung by Miss HALLAM, in The Maid of the Mill.

WITH the man that I love, was I destin'd to dwell,

On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell;
Retreats the most barren, most desert, would be
More pleasing than courts or a palace to me.
Let the vain and the venal, in wedlock aspire
To what folly esteems, and the vulgar admire;
I yield them the bliss, where their wishes are plac'd,
Insensible creatures! 'tis all they can taste.

SONG VII.

Sung by Mr. SHUTER, in The Maid of the Mill.

WHY how now, Miss pert!
Do you think to divert
My anger by fawning and stroking?
Wou'd you make me a fool,
Your play-thing, your tool?
Was ever young minx so provoking?
Get out of my sight!
'Twould be serving you right,
To lay a sound dose of the lash on;
Contradict your Mamma!
I've a mind by the la—
But I won't put myself in a passion.

SONG VIII.

Sung by Mr. DIBDEN, in The Maid of the Mill.

WHEN you meet a tender creature,
Neat in limb, and fair in feature,
Full of kindness and good-nature;
Prove as kind again to she.

Happy

Or, ENGLISH SYREN. 5

Happy mortal ! to possess her,
In your bosom warm and press her,
Morning, noon, and night, caress her,
And be fond as fond can be.

But if one you meet that's frow-ard,
Saucy, jilting, and untow-ard,
Should you act the whining coward,
'Tis to mend her ne'er the whit.
Nothing's tough enough to bind her ;
Then agog when once you find her,
Let her go, and never mind her ;
Heart alive, you're fairly quit.



SONG IX.

The SEASON of LOVE.

*Sung by Mrs. LAMPE, at Marybone-Gardens, and by
Mr. DEARLE, at the Grotto-Garden.*

Set by Mr. Lampe.

BRIGHT Sol is return'd, the winter is o'er,
His all-cheering beams do nature restore ;
The cowslip and daisy, the vi'let and rose,
Each garden, each orchard, does fragrance disclose ;
The birds chearful notes are heard in each grove,
All nature confesses the Season of Love.

The nymphs and the shepherds come tripping amain,
All hasten to join in the sports of the plain ;
Our rural diversions are free from all guile,
The face that is honest securely can smile ;
The heart that's sincere in affection, may prove
All nature's force the Season of Love.

O come then, Philander, with Sylvia away,
Our friends that expect us accuse our delay ;

Let's haste to the village, the sports to begin;
 I'll strive, for my shepherd, the garland to win.
 But see his approach, whom my heart does approve,
 Who makes ev'ry hour the Season of Love.

SONG X.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in The Maid of the Mill.

THEN hey for a frolicsome life;
 I'll ramble where pleasures are rife;
 Strike up with the free-hearted lasses,
 And never think more of a wife.
 Plague on it, men are but asses,
 To run after noise and strife.
 Had we been together buckled,
 'Twould have prov'd a fine affair;
 Dogs would have bark'd at the cuckold,
 And boys pointing cry'd — Look there.

SONG XI.

A PASTORAL.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall-Gardens.

Set by Mr. Yates.

FAREWELL, ye green fields and sweet groves,
 Where Phillis engag'd my fond heart;
 Where nightingales warble their loves,
 And nature is dress'd without art:
 No pleasure ye now can afford,
 Nor music can lull me to rest;
 For Phillis proves false to her word,
 And Strephon can never be blest.
 Oft times, by the side of a spring,
 Where roses and lilies appear,
 Gay Phillis of Strephon would sing,
 For Strephon was all she held dear:

Or, ENGLISH SYREN. 7

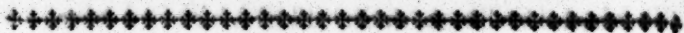
But as soon as she found, by my eyes,
 The passion that glow'd in my breast,
 She then, to my grief and surprize,
 Prov'd all she had said was a jest.
 Too late, to my sorrow, I find,
 The beauties alone that will last,
 Are those that are fix'd in the mind,
 Which envy or time cannot blast :
 Beware then, beware how ye trust
 Coquettes, who to love make pretence ;
 For Phillis to me had been just,
 If nature had blest her with sense.

SONG XII.

Sung by Mr. GILSON, at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Yates.

YE virgins, attend,
 Believe me your friend,
 And with prudence adhere to my plan ;
 Ne'er let it be said,
 There goes an old maid,
 But get married as fast as you can.
 As soon as you find
 Your hearts are inclin'd
 To beat quick at the sight of a man ;
 Then choose out a youth
 Of honour and truth,
 And get married as fast as you can.
 For age, like a cloud,
 Your charms soon will shroud,
 And this whimsical life's but a span ;
 Then, maids, make your hay
 While Sol darts his ray,
 And get married as fast as you can.

The treacherous rake
 Will artfully take
 Ev'ry method poor girls to trepan;
 But baffle their share,
 Make virtue your care,
 And get married as fast as you can.
 And when Hymen's bands
 Have join'd both your hands,
 The bright flame still continue to fan;
 Ne'er harbour the stings
 That jealousy brings;
 But be constant, and blest while you can.



SONG XIII.

The MAID'S ADVICE.

Sung by Miss WEARMAN, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Yates.

SHEPHERDS, would ye hope to please us,
 You must ev'ry humour try;
 Sometimes flatter, sometimes tease us,
 Sometimes laugh, and sometimes cry.
 Soft denials are but trials
 Of the heart we wish to gain;
 Tho' we're shy, and seem to fly,
 If you pursue, we fly in vain.



SONG XIV.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Yates.

WHEN Fanny to woman is growing a-pace,
 The rose-bud beginning to blow on her face;
 For Mamma's wife precepts she cares not a jot,
 Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell what.

No

No sooner the wanton her freedom obtains,
 Than, among the gay youths, a tyrant she reigns ;
 And finding her beauty such power has got,
 Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell what.
 Tho' all day in splendour she flaunts it about,
 At court, park, and play, the ridotto, and rout ;
 Tho' flatter'd, and envy'd, yet pines at her lot,
 Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell what.
 A touch of the hand, or a glance of the eye,
 From him she likes best, makes her ready to die ;
 Not knowing 'tis Cupid his arrow has shot,
 Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell what.
 Ye fair, take advice, and be blest while you may ;
 Each look, word, and action, your wishes betray ;
 Give ease to the heart by the conjugal knot,
 Tho' they pante'er so much, you'll soon know for what.

SONG XV.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in The Maid of the Mill.

O H! leave me in pity ; the falsehood I scorn ;
 For slander, the bosom untainted defies ;
 But rudeness and insult are not to be borne,
 Tho' offer'd by wretches we've sense to despise.
 Of woman defenceless, how cruel the fate !
 Pass ever so cautious, so blameless her way,
 Ill-nature and envy lurk always in wait,
 And innocence falls to their fury a prey.

SONG XVI.

Sung by Miss POITIER, in The Maid of the Mill.

O H! what a simpleton was I,
 To make my bed at such a rate !
 Now lay thee down, vain fool, and cry,
 Thy true love seeks another mate.

No tears, alack!
 Will call him back,
 No tender words his heart allure:
 I could bite
 My tongue thro' spite——
 Some plague bewitch'd me, that's for sure.



SONG XVII.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Comus.

NOW Phœbus sinketh in the west,
 Welcome song, and welcome jest;
 Midnight shouts and revelry,
 Tipsy dance, and jollity:
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping wine;
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.
 Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And Advice with scrup'lous head;
 Strict Age, and sour Severity,
 With their grave saws in slumber lie,
 With their grave saws in slumber lie.



SONG XVIII.

Sung in Comus. Set by Dr. Arne.

BY dimpled brook and fountain brim,
 The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
 Their merry (merry) wakes and pastimes keep;
 What has night to do with sleep?
 Night has better sweets to prove,
 Venus now wakes and wakens love;
 Come, let us our rites begin,
 'Tis only day-light that makes sin.

SONG

SONG XIX.

DUETTO. *Sung in Comus. Set by Dr. Arne.*

FROM tyrant laws and customs free,
We follow sweet variety;
By turns we drink, and dance, and sing,
Time for ever on the wing.

Why should niggard rules controul
Transports of the jovial soul?
No dull stinting hour we own,
Pleasure counts our time alone.

SONG XX.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Comus.

BY the gaily-circling glass
We can see how minutes pass;
By the hollow cask are told
How the waning night grows old,
How the waning night grows old:
Soon, too soon, the busy day
Drives us from our sport and play:
What have we with day to do?
Sons of Care, 'twas made for you,
Sons of Care, 'twas made for you.

SONG XXI.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Comus. Set by Dr. Arne.

FLY swiftly, ye minutes, till Comus receive
The nameless soft transports that beauty can give;
The bowl's frolick joys let him teach her to prove,
And she, in return, yield the raptures of love.

Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain;
Pow'r and grandeur insipid, and riches a pain:
The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave;
Love and wine give, ye gods, or take back what ye
gave.

SONG

SONG XXII.

Sung in Comus.

FAME's an echo, prattling double,
 An empty, airy, glitt'ring bubble;
 A breath can swell, a breath can sink it;
 The wise not worth their keeping think it:
 Why then, why such toil and pain,
 Fame's uncertain smiles to gain?
 Like her sister, Fortune, blind,
 To the best she's oft unkind,
 And the worst her favour find.

SONG XXIII.

*Sung by Miss BRENT, Miss POITIER, and Mr.
 BEARD, in Comus. Set by Dr. Arne.*

LIVE and love, enjoy the fair;
 Banish sorrow, banish care;
 Mind not what old dotards say,
 Age has had his share of play;
 But youth's sport begins to day.
 From the fruits of sweet delight
 Let no scare-crow virtue fright;
 Here, in pleasure's vineyards, we
 Rove, like birds, from tree to tree,
 Careless, airy, gay, and free.

SONG XXIV.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in Comus.

COME, come, bid adieu to fear;
 Love and harmony live here:
 No domestic jealous jars,
 Buzzing slanders, wordy wars,
 In my presence will appear:
 Love and harmony reign here.

Sighs

Sighs to am'rous sighs returning,
Pulses beating, bosoms burning,
Bosoms with warm wishes panting,
Words to speak those wishes wanting,
Are the only tumults here,
All the woes you need to fear :
Love and harmony reign here.

SONG XXV.

Sung by Miss POITIER, in Comus.

NOR on beds of fading flow'rs,
Shedding soon their gaudy pride,
Nor with swains in syren bow'rs,
Will true pleasure long reside :
On awful virtue's hill sublime
Enthron'd sits the immortal fair ;
Who wins her height must patient climb ;
The steps are peril, toil, and care :
So, from the first, did Jove ordain
Eternal bliss for transient pain.

SONG XXVI.

Set by Mr. Howard.

AT setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heav'n thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee :
I'll visit oft the birken bush,
Where first you kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst infold me.
To all our haunts thou didst repair,
By green-wood, shaw, or fountain ;
Or where the summer's day I'd share
With you upon yon mountain :

There

There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
 With thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
 By vows you're mine, my love is yours,
 My heart, which cannot wander.

SONG XXVII.

On the MARRIAGE ACT.

THE fool that is wealthy is sure of a bride;
 For riches, like fig-leaves, their nakedness
 hide:

The slave that is poor must starve all his life,
 In a batchelor's bed, without mistress or wife.

In good days of yore they ne'er troubled their heads
 In settling of jointures, or making of deeds;
 But Adam and Eve, when they first enter'd course,
 E'en took one another, for better, for worse.

Then pr'ythee, dear Chloe, ne'er aim to be great;
 Let love be thy jointure; ne'er mind an estate:
 You can never be poor, who have all those charms;
 And I shall be rich, when I've you in my arms.

SONG XXVIII.

Sung by Mr. DIBDEN, in The Maid of the Mill.

AN they count me such a ninny,
 So to let them rule the roast,
 I'll bet any one a guinea,
 That they've summ'd without their host.
 But if I don't play 'em, in lieu of it,
 A trick that is fairly worth two of it,
 Why then let me pass
 For a fool and an ass.

To be sure the sly cajoler
 Thought his work as good as done,
 When he found the little stroller
 Was so easy to be won.

But

But if I don't play 'em, in lieu of it,
A trick that is fairly worth two of it,
Why then let me pass
For a fool and an ass.

SONG XXIX.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in The Maid of the Mill.

ODDS my life! search England over,
An you match her in her station,
I'll be bound to fly the nation :
And be sure as well I love her.

Do but feel my heart a beating,
Still her pretty name repeating :
Here's the work 'tis always at,
Pitty, patty, pat, pit, pat.

When she makes the music tinkle,
What on yearth can sweeter be ?
Then her little eyes so twinkle,
'Tis a feast to hear and see.

SONG XXX.

Sung by Mr. BEARD.

WHILST merit and reason give sanction to love,
How can ye, ye fair ones, my passion reprove?
For none but the prude the soft passion disdains,
And she boasts of a virtue which yet she but feigns.
Genteel is my Damon, engaging his air ;
And his face, like the morn, is both ruddy and fair :
No vanity sways him, no folly is seen ;
But open's his temper, and noble's his mien.
With prudence illumin'd his actions appear ;
His passions are calm, and his judgment is clear ;
Soft love sits enthron'd in the beams of his eyes ;
He's manly, yet tender ; he's fond, yet he's wife.

He's

He's young and good-humour'd; he's gen'rous and
gay;

And his voice can, like music, drive sorrow away;
An amiable softness still dwells on his speech;
He's willing to learn, tho' he's able to teach.

He has promis'd to love me as long as I live,
And his heart is too honest to let him deceive:
Then blame me, ye virgins, if justly you can;
For merit and fondness distinguish the man.

SONG XXXI.

Sung by Miss POITIER, in The Maid of the Mill.

I AM young, and I am friendless,
And poor, alas! withal;
Sure my sorrows will be endless,
In vain for help I call.
Have some pity in your nature,
To relieve a wretched creature,
Though the gift be ne'er so small.
May you, possessing every blessing,
Still inherit, Sir, all you merit, Sir,
And never know what it is to want;
Sweet Heaven, your worship all happiness grant.

SONG XXXII.

Set by Mr. Weldon.

LET ambition fire thy mind;
Thou wert born o'er man to reign,
Not to follow flocks design'd:
Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.
Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet;
Thou on necks of kings shalt tread;
Joys incircling joys shall meet,
Which way e'er thy fancy's led.

Let not toils of empire fright ;
 Toils of empire pleasures are :
 Thou shalt only know delight,
 All the joy, but not the care.
 Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the prize,
 For the blessings I bestow,
 Joyful I'll ascend the skies,
 Happy thou shalt reign below.

SONG XXXIII.

The MODEST QUESTION.

CAN love be controul'd by advice ?
 Can madness and reason agree ?
 O Molly ! who'd ever be wise,
 If madness is loving of thee ?
 Let sages pretend to despise
 The joys they want spirits to taste ;
 Let me seize old Time as he flies,
 And the blessings of life while they last.
 Dull wisdom but adds to our cares ;
 Brisk love will improve ev'ry joy ;
 Too soon we may meet with grey hairs,
 Too late may repent being coy :
 Then, Molly, for what should we stay,
 Till our best blood begins to run cold ?
 Our youth we can have but to-day ;
 We may always find time to grow old.

SONG XXXIV.

A Favourite Two-Part SONG. Set by Mr. Travers.

The Words by Matt. Prior.

WHEN Bibothought fit from the world to retreat,
 As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,
 He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,
 He wou'd be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.

“ Trim

“Trim the boat, and sit quiet!” stern Charon
reply’d;

“You may have forgot—you were drunk when you
dy’d.”



SONG XXXV.

ARNO'S VALE.

WHEN here, Lucinda, first we came,
Where Arno rolls his silver stream,
How brisk the nymphs, the swains how gay!
Content inspir'd each rural lay:
The birds in livelier concert sung,
The grapes in thicker clusters hung;
All look'd as joy could never fail
Among the sweets of Arno's Vale.

But since the good Palemon dy'd,
The chief of shepherds, and their pride,
Now Arno's sons must all give place
To northern men, an Iron race:
The taste of pleasure now is o'er;
Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more;
The Muses droop, the Goths prevail;
Adieu the sweets of Arno's Vale!



SONG XXXVI.

Sung by Miss POITIER, in The Maid of the Mill.

LORD! Sir, you seem mighty uneasy,
But I the refusal can bear;
I warrant I shall not run crazy,
Nor die, in a fit of despair.

If so you suppose, you're mistaken;
For, Sir, for to let you to know,
I'm not such a maiden forsaken,
But I have two strings to my bow.

SONG XXXVII.

Sung by Mr. SHUTER, in The Maid of the Mill.

TO speak my mind of womankind,
In one word 'tis this,
By nature they're design'd
To say and do amiss.

Be they maids, be they wives,
Alike they plague our lives;
Wanton, headstrong, cunning, vain,
Born to cheat, and give men pain.

Their study, day and night,
Is mischief, their delight;
And if we should prevent
At one door the intent,
They quickly turn about,
And find another out.

SONG XXXVIII.

Set by Dr. Arne.

BEHOLD the sweet flowers around,
With all the bright beauties they wear;
Yet none on the plains can be found,
So lovely, so lovely, as Celia is fair,
So lovely as Celia is fair:

Ye warblers, come raise your sweet throats,
No longer in silence remain,
No longer in silence remain,
Oh! lend a fond lover your notes,
To soften, to soften my Celia's disdain,
To soften my Celia's disdain.

Oft times in yon flowery vale
I breathe my complaints in a song,
Fair Flora attends the sad tale,
And sweetens, and sweetens the borders along,
And sweetens the borders along.

But

But Celia, whose breath might perfume
 The bosom of Flora in May,
 The bosom of Flora in May,
 Still frowning, pronounces my doom,
 Regardless, regardless of all I can say,
 Regardless of all I can say.

S O N G XXXIX.

Sung by Mr. DIBDEN, in The Maid of the Mill.

IF that's all you want, who the plague will be sorry?
 'Twere better by half to dig stones in a quarry;
 For my share, I'm weary of what is got by't:
 S'flesh! here's such a racket, such scolding and coining,
 You're never content, but when folks are a toiling,
 And drudging like horses from morning till night.
 You think I'm afraid, but the diff'rence to shew you,
 First, yonder's your shovel, your sacks too I throw you;
 Henceforward, take care of your matters who will:
 They're welcome to slave for your wages that need 'em,
 Tol lol derol lol, I have purchas'd my freedom,
 And never hereafter shall work at the mill.

S O N G XL.

Set by Dr. Arne.

COME, Rosalind, oh, come and see
 What pleasures are in store for thee;
 The flow'rs in all their sweets appear,
 The fields their gayest beauties wear,
 The fields their gayest beauties wear:
 The joyful birds, in ev'ry grove,
 Now warble out their songs of love,
 Now warble out their songs of love;
 For thee they sing, and roses bloom,
 And Colin thee invites to come,
 And Colin thee invites to come.

Come,

Come, Rosalind, and Colin join ;
 My tender flocks and all are thine :
 If love and Rosalind be near,
 'Tis May and pleasure all the year,
 'Tis May and pleasure all the year.
 Come, see a cottage and a swain :
 Can'st thou my love or gifts disdain ?
 Can'st thou my love or gifts disdain ?
 Leave all behind, no longer stay,
 For Colin calls, then haste away,
 For Colin calls, then haste away.

S O N G XLI.

Sung in As you like it.

BLOW, blow, thou winter's wind !

Thou art not so unkind,

Thou art not so unkind,

As man's ingratitude :

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Altho' thy breath be rude,

Altho' thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky ;

Thou dost not bite so nigh,

Thou dost not bite so nigh,

As benefits forgot :

Tho' thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp,

Tho' thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp,

As friends remember'd not,

As friends remember'd not.

S O N G

SONG XLII.

Sung by Mr. LOWE, at Marybone-Gardens.

Set by Mr. Lampe.

THE Sun, like any bridegroom gay,
Rose to salute the spring;

The flow'rets hail'd the birth of May,

And birds began to sing,

When Damon tript it o'er the plain,

Dear Chloe's heart to win;

But at the window tapt in vain,

She would not let him in.

Beside the mansions where the great

From glorious feats retir'd,

The Druids us'd to celebrate

The virtues they admir'd:

Love whisper'd then in Damon's ear,

And bad his song begin;

And thus he sung, to please the fair,

In hopes she'd let him in.

So sweet his song, the maiden rose,

In rural plain attire;

And like the genial season glows

With thrilling, soft desire:

But, angry like, by love controul'd,

Cry'd, Shepherd, why this din?

Why wake me thus? I've often told

I ne'er would let you in.

The fair one in his arms he prest,

And kiss'd her o'er and o'er;

And who, with honour in his breast,

Could then have thought on more?

To church he led her, in her prime,

For pleasure void of sin,

And now she hails the happy time

When first she let him in.

SONG

SONG XLIII.

The SHEPHERD and SHEPHERDESS,
a CANTATA.

Set by Mr. Battishill.

Sung by Mr. PRENTICE, and Miss BROWN, at
Sadler's-Wells.

Shepherd. RECITATIVE.

THE morning's freshness calls me forth,
To view creation crown the earth.

AIR.

Come, my Lucy, come away,
Share with me this sun-shine day;
Sweets of May make nature gay,
Come, my Lucy, come away.

Shepherdess. RECITATIVE.

Ah! help me, shepherd, do but see,
I'm stung this moment by a bee.

Shepherd. AIR.

If you from a wound that's so small feel a pain,
Then think what you give to a true-loving swain,
When scornful you fly from his pray'rs:
A bee's single sting but a little while smarts,
But wounds for years fester in fond shepherds hearts,
When lasses will give themselves airs.

Shepherdess.

Ah! shepherd, ah! shepherd, mankind, like the bee,
Fly buzzing about ev'ry beauty they see;
And when the believing fool'd maid,
O'ercome by their arts, feels the force of love's sting;
At once, like the bee, the shepherd takes wing,
And laughing he leaves her betray'd.

Shepherd. RECITATIVE.

Then fix me at once for the rest of my life,
And from shepherd and lass, let us be man and wife.

Shepherdess.

Shepherdes.

AIR.

Maids well should beware ere to that they consent,
 Those in haste to be marry'd, at leisure repent;
 We should look ere we leap, 'tis a lott'ry for life,
 Where the blanks are all drawn by a man and his wife

Shepherd.

Those who wed for mere wealth such misfortunes may
 prove,

But we buy wedlock's tickets with true love for love;
 And since friendship's the prize in the lott'ry for life,
 We shall stand the best chance when we're made man
 and wife.

Shepherdes.

Shall I liberty leave, and submit to be rul'd;
 To my children a slave, by my husband be fool'd;
 The day spent in trouble, the night waste in strife?
 This is often the change from a maid to a wife.

Shepherd.

We a wife take, 'tis said, e'er for better or worse;
 Marriage therefore is either a blessing or curse;
 Let us shew, by example, the blessings of life
 Can only be found in a man and his wife.

Shepherdes.

But see the sun setting, the clouds skirt with gold,
 And nibbling flocks rising, repair to their fold;
 Let us homeward repair——

Both.

———And end further strife,
 And to-morrow, my dear, we'll be made man and
 wife.

SONG

SONG XLIV.

Sung by Miss WRIGHT, at Ranelagh.

Set by Mr. Goodwin.

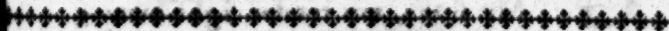
THO' his passion, in silence, the youth would conceal,

What his tongue would not utter his eyes still reveal,
And by soft stolen glances unwillingly prove,
That they are the tell-tales of Celadon's love.

To the grove, or the green, to the dance, or the fair,
Wherever I go, my blithe shepherd is there ;
I know the fond youth by his blush and his smile,
And surely such looks were not made to beguile.

Tho' indiff'rent the subject, whatever it prove,
He insensibly turns the discourse upon love ;
If he talks to another, with pleasure I see,
Tho' his words are to her, yet his looks are to me.

When he speaks, if alone, I am ever in fear
He should say what I dread, and yet wish most to hear:
Should he mention his love, tho' my pride wou'd deny,
My heart whispers, Celia, fond Celia, comply.



SONG XLV.

Sung by Mr. GILSON, at Vauxhall.

YE belles and beaux, attend my song,
I'll tell you something new ;
Perhaps you'll smile, and think me wrong ;
Tho' strange, you'll find it true.
In days of yore, historians say,
'Twas wisdom bore the prize ;
But modern times have chang'd the lay,
'Tis folly to be wise.

C

Let

Let no grave Cynic take offence,
 And think me too unkind;
 All boast of wisdom's but pretence,
 Our passions make us blind.
 Observe, at church, the learned priest,
 He bids you temp'rance prize;
 Yet o'er his bottle, at a feast,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

No more those musty rules pursue,
 Once taught in heathen schools;
 Believe me (for I tell you true)
 The ancients were but fools.
 As thro' life's stream we glide along,
 We diff'rent passions prize;
 But be the burden of my song,
 'Tis folly to be wise.



S O N G XLVI.

Sung by Miss WEARMAN, at Vauxhall.

Set by Signior Giardini.

GENTLE gales, in pity bear
 My sighs, my tender sighs away;
 To my cruel Strephon's ear
 All my soft complaints convey.

Near some mossy fountain's side,
 Or on some verdant bank reclin'd,
 Where bubbling streams in murmurs glide,
 You will the dear deluder find.

Gentle gales, in pity bear
 My sighs, my tender sighs away;
 To my cruel Strephon's ear
 All my soft complaints convey.

Tell

Tell the false one, how I mourn,
 Tell him all my pains and woes ;
 Tell, ah ! tell him to return,
 And bring my wounded heart repose.

Gentle gales, in pity bear
 My sighs, my tender sighs away ;
 To my cruel Strephon's ear
 All my soft complaints convey.

SONG XLVII.

FRIENDSHIP and WINE.

Sung by Mr. GILSON, at Vauxhall.

LET the grave, and the gay,
 Enjoy life how they may,
 My pleasures their pleasures surpass ;
 Go the world well or ill,
 'Tis the same with me still,
 If I have but my friend and my glass.

The lover may sigh,
 The courtier may lye,
 And Cræsus his treasure amass ;
 All the joys are but vain,
 That are blended with pain ;
 So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

New life wine inspires,
 And creates new desires,
 And oft wins the lover his lass,
 Or his courage prepares
 To disdain the nymph's airs ;
 So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

The earth sucks the rain,
 The sun draws the main,
 With the earth we are all in a class;
 Then enliven the clay,
 Let us live while we may,
 And I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

'Tis friendship and wine,
 Only life can refine;
 We care not whate'er comes to pass
 With courtiers, or great men,
 There's none of us statesmen:
 Come here's to our friend and our glass.



SONG XLVIII.

The HAPPY SHEPHERD.

Sung by Mr. FAWCETT, at Ranelagh.

WITH Phillis I'll trip o'er the meads,
 And hasten away to the plain,
 Where shepherds attend with their reeds,
 To welcome my love and her swain:
 The lark is exalted in air,
 The linnet sings perch'd on the spray;
 Our lambs stand in need of our care,
 Then let us not lengthen delay.

What pleasures I feel with my dear,
 While gamesome young lambs are at sport,
 Exceed the delights of a peer,
 That shines with such grandeur at court:
 When Colin and Strephon go by,
 They form a disguise for a while;
 They see how I'm blest with a sigh,
 But envy forbids them to smile.

Let courtiers, of liberty prate,
 T' enjoy it take infinite pains ;
 But liberty's primitive state
 Is only enjoy'd on the plains :
 With Phillis I rove to and fro,
 With her my gay minutes are spent ;
 'Twas Phillis first taught me to know,
 That happiness flows from content.

SONG XLIX.

A HUNTING SONG.

Sung by Mr. SQUIBB, at Marybone-Gardens.

HARK, hark ye, how echoes the horn in the
 vale,

Whose notes do so sportingly dance on the gale,
 To charm us to barter, for ignoble rest,
 The joys which true pleasure can raise in the breast :
 The morning is fair, and in labour with day,
 And the cry of the huntsman is Hark, hark, away :
 Then wherefore defer we, one moment, our joys ?
 Haste, haste, let's away, so to horse, my brave boys.

What pleasure can equal the joys of the chace,
 Where meaner delights to more noble give place ?
 While onward we press, and each sorrow defy,
 From valley to valley re-echoes the cry :
 Our joys are all sterling, no sorrow we fear,
 We bound o'er the lawn, and look back on old Care ;
 Forgetful of labour, we leap o'er the mounds,
 Led on by the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

THE BRENT;

SONG L.

Sung by Miss WEARMAN, at Vauxhall.

BREATH'E soft, ye winds; be calm, ye skies;
 Arise, ye flow'ry race, arise;
 Ye silver dews, ye vernal show'rs,
 Call forth a bloomy waste of flow'rs.

The fragrant rose, a beauteous guest,
 Shall flourish on my fair one's breast;
 Shall grace her hand, or deck her hair,
 The flow'r most sweet, the nymph most fair.



SONG LI.

LOVE and AFFECTION.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Yates.

WHEN youth mature, to manhood grew,
 Soon beauty touch'd my heart;
 From vein to vein love's light'ning flew,
 With pleasing, painful smart:
 My bosom dear content forsook,
 And sooth'd the soft dejection;
 The melting eye, the speaking look,
 Prov'd Love and sweet Affection.

Unus'd to arts which win the fair,
 What could a shepherd do?
 And to submit to sad despair,
 Was not the way to woo.
 At length I told the lovely maid,
 I hop'd she'd no objection
 To talk (while round her lambkins play'd)
 Of Love and sweet Affection.

A blush

A blush my Chloe's cheek bedeck'd,
 A blush devoid of guile,
 " And what from me can you expect ?"
 She answer'd with a smile.
 " How many nymphs have been betray'd,
 " Through want of calm reflexion!
 " Then don't my peace of mind invade
 " With Love and sweet Affection."

Dear maid, I cry'd, mistrust me not,
 In wedlock's bands let's join ;
 My kids, my kine, my herds, my cot,
 My soul itself is thine.
 To church I led the charming fair,
 To Hymen's kind protection ;
 And now life's dearest joys we share,
 With Love and sweet Affection.

 S O N G LII.

The S K Y - L A R K.

GO, tuneful bird, that glads the skies,
 To Daphne's window speed thy way,
 And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,
 And there thy vocal art display.
 And if she deign thy notes to hear,
 And if she praise thy matin song ;
 Tell her the sounds that sooth her ear,
 To Damon's native plains belong.
 Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
 The bird from Indian groves may shine ;
 But ask the lovely, partial maid,
 What are his notes, compar'd to thine ?
 Then bid her treat yon witless beau,
 And all his flaunting race, with scorn,
 And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
 Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

SONG LIII.

ENGLISH ALE.

Sung by Mr. PRENTICE, at Sadler's-Wells.

THE truths that I sing none deny me,
 They're truths that must ever prevail;
 Ye poor dogs of France, we defy ye,
 By the force of our English good Ale.
 The tricks ye attempt, but in vain are,
 They are what we expected, and stale;
 Your troops, and your fleets, our disdain are,
 By the force of our English good Ale.
 When Bess, that brave queen, rul'd the nation,
 'Twas Spain's great Armada did fail;
 She dealt to the Dons tribulation,
 By the force of our English good Ale.
 And thus we will serve them for ever,
 Tho' their loads on our necks they'd entail;
 There's none like our people, so clever,
 By the force of our English good Ale.
 Free-born, we support our defender,
 To our sons we hand down the detail;
 Defie the de'il, pope, and pretender,
 By the force of our English good Ale.



SONG LIV.

Sung by Miss POPE, in The Musical Lady.

LOVE's a sweet and soft musician,
 Who derives his skill from thee;
 Plays on ev'ry disposition,
 Strikes the soul on ev'ry key.
 Deep despair now thrums Adagio,
 Lively hope now sounds Coragio;
 O! the ravishing transition!
 Tweedle dum, and tweedle dee.

SONG

SONG LV.

The FAIR MONITOR.

Sung by Miss BROWN, at Sadler's-Wells.

YOU'VE sure forgot, dear mother mine,
When you was once as blithe as me;
When vows were offer'd at your shrine,
And lovers dropt on bended knee:
When you cou'd sing, and dance, and play;
Alas! December treads on May.

Behold dame Nature's fav'rite blow,
The rich jonquil, the blushing rose,
How short a date their beauties know,
Surrounded by a thousand foes;
Till time decrees their full decay,
And harsh December treads on May.

The whole creation owns this truth;
Then why shou'd wrinkled brows exact
The mode, severe on blooming youth,
By which themselves cou'd never act?
The blood that's warm will have its way,
Too soon December treads on May.

Then, swains, with tabor, pipe, and glee,
Let's, whilst we're here, grim Care deride;
Come sport and frolic free with me,
In spite of age, and prudish pride:
The laws of love – all should obey,
Before December treads on May.

SONG LVI.

Sung by Mr. COOKE, at Sadler's-Wells.

WHat a blockhead is he that's afraid to die poor!
 We came into the world with our skins, and
 no more :

So the matter is plain, he that worships his pelf,
 Is a thief to mankind, and a dupe to himself.

I'll have women and wine, I'll have horses and hounds,
 And my taste in all shapes shall be rul'd by no bounds:
 For the matter is plain, &c.

'Tis a smatch of them all must afford the true joy,
 In an olio of sports that the heart cannot cloy:
 For the matter is plain, &c.

If a miser you prove, the whole world with you dead,
 And your wife and your son pluck the prop from
 your head :

So the matter is plain, &c.

Let me live then thro' life, well-belov'd and at ease,
 My cash shall provide me whatever I please:
 For the matter is plain, he that worships his pelf,
 Is a thief to mankind, and a dupe to himself.

SONG LVII.

Sung by Mr. COOKE, at Sadler's-Wells.

MY dog and my mistress are both of a kind,
 As fickle as fancy, inconstant as wind;
 My dog follows ev'ry strange heel in the streets,
 And my mistress as fond of each fellow she meets.
 Yet, in spite of her arts, I'll not make the least strife,
 But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.
 Go Miss where she will, and whenever she please,
 Her conduct shall ne'er my philosophy tease;

He

Her freedom shall never embitter my glee,
One woman's the same as another to me.

So, in spite of her airs, I'll not make the least strife,
But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.

I laugh at the wretches who stupidly pine
For false-hearted gipseys they title divine ;
At worst of my love-fits no physic I ask,
But that which is found in the bowl or the flask.
For go things how they will, I'll not make the least
strife,

But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.

The girl that behaves with good-humour and sense,
Shall still to my heart have the warmest pretence ;
And for those that would jilt me, deceive, and betray,
In honefter bumpers I'll wash them away.

'Tis my final resolve, not to make the least strife,
But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.

SONG LVIII.

EV'RY mortal some favourite pleasure pursues,
Some to White's run for play, some to Batson's
for news ;

To Shuter's droll phiz others thunder applause,
And some triflers delight to hear Nichols's noise :
But such idle amusements I'll carefully shun,
And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.

Soon as Phœbus has finish'd his summer's career,
And his maturing aid blest the husbandman's care ;
When Roger and Nell have enjoy'd harvest-home,
And, their labour being o'er, are at leisure to roam ;
From the noise of the town and its follies I run,
And I range o'er the fields with my dogs and my gun.

When

When my pointers around me all carefully stand,
 And none dares to stir, but the dog I command;
 When the covey he springs, and I bring down my bird,
 I've a pleasure no pastime beside can afford.
 No pastime nor pleasure that's under the sun,
 Can be equal to mine with my dogs and my gun.

When the covey I've thinn'd, to the woods I repair,
 And I brush thro' the thickets, devoid of all fear;
 There I exercise freely my levelling skill,
 And with pheasants and woodcocks my bag often fill;
 For death (where I find them) they seldom can shun,
 My dogs are so sure, and so fatal my gun.

My spaniels ne'er babble, they're under command;
 Some range at a distance, and some hunt at hand:
 When a woodcock they flush, or a pheasant they spring,
 With heart-cheering notes, how they make the woods
 ring!

Then for music let fribbles to Ranelagh run,
 My concert's a chorus of dogs and a gun.

When at night we chat over the sport of the day,
 And spread o'er the table my conquer'd spoils lay;
 Then I think of my friends, and to each send a part,
 For my friends to oblige is the pride of my heart:
 Thus the vices of town, and its follies I shun,
 And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.

S O N G L I X .

CONTENT: A PASTORAL BALLAD.

Sung by Mr. HUDSON. Set by Mr. Goodwin, jun.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and
 bare,

As wilder'd and wearied I roam,
 A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
 And leads me o'er lawns to her home;

Yellow sheaves, from rich Ceres, her cottage had
crown'd,

Green rushes were strew'd on the floor;
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best;
Whilst thrown from my guard, by some glances she
cast,

Love slyly stole into my breast.
I told my soft wishes, she sweetly reply'd,
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine)
I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
Yet take me, fond shepherd, I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet were her charms;
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if on the banks, by the stream,
Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,
Delighted with pastoral views;
Or rest on the rock where the streamlet distils,
And mark out new themes for my muse.
To pomp, or proud titles, she ne'er did aspire,
The damsel's of humble descent;
The cottager Peace is well known for her fire,
And shepherds have nam'd her Content.

SONG LX.

Sung by Mr. PRENTICE, at Sadler's-Wells.

YE lads, and ye lasses, who bloom in your prime,
I love and regard ye, the jewels of time ;
Then list, and attend to the words that I say,
For life's a mere vapour, a thing of decay.

As now let me find ye with smiles on your brows,
Each nymph prove indulgent, each youth keep his
vows : [chime.

Save love and good-humour, with hearts that true
All joys that men boast of are insults of time.

What a wretch must he be, who so doats upon pelf,
To think that no mortal feels want but himself;
Who starves 'midst the guineas he counts o'er with glee!
Such, such are the vilest abusers of me.

The girl that is squeamish, the icy-fac'd prude ;
The man that is flinty, remorseless, and rude ;
With him that's a milk-sop, and baulks the full toast,
As time they abandon, by time shall be lost.

But still to the chearful, the good, and the gay,
December shall meet them still mild as the May ;
Hand-in-hand I'll conduct them, who live without
crime,

From the sons of the earth to the father of time.



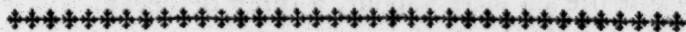
SONG LXI.

*Sung by Miss WRIGHT, in the English Opera of
Almena. Set by Mr. Michael Arne.*

THE golden radiance of the sun,
Mild glancing thro' the cedar bow'rs,
Renews the glories of the day :
The beauteous scene's again begun,
Which nature freshens and empow'rs,
And ev'ry bird exalts his lay.

Sweet

Sweet is the prime of florid June,
 Sweet are the meadows as they smile,
 And sweet the rural minstrel's song;
 But sweeter is the mind in tune,
 Sweeter the heart unknown to guile,
 An^d sweeter where the virtues throng.



S O N G LXII.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, in Almena.

Set by Mr. Battishill.

THE martial host, and tented plain,
 May fright the poor and timid swain,
 Who never felt ambition's fire;
 But nothing awes, or should controul,
 The truly great, undaunted soul,
 That dares to empire's height aspire.



S O N G LXIII.

Sung by Mrs. VINCENT, in Almena.

Set by Mr. Battishill.

WOULD you taste of freedom's charms,
 Zara courts thee to her arms;
 Distress, like thine, should pity move,
 And pity's ray should kindle love.

For my heart adopts thy woes,
 Melting, thrilling, as it glows;
 Leave thy cell, and follow me,
 Love and Zara set thee free.

S O N G

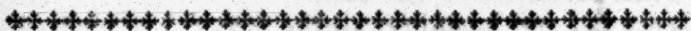
THE BRENT;

SONG LXIV.

*Sung by Signor GIUSTINELLI, in Almena.**Set by Mr. Michael Arne.*

HOW can I my heart surrender,
 And not most unfaithful prove?
 Yet 'tis grateful to be tender,
 When from pity rises love.

But, can honour prove ungrateful,
 And the vows of love suppress?
 'Tis unmanly if, deceitful,
 When we're blest we cease to bless.



SONG LXV.

*Sung by Mr. VERNON, in Almena.**Set by Mr. Battishill.*

WHEN beauty, on the lover's soul,
 Imprints its first and fairest charms,
 It soon does reason's force controul,
 And ev'ry passion quite disarms,

'Tis beauty triumphs o'er the brave,
 As ev'ry feature blooms divine;
 'Tis beauty makes the king a slave,
 When in an angel's form, like thine.



SONG LXVI.

*Sung by Miss WRIGHT, in Almena.**Set by Mr. Michael Arne.*

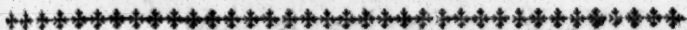
NOW peace shall claim its soft dominion,
 And gentle love shall sway the heart;
 Ambition sinks on wearied pinion,
 And tyranny has lost its dart.

Again.

Or, ENGLISH SYREN.

41

Again shall smiling joy and pleasure
Advance together hand-in-hand,
And plenty spread its golden treasure,
To brighten the deliver'd land.



S O N G LXVII.

Sung by Signora CREMONINI, in Almena.

Set by Mr. Battishill.

W I T H doubts and fears, for her I love,
My heart is still distress'd ;
Afflicted as the plaintive dove,
When plunder'd of her nest,
Whence sad and moaning, all the day,
She pines in solitude away.

Fly, fly, oh! fly, ye minutes, fly,
On Time's expanded wings,
'Till my Almena stops the sigh
That for her safety springs ;
Guard her sweet innocence and charms,
And safe conduct her to these arms.

} Omitted in the
Performance.



S O N G LXVIII.

Sung by Miss WILLIAMS, in Almena.

Set by Mr. Battishill.

T H E sweets of peace shall be our own,
And smiling plenty crown the plains ;
'Tis peace adorns the monarch's throne,
And cheers the cottage of the swains.
The rising sun shall bless the mead,
And fair the mountain olive spring ;
The vine its richest clusters spread,
When glory crowns a patriot king.

S O N G

SONG LXIX.

DUETTO. *Sung by Signora CREMONINI and
Miss WRIGHT, in Almena.*

Set by Mr. Michael Arne.

AS flows the cool and purling rill,
In silver mazes down the hill,
It chears the myrtle, and the vine,
That in each other's foliage twine.

So streams from the maternal heart,
What tender nature can impart;
Thus happy, in my arms to fold,
And to my heart Almena hold.



SONG LXX.

The MARRIED MAN.

Set and sung by Mr. HUDSON.

I Am married, and happy : with wonder hear this,
Ye rovers and rakes of the age,
Who laugh at the mention of conjugal bliss,
And who only loose pleasures engage:
You may laugh ; but, believe me, you're all in the
wrong,

When you merrily marriage deride ;
For to marriage the permanent pleasures belong,
And in them we can only confide.

The joys which from lawless connections arise,
Are fugitive—never sincere ;
Oft stolen with haste, or snatch'd by surprize,
Interrupted by doubts, and by fear :
But those which in legal attachments we find,
When the heart is with innocence pure,
Is from ev'ry imbitt'ring reflection refin'd,
And to life's latest hour will endure.

The

The love which ye boast of, deserves not that name,
True love is with sentiment join'd ;

But your's is a passion, a fev'rish flame,
Rais'd without the consent of the mind.

When, dreading confinement, ye mistresses hire,
With this, and with that ye are cloy'd ;

Ye are led, and misled, by a flatt'ring false fire,
And are oft by that fire destroy'd.

If you ask me from whence my felicity flows,
My answer is short—" From a wife,

" Who for chearfulness, sense, and good-nature I
" chose,

" Which are beauties that charm us for life."

To make home the seat of perpetual delight,

Ev'ry hour each studies to seize ;

And we find ourselves happy from morning to night
By our mutual endeavours to please.

SONG LXXI.

A HUNTING SONG.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Apollo and Daphne.

THE sun from the east tips the mountains with
gold,

And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops behold.

How the lark's early matin proclaims the new day,

And the horn's chearful summons rebukes our delay!

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,

While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,

follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,

follow, follow, follow, the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,

And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the court;

No care nor ambition our patience annoy,

But innocence still gives it rest to our joy.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind

Mankind are all hunters in various degree ;
 The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee ;
 The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,
 Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.
 With the sports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plum, the soldier hunts fame ;
 The poet a dinner, the patriot a name ;
 And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,
 Yet, in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.
 With the sports of the field, &c.

Let the bold, and the busy, hunt glory and wealth,
 All the blessings we ask is the blessing of health ;
 With hounds and with horns, thro' the woodlands
 to roam,

And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at home.
 With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,
 While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
 follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
 follow, follow, follow, the hounds in full cry.



S O N G LXXII.

*Sung by Mr. VERNON and Miss SLACK, in The
 Capricious Lovers.*

Phæbe.

OF Colin's tender love possess'd,
 My heart is glad, my spirits bless'd ;
 His chearful looks, his soul sincere,
 Shall give the smile, and wipe the tear.

Colin.

No splendour gilds my homely scene,
 My stores are few, my cottage mean ;
 But Phœbe's smile rewards my pain,
 And Colin is a wealthy swain.

Both.

Both.

No jealous thought shall stain my breast,
No fears alarm, no cares molest.

Colin.

Pleas'd with the nymph, my hopes pursue ;
For she is kind, and I am true.

Phæbe.

Pleas'd with the swain, my hopes pursue ;
For he is kind, and I am true.



S O N G LXXIII.

Sung by Mr. YATES, in The Capricious Lovers.

TH O' my features, I'm told,
Are grown wrinkled and old,
Dull wisdom I hate and detest ;
Not a wrinkle is there,
Which is furrow'd with care,
And my heart is as light as the best.

When I look on my boys,
They renew all my joys,
Myself in my children I see ;
While the comforts I find
In the kingdom, my mind,
Pronounce that my kingdom is free.

In the days I was young,
Oh ! I caper'd and sung,
The lasses came flocking apace ;
But now turn'd of threescore,
I can do so no more—
Why then let my boy take his place.

Of

Of our pleasures we crack ;
 For we still love the smack,
 And chuckle o'er what we have been ;
 Yet why should we repine ?
 You've had your's, I've had mine,
 And now let our children begin.



S O N G LXXIV.

Sung by Mr. YATES, in The Capricious Lovers.

WHEN the head of poor Tummas was broke
 By Roger, who play'd at the wake,
 And Kate was alarm'd at the stroke,
 And wept for poor Tummas's sake ;
 When his worship gave noggins of ale,
 And the liquor was charming and stout ;
 O these were the times to regale,
 And we footed it rarely about.

Then our partners were buxom as does,
 And we all were as happy as kings ;
 Each lad in his holiday clothes,
 And the lasses in all their best things :
 What merriment all the day long !
 May the feast of our Colin prove such ;
 Odzooks ! but I'll join in the song,
 And I'll hobble about with my crutch.



S O N G LXXV.

Sung by Miss SLACK, in The Capricious Lovers.

WHEN vapours o'er the meadows die,
 And morning streaks the purple sky,
 I wake to love with jocund glee,
 To think on him who doats on me.

When

When eve embrowns the verdant grove,
And Philomel laments her love;
Each sigh I breathe my love reveals,
And tells the pangs my bosom feels.

With secret pleasure I survey
The frolic birds in am'rous play;
While fondest cares my heart employ,
Which flutters, leaps, and beats for joy.

SONG LXXVI.

Sung by Miss SLACK, in The Capricious Lovers.

GO, seek some nymph of humbler lot,
To share thy board and deck thy cot;
With joy I fly the simple youth,
Who holds me light, or doubts my truth.

Thy breast, for love too wanton grown,
Shall mourn its peace and pleasure flown;
Nor shall my faith reward a swain,
Who doubts my love, or thinks me vain.

SONG LXXVII.

Sung by Miss SLACK, in The Capricious Lovers.

WHEN late a simple rustic lass,
I rov'd without constraint,
A stream was all my looking-glass,
And health my only paint.

The charms I boast, alas! how few,
I gave to nature's care;
As vice ne'er spoil'd their native hue,
They could not want repair.

SONG LXXVIII.

Sung by Mrs. CLIVE, in The Capricious Lovers.

FOR various purpose serves the fan,
 As thus—a decent blind,
 Between the sticks to peep at man,
 Nor yet betray your mind.

Each action has a meaning plain,
 Resentment's in the snap;
 A flirt expresses strong disdain,
 Consent a gentle tap.

All passions will the fan disclose,
 All modes of female art,
 And to advantage sweetly shews
 The hand, if not the heart.

'Tis folly's sceptre, first design'd
 By love's capricious boy,
 Who knows how lightly all mankind
 Are govern'd by a toy.



SONG LXXIX.

Sung by Mr. SCOTT, in The Capricious Lovers.

IF tyrant love, with cruel dart,
 Transfix the maiden's tender heart;
 Of easy faith, and fond belief,
 She hugs the dart, and aids the thief.

Till left, her helpless state to mourn,
 Neglected, loving, and forlorn;
 She finds, while grief her bosom stings,
 As well as darts, the god has wings.

SONG LXXX.

Sung by Mr. YATES, in The Capricious Lovers.

THO' my dress, as my manners, is simple and
 plain,
 A rascal I hate, and a knave I disdain;
 My dealings are just, and my conscience is clear,
 And I'm richer than those who have thousands a
 year.

Tho' bent down with age, and for sporting uncouth,
 I feel no remorse for the follies of youth;
 I still tell my tale, and rejoice in my song,
 And my boys think my age not a moment too long.

Let the courtiers, those dealers in grin and grimace,
 Creep under, dance over, for title or place;
 Above all the titles that flow from a throne,
 That of Honest I prize—and that title's my own.

SONG LXXXI.

Sung by Miss SLACK, in The Capricious Lovers.

FROM flow'r to flow'r the butterfly,
 O'er fields or gardens ranging,
 Sips sweets from each, and flutters by,
 And all his life is changing.

Thus roving man new objects sway,
 By various charms delighted;
 While she who pleases most to day,
 To-morrow shall be slighted.

SONG LXXXII.

Sung by Miss SLACK, in The Capricious Lovers.

WHEN far from fashion's gilded scene
 I breath'd my native air,
 My thoughts were calm, my mind serene,
 No doubtings harbour'd there.

But now no more myself I find,
 Distraction rends my breast;
 Whilst hopes and fears disturb my mind,
 And murder all my rest.

SONG LXXXIII.

Sung by Miss SLACK, in The Capricious Lovers.

AGAIN in rustic weeds array'd,
 A simple swain, a simple maid;
 O'er rural scenes, with joy we'll rove,
 By dimpling brook, or cooling grove.

The birds shall strain their little throats,
 And warble wild their merry notes,
 While we converse beneath the shade,
 A happy swain, and happy maid.

Thy hand shall pluck, to grace my bow'r,
 The luscious fruit, the fragrant flow'r;
 While joys shall bless, for ever new,
 Thy Phœbe kind, thy Colin true.

SONG LXXXIV.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, in The Capricious Lovers.

WHY should I now, my love, complain,
 That toil awaits thy chearful swain;
 Since labour oft a sweet bestows,
 Which lazy splendour never knows?

Hence

Hence springs the purple tide of health,
The rich man's wish, the poor man's wealth;
And spread those blushes o'er the face,
Which come and go with native grace.
The pride of dress, the pomp of show,
Are trappings oft that cover woe;
But we, whose wishes never roam,
Shall taste of real joys at home.

S O N G LXXXV.

*Sung by Miss BRENT and Miss HALLAM,
In Love in a Village.*

Miss Brent.

HOPE! thou nurse of young Desire,
Fairy promiser of joy,
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
Temp'rate sweet that ne'er can cloy:

Miss Hallam.

Hope! thou earnest of delight,
Softest soother of the mind,
Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
Surest friend the wretched find:

Both.

Kind deceiver, flatter still;
Deal out pleasures unpossess;
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wishes make me blest.

S O N G LXXXVI.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Love in a Village.

WHENCE can you inherit
So slavish a spirit,
Confin'd thus, and chain'd to a log?
Now fondled, now chid,
Permitted, forbid;
'Tis leading the life of a dog.

For shame! you a lover!
 More firmness discover;
 Take courage, nor here longer mope:
 Resist, and be free;
 Run riot, like me;
 And, to perfect the picture, clope.

S O N G LXXXVII.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Love in a Village.

MY heart's my own, my will is free,
 And so shall be my voice:
 No mortal man shall wed with me,
 Till first he's made my choice.
 Let parents rule, cry nature's laws,
 And children still obey:
 And is there then no saving clause
 Against tyrannic sway?

S O N G LXXXVIII.

Sung by Miss HALLAM, in Love in a Village.

WHEN once love's subtle poison gains
 A passage to the female breast;
 Rushing, like light'ning, thro' the veins,
 Each wish, and ev'ry thought's possess.
 To heal the pangs our minds endure,
 Reason in vain its skill applies;
 Nought can afford the heart a cure,
 But what is pleasing to the eyes.

S O N G LXXXIX.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in Love in a Village.

OH! had I been by fate decreed
 Some humble cottage swain,
 In fair Rossetta's sight to feed
 My flocks upon the plain,

Wh

What blifs had I been born to taste,
Which now I ne'er must know ?
Ye envious pow'rs! why have ye plac'd
My fair-one's lot so low ?

+++++
S O N G X C.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Love in a Village.

GENTLE youth, ah! tell me why,
Still you force me thus to fly;
Cease, oh! cease to persevere,
Speak not what I must not hear;
To my heart its ease restore,
Go, and never see me more.

+++++
S O N G X C I.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in Love in a Village.

STILL in hopes to get the better
Of my stubborn flame I try,
Swear this moment to forget her,
And the next my oath deny.
Now prepar'd with scorn to treat her,
Ev'ry charm in thought I brave;
Then, relapsing, fly to meet her,
And confess myself her slave.

+++++
S O N G X C II.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Love in a Village.

THERE was a jolly miller once,
Liv'd on the river Dee;
He work'd, he sung, from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he.
And this the burden of his song
For ever us'd to be,
I care for nobody, no, not I,
If nobody cares for me.

SONG XCIII.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Love in a Village.

LET gay ones and great
 Make the most of their fate;
 From pleasure to pleasure they run:
 Well, who cares a jot?
 I envy them not,
 While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,
 To the fields I repair,
 With spirits unclouded and light;
 The blisses I find,
 No stings leave behind,
 But health and diversion unite.



SONG XCIV.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Love in a Village.

THE honest heart, whose thoughts are clear
 From fraud, disguise, and guile,
 Need neither fortune's frowning fear,
 Nor court the harlot's smile.

The greatness that would make us grave,
 Is but an empty thing;
 What more than mirth would mortals have?
 The chearful man's a king!



SONG XCV.

Sung by Mr. DUNSTAL, in Love in a Village.

WELL, well, say no more;
 So you told me before;
 I know the full length of my tether.
 Do you think I'm a fool,
 That I need go to school?
 I can spell you, and put you together.

A word to the wise
Will always suffice:
Addsniggers! go talk to your parrot.
I'm not such an elf,
Thof I say't of myself,
But I know a sheep's head from a carrot.



S O N G XCVI.

Sung by Miss HALLAM, in Love in a Village.

CUPID, god of soft persuasion,
Take the helpless lover's part:
Seize, oh seize, some kind occasion
To reward a faithful heart.

Justly those we tyrants call,
Who the body would enthrall;
Tyrants of more cruel kind,
Those who would enslave the mind.
Cupid, god of, &c.

What is grandeur? foe to rest;
Childish mummery at best.
Happy I in humble state!
Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.
Cupid, god of, &c.



S O N G XCVII.

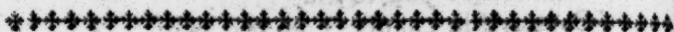
Sung by Miss DAVIES, in Love in a Village.

HOW happy were my days till now!
I ne'er did sorrow feel;
With joy I rose to milk my cow,
Or take my spinning-wheel.

D 4

My

My heart was lighter than a fly,
 Like any bird I sung,
 Till he pretended love, and I
 Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.
 O the fool ! the silly, silly fool,
 That trusts what man may be !
 I wish I was a maid again,
 And in my own country.



S O N G XCVIII.

Sung by Miss HALLAM, in Love in a Village.

WE women, like weak Indians, trade,
 Whose judgment tinsel-show decoys ;
 Dupes to our folly we are made,
 While artful man the gain enjoys :
 We give our treasure to be paid
 A paltry, poor return in toys.



S O N G XCIX.

Sung by Mr. DYER, in Love in a Village.

THINK, my fairest, how delay,
 Danger ev'ry moment brings ;
 Time flies swift, and will away,
 Time, that's ever on its wings.

Doubting and suspence at best,
 Lovers late repentance cost ;
 Let us, eager to be blest,
 Seize occasion ere 'tis lost.

SONG C.

Sung by Miss HALLAM, in Love in a Village.

BELIEVE me, dear aunt,
If you rave thus, and rant,
You'll never a lover persuade;
The men will all fly,
And leave you to die
(O, terrible chance!) an old maid.

How happy the lass,
Must she come to this pass,
Who ancient virginity 'scapes!
'Twere better on earth
Have five brats at a birth,
Than in hell be a leader of apes.

SONG CI.

Sung by Mr. DYER, and Miss HALLAM, in Love in a Village.

Mr. Dyer.

LET rakes and libertines, resign'd
To sensual pleasures, range:
Here all the sex's charms I find,
And ne'er can cool or change.

Miss Hallam.

Let vain coquettes and prudes conceal
What most their hearts desire:
With pride my passion I reveal;
Oh, may it ne'er expire!

Duetto.

The sun shall cease to spread its light,
The stars their orbits leave,
And fair creation sink in night,
When I my dear deceive.

SONG CII.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Love in a Village.

HOW blest the maid whose bosom
 No head-strong passion knows!
 Her days in joy she passes,
 Her nights in sweet repose:
 Where-e'er her fancy leads her,
 No pain, no fear, invades her;
 But pleasure
 Without measure
 From ev'ry object flows.



SONG CIII.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in Love in a Village.

IN vain I ev'ry art assay,
 To pluck the venom'd shaft away,
 That wrankles in my heart:
 Deep in the centre fix'd and bound,
 My efforts but enlarge the wound,
 And fiercer make the smart.



SONG CIV.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in Love in a Village.

OH! how shall I, in language weak,
 My ardent passion tell,
 Or form my fault'ring tongue to speak
 That cruel word, farewell!
 Farewel—but know, tho' thus we part,
 My thoughts can never stray:
 Go where I will, my constant heart
 Must with my charmer stay.

SONG CV.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Love in a Village.

YOUNG I am, and sore afraid :
 Wou'd you hurt a harmless maid ?
 Lead an innocent astray ?
 Tempt me not, kind Sir, I pray.
 Men too often we believe ;
 And shou'd you my faith deceive,
 Ruin first, and then forsake,
 Sure my tender heart wou'd break.

SONG CVI.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Love in a Village.

ONS! neighbour, ne'er blush for a trifle like
 this ;
 What harm with a fair-one to toy and to kiss ?
 The greatest and gravest (a truce with grimace)
 Wou'd do the same thing, were they in the same place.
 No age, no profession, no station is free ;
 To sovereign beauty mankind bends the knee :
 That power, resistless, no strength can oppose :
 We all love a pretty girl—under the rose.

SONG CVII.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Love in a Village.

MY Dolly was the fairest thing,
 Her breath disclos'd the sweets of spring ;
 And if for summer you would seek,
 'Twas painted in her eye and cheek :
 Her swelling bosom, tempting ripe,
 Of fruitful autumn was the type ;
 But when my tender tale I told,
 I found her heart, like winter, cold.

SONG

SONG CVIII.

Sung by Mr. DUNSTAL, in Love in a Village.

WAS ever poor fellow so plag'd with a vixen?
 Zawns! Madge, don't provoke me, but
 mind what I say;
 You've chose a wrong parson for playing your tricks
 So pack up your alls and be trudging away:
 You'd better be quiet,
 And not breed a riot;
 S'blood! must I stand prating with you here all day?
 I've got other matters to mind;
 Mayhap you may think me an ass;
 But to the contrary you'll find:
 A fine piece of work by the mass!



SONG CIX.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Love in a Village.

CEASE, gay seducers, pride to take
 In triumphs o'er the fair,
 Since clowns as well can act the rake,
 As those in higher sphere.
 Where then, to shun a shameful fate,
 Shall hapless beauty go?
 In ev'ry station, ev'ry state,
 Poor woman finds a foe.



SONG CX.

Sung by Miss DAVIES, in Love in a Village.

SINCE Hodge proves ungrateful, no further I'll
 seek,
 But go up to town in the waggon next week:

A service in London is no such disgrace,
And register's office will get me a place.
Bet Blossom went there, and soon met with a friend ;
Folks say, in her silks she's now standing an end :
Then why shou'd not I the same maxim pursue,
And better my fortune, as other girls do ?

SONG CXI.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Love in a Village.

IN love should there meet a fond pair,
Untutor'd by fashion or art,
Whose wishes are warm and sincere,
Whose words are th' excess of the heart ;

If aught of substantial delight
On this side the stars can be found ;
'Tis sure, when that couple unite,
And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

SONG CXII.

TRIO. *Sung by Mr. BEARD, Miss BRENT, and
Miss HALLAM, in Love in a Village.*

Mr. Beard.

WELL, come, let us hear what the swain must
possess,
Who may hope at your feet to implore with success ?

Miss Brent, and Miss Hallam.

He must be, first of all,
Straight, comely, and tall ;
Neither awkward, nor foolish ;
Nor apish, nor mulish ;
Nor yet shou'd his fortune be small.

Mr.

Mr. Beard.

What think'st of a captain?

Miss Hallam.

All bluster and wounds!

Mr. Beard.

What think'st of a 'squire?

Miss Brent.

To be left for his hounds.

Miss Brent, and Miss Hallam.

The youth who is form'd to my mind,

Must be gentle, obliging, and kind;

Of all things in nature, love me,

Have sense both to speak, and to see,

Yet sometimes be silent and blind.

Mr. Beard.

'Fore George, a most rare matrimonial receipt.

Trio.

Observe it, ye fair, in the choice of a mate;

Remember, 'tis wedlock determines your fate.

S O N G CXIII.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Love in a Village.

THE world is a well-furnish'd table,
Where guests are promiscuously set;
We all fare as well as we're able,
And scramble for what we can get,

My simile holds to a tittle;
Some gorge, while some scarce have a taste;
But if I'm content with a little,
Enough is as good as a feast.

S O N G CXIV.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Love in a Village.

TIS not wealth, it is not birth,
Can value to the soul convey :
Minds possess superior worth,
Which chance nor gives, nor takes away.

Like the sun true merit shows,
By nature warm, by nature bright ;
With inbred flames he nobly glows,
Nor needs the aid of borrow'd light.

S O N G CXV.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Love in a Village.

THE traveller benighted,
And led thro' weary ways,
The lamp of day new lighted,
With joy the dawn surveys :
The rising prospect viewing,
Each look is forward cast ;
He smiles, his course pursuing,
Nor thinks of what is past.

S O N G CXVI.

Sung by Miss HALLAM, in Love in a Village.

IF ever a fond inclination
Rose in your bosom, to rob you of rest ;
Reflect, with a little compassion,
On the soft pangs which prevail'd in my breast.
Oh ! where, where would you fly me ?
Can you deny me, thus torn, and distressed ?
Think, when my lover was by me,
Would I, how could I, refuse his request ?

Kneeling

Kneeling before you,
 Let me implore you :
 Look on me, sighing, crying, dying.
 Ah ! is there no language can move ?
 If I have been too complying,
 Hard was the conflict 'twixt duty and love.

SONG CXVII.

Sung by Mr. DUNSTAL, in Love in a Village.

A Plague of those wenches ! they make such a
 pother,
 When once they have let'n a man have his will ;
 They're always a whining for something or other,
 And cry he's unkind in his carriage.
 What thof he speak 'em ne'er so fairly,
 Still they keep teasing, teasing on :
 You cannot persuade 'em,
 'Till promise you've made 'em ;
 And after they've got it,
 They'll tell you——*ad rot* it !
 Their character's blasted, they're ruin'd, undone :
 And then, to be sure, Sir,
 There is but one cure, Sir ;
 And all their discourse is of marriage.

SONG CXVIII.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in Love in a Village.

HOW much superior beauty awes,
 The coldest bosoms find ;
 But with resistless force it draws,
 To sense and sweetness join'd :
 The casket where, to outward show,
 The workman's art is seen,
 Is doubly valu'd, when we know
 It holds a gem within.

SONG

SONG CXIX.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Love in a Village.

WHEN we see a lover languish,
And his truth and honour prove;
Ah! how sweet to heal his anguish,
And repay him love for love!

SONG CXX.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Love in a Village.

HENCE with cares, complaint, and frowning;
Welcome jollity and joy;
Ev'ry grief in pleasure drowning,
Mirth this happy night employ.
Let's to friendship do our duty,
Laugh, and sing some good old strain;
Drink a health to love and beauty,
May they long in triumph reign!

SONG CXXI.

Sung by Miss WRIGHT, in The Royal Shepherd.

VOWS of love should ever bind
Men who are to honour true;
They must have a savage mind,
Who refuse the fair their due.
Scorn'd and hated may they be,
Who from constancy do swerve;
So may ev'ry nymph agree
All such faithless swains to serve.

SONG CXXII.

Sung by Miss WRIGHT, at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Michael Arne.

YOung Molly, who lives at the foot of the hill,
 And whose fame ev'ry virgin with envy does fill,
 Of beauty is blest'd with so ample a share,
 That men call her the lass with the delicate air.
 One ev'ning, last May, when I travers'd the grove,
 In thoughtless retirement, not dreaming of love,
 I chanc'd to espy the gay nymph, I declare;
 And really she'd got a most delicate air.
 By a murmuring brook, by a green mossy bed,
 A chaplet composing, the fair one was laid:
 Surpriz'd and transported, I cou'd not forbear,
 With raptures to gaze on her delicate air.
 That moment young Cupid selected a dart,
 And pierc'd, without pity, my innocent heart:
 And from thence, how to win the dear maid, was my
 care;
 For a captive I fell to her delicate air.
 When she saw me she blush'd, and complain'd I was
 rude,
 And begg'd of all things that I would not intrude:
 I answer'd, I cou'd not tell how I came there,
 But laid all the blame on her delicate air;
 Said her heart was the prize which I sought to obtain,
 And hop'd she wou'd grant it to ease my fond pain.
 She neither reject'd, nor granted my pray'r,
 But fir'd all my soul with her delicate air.
 A thousand times o'er I've repeated my suit;
 But still the tormentor affects to be mute:
 Then tell me, ye swains, who have conquer'd the fair,
 How to win the dear lass with the delicate air.

SONG

SONG CXXIII.

DUETTO. *Sung by Mr. TENDUCCI, and Miss BRENT, in the English Opera of Artaxerxes.*

Set by Dr. Arne.

FAIR Aurora, prithee stay ;
O retard unwelcome day ;
Think what anguish rends my breast,
Thus caressing, thus carest,
From the idol of my heart
Forc'd at thy approach to part.

SONG CXXIV.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Artaxerxes. Set by Dr. Arne.

BEHOLD on Lethe's dismal strand
Thy father's troubled image stand !
In his face what grief profound !
See, he rolls his haggard eyes !
Hark ! " Revenge, revenge ! " he cries,
And points to his still-bleeding wound.
Obey the call, revenge his death,
And calm his soul that gave thee breath.

SONG CXXV.

Sung by Mr. SQUIBB, in Artaxerxes.

FAIR Semira, lovely maid,
Cease, in pity, to upbraid
My oppress'd, but constant heart ;
Full sufficient are the woes,
Which my cruel stars impose ;
Heav'n, alas ! has done its part.

SONG

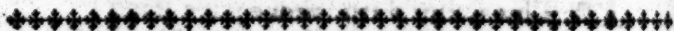
SONG CXXVI.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in Artaxerxes.

WHEN real joy we miss,
 'Tis some degree of bliss,
 To reap ideal pleasure,
 And dream of hidden treasure.

The soldier dreams of wars,
 And conquers without scars;
 The sailor in his sleep
 With safety ploughs the deep;

So I, through fancy's aid,
 Enjoy my heav'nly maid,
 And, blest with thee and love,
 Am greater far than Jove.



SONG CXXVII.

Sung by Mrs. BAKER, in Artaxerxes.

HOW hard is my fate,
 How desp'rate my state,
 When honour and virtue excite
 To suffer distress,
 Contented to bless
 The object in whom I delight!

Yet, midst all the woes
 My soul undergoes
 Thro' virtue's too rigid decree,
 I'll scorn to complain,
 If the force of my pain
 Awaken his pity for me.

S O N G CXXVIII.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Artaxerxes.

THY father! —away! —I renounce the soft claim,
Thou spot to my honour! thou blast to my fame!
Let justice the traitor to punishment bring;
His father he lost when he murder'd his king.

S O N G CXXIX.

Sung by Mr. SQUIBB, in Artaxerxes.

IN infancy our hopes and fears
Were to each other known;
And friendship, in our riper years,
Has twin'd our hearts in one:
O! clear him then from this offence;
Thy love, thy duty, prove;
Restore him with that innocence
Which first inspir'd my love.

S O N G CXXX.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in Artaxerxes.

TO sigh and complain,
Alike I disdain,
Contented my wish to enjoy:
I scorn to reflect
On a lady's neglect,
Or barter my peace for a toy.
In love, as in war,
I laugh at a scar;
And if my proud enemy yield,
The joy that remains,
Is to lead her in chains,
And glean the rich spoils of the field.

S O N G

SONG CXXXI.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Artaxerxes.

IF o'er the cruel tyrant, love,
 A conquest I believ'd,
 The flatt'ring error cease to prove,
 O! let me be deceiv'd.

Forbear to fan the gentle flame,
 Which love did first create;
 What was my pride is now my shame,
 And must be turn'd to hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring mind
 The weakness of my heart,
 Which, ah! I feel too much inclin'd
 To take a traitor's part.



SONG CXXXII.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Artaxerxes.

MONSTER, away!
 From chearful day,
 To the gloomy desert fly;
 Paths explore
 Where lions roar,
 And devouring tygers lie.

Tho' for food
 They wade in blood,
 All to save their young agree;
 Ev'ry creature,
 Fierce by nature,
 Harmless is, compar'd to thee.

SONG

S O N G CXXXIII.

Sung by Mr. TENDUCCI, in Artaxerxes.

WATER, parted from the sea,
 May increase the river's tide,
 To the bubbling fount may flee,
 Or through fertile valleys glide.

Though, in search of lost repose,
 Thro' the land 'tis free to roam,
 Still it murmurs as it flows,
 Till it reach its native home.

S O N G CXXXIV.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in Artaxerxes.

O Let the danger of a son
 Excite vindictive ire;
 The prospect of a kingdom won
 Shou'd light ambition's fire.

To wounded minds revenge is balm,
 With vigour they engage,
 And sacrifice a pleasing calm
 To a more pleasing rage.

S O N G CXXXV.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Artaxerxes.

O Much-lov'd son! if death
 Has stol'n thy vital breath,
 I'll share thy hapless fate!
 But ere the dagger drinks my blood,
 A murder'd king at Lethe's flood
 The tidings shall relate!

Bid

THE BRENT;

Bid Charon cease from toil,
 And rest upon his oar,
 Till I arrive t' attain the soil
 Where we shall part no more.



SONG CXXXVI.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Artaxerxes.

LET not rage, thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove:
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Each ungentle thought suspending,
 Judge of mine by thy soft breast;
 Nor, with rancour never ending,
 Heap fresh sorrows on th' oppress'd.

Let not rage, thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove:
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Heav'n, that ev'ry joy has cross'd,
 Ne'er my wretched state can mend;
 I, alas! at once have lost
 Father, brother, lover, friend!

Let not rage, thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove:
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

SONG CXXXVII.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Artaxerxes.

THE soldier, tir'd of war's alarms,
Forswears the clang of hostile arms,
And scorns the spear and shield :
But if the brazen trumpet sound,
He burns with conquest to be crown'd,
And dares again the field.

SONG CXXXVIII.

The SHEPHERD and CUPID.

T WAS early on a holiday,
A harmless shepherd chanc'd to stray,
And wand'ring near a crystal brook,
He sat him down to bait his hook ;
Thus said the shepherd, free from care,
If I the gudgeon should ensnare,
Or any of the scaly fry,
I'd envy none beneath the sky."

His sport was harmless as his mind ;
Upon his hand his head reclin'd ;
And, list'ning to the wood-lark's note,
He watch'd the motion of his float :
Scarce obtain'd a single swim,
Ere Cupid round the swain did skim
With feather'd wings, extended wide,
And settled by the shepherd's side.

The swain had heard of bows, and darts,
And Cupid's snares, that torture hearts ;
He came uneasy at the sight,
But artfully conceal'd his fright ;
I prithee, Cupid, tell, I pray,
What brought thee out so soon to-day ?"

‘ In truth, said he, my sport’s like thine ;
 ‘ I hither came to wet my line.’

“ If that be true, thou pretty boy,
 “ Then leave with me that glitt’ring toy ;
 “ I mean the arrow in thy hand ;
 “ Then equally we’ll share our stand.”
 ‘ Shepherd, I’ll give thee any thing ;
 ‘ Pray take with it my bow and string.’
 The swain secure his cheek did stroke,
 And, sily, Cupid’s arrow broke.

But, lo ! an angel’s voice he heard,
 And soon an angel’s form appear’d,
 With eyes so bright, as poets say,
 Should Phœbus sleep, might rule the day :
 The shepherd listen’d to her song ;
 I fear the shepherd gaz’d too long :
 For as her eyes their beams withdrew,
 Her fatal looks the shepherd flew.

At first he felt uncommon smart,
 And fear’d the boy conceal’d a dart :
 Then faintly turning, “ Child,” said he,
 “ This evil arrow comes from thee.”
 ‘ O ! shepherd, it is no such thing ;
 ‘ Thou hadst my arrow, bow, and string :
 ‘ But now I guess for whom you smart ;
 ‘ The nymph you saw has pierc’d your heart.’

S O N G CXXXIX.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in The Royal Chace.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

HOW pleasing we find the gay sports of the field
 While through the vales we’re bounding,
 The hills our cries resounding,
 The musical chace all its pleasure does yield.

How

How delightful the pause when the stag stood at bay!
 But when his flight renewing,
 Again we were pursuing,
 Till we crown'd with success the sport of the day.

S O N G CXL.

The R E C A N T A T I O N.

*A favourite CANTATA. Sung by Miss BRENT, at
 Ranelagh. Set by Dr. Arne.*

RECITATIVE.

THE kind appointment Cælia made,
 And nam'd the myrtle bow'r ;
 There, fretting, long poor Damon stay'd
 Beyond the promis'd hour :
 No longer able to contain
 This anxious expectation,
 With rage he sought t'allay his pain,
 And vented thus his passion.

AIR.

To all the sex deceitful
 A long and last adieu,
 Since women prove ungrateful
 As long as men prove true.
 The pains they give are many,
 And, Oh! too hard to bear ;
 The joys they give—if any,
 Few, short, and insincere.

RECITATIVE.

Now Cælia, from Mamma got loose,
 Had reach'd the calm retreat ;
 With modest blush she begg'd excuse,
 And chid her tardy feet.

The shepherd, from each doubt releas'd,
 His joy could not restrain,
 But, as each tender thought increas'd,
 Thus chang'd his railing strain.

AIR.

How engaging, how endearing,
 Is a lover's pain and care!
 And what joy the nymph's appearing
 After absence or despair!
 Women wise increase desiring
 By contriving kind delays;
 And, advancing or retiring,
 All they mean is—more to please.

SONG CXLI.

Sung by Mr. BEARD. Set by Mr. Howard.

The Words by Paul Whitehead, Esq; Poet-Laureat.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN Bacchus, jolly god, invites
 To revel in his ev'ning rites,
 In vain his altar I surround,
 Tho' with Burgundian incense crown'd:
 No charms has wine without the lass;
 'Tis love gives relish to the glass.

AIR.

While all around, with jocund glee,
 In brimmers toast their fav'rite she,
 Tho' ev'ry nymph my lips proclaim,
 My heart still whispers Chloe's name:
 And thus with me, by am'rous stealth,
 Still ev'ry glass is Chloe's health.

SONG CXLII.

Set by Mr. Jackson.

THE heavy hours are almost past,

That part my love and me ;

My longing eyes may hope, at last,

Their only wish to see :

But how, my Delia, will you meet

The man you've lost so long ?

Will love in all your pulses beat,

And tremble on your tongue ?

Will you in ev'ry look declare,

Your heart is still the same,

And heal each idle, anxious care,

Our fears in absence frame ?

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,

When we shall shortly meet,

And try what yet remains between,

Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that sooths my mind,

Shall false and groundless prove ;

If I am doom'd at length to find,

That you've forgot to love :

All I of Venus ask, is this,

No more to let us join ;

But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,

To die, and think you mine.

SONG CXLIII.

New Set by Mr. Jackson.

MY days have been so wond'rous free,

The little birds that fly,

With careless ease, from tree to tree,

Were but as blest as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their stream ;
Or ask the gentle gales, if e'er
I lent a sigh to them.

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught ;
The tender chains of soft desire
Are fixt upon my thought :
An eager hope, within my breast,
Does ev'ry doubt controul,
And lovely Nancy stands confess
The fav'rite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
Ye swains that haunt the grove,
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
Ye close retreats of love ;
With all of nature, all of art,
Assist the dear design !
O ! teach a young, unpractis'd heart,
To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of despair,
And hardly covet to be great,
Unless it be for her :
'Tis true, the passion in my mind
Is mixt with soft distress ;
Yet, while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.

But if she treats me with disdain,
And flights my well-meant love ;
Or looks with pleasure on my pain,
A pain she won't remove ;
Farewel, ye birds, ye lonely pines,
Adieu to groans and sighs ;
I'll leave my passion to the winds ;
Love, unreturn'd, soon dies.

SONG CXLIV.

MAY, the MOTHER of LOVE.

Set by Mr. Long.

THE virgin, when soften'd by May,
 Attends to the villager's vows,
 The birds fondly bill on the spray,
 And poplars embrace with their boughs.
 On Ida bright Venus may reign,
 Ador'd for her beauty above;
 We shepherds, that dwell on the plain,
 Hail May, as the Mother of Love.
 From the west, as it wantonly blows,
 Fond Zephyr caresses the vine;
 The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
 And willows and woodbines entwine:
 The pinks by the rivulet's side,
 That border the vernal alcove,
 Bend downward, and kiss the soft tide,
 For May is the Mother of Love.
 May tinges the butterfly's wing,
 He flutters in bridal array;
 If the larks and the linnets now sing,
 Their music is taught them by May:
 The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,
 Conceals her fond bliss in the grove,
 And murmuring seems to repeat,
 That May is the Mother of Love.
 The goddess will visit ye soon,
 Ye virgins, be sportive and gay;
 Get your pipes, oh! ye shepherds, in tune,
 For music must welcome the May:
 Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
 And all his keen anguish remove,
 Let him tell her soft tales, and he'll find,
 That May is the Mother of Love.

SONG CXLV.

*Sung by Mr. TENDUCCI, at Ranelagh.**Set by Signor Giardini.*

NOT on beauty's transient pleasure,
Which no real joys impart,
Nor on heaps of sordid treasure,
Did I fix my youthful heart.

'Twas not Chloe's perfect feature,
Did the sickle wand'rer bind ;
Nor her form, the boast of nature ;
'Twas alone her spotless mind,

Not on beauty's transient pleasure,
Which no real joys impart,
Nor on heaps of sordid treasure,
Did I fix my youthful heart.

Take, ye swains, the real blessing,
That will joys for life ensure ;
The virtuous mind alone possessing,
Will your lasting bliss secure.

Not on beauty's transient pleasure,
Which no real joys impart,
Nor on heaps of sordid treasure,
Did I fix my youthful heart.



SONG CXLVI.

*Sung by Miss DAVIES, at Vauxhall.**Set by Mr. Samuel Howard.*

LET the nymph still avoid, and be deaf to the
swain,
Who in transports of passion affects to complain ;
For his rage, not his love, in his frenzy is shown ;
And the blast that blows loudest is soon over-blown.

But

But the shepherd, whom Cupid has pierc'd to the heart,
Will submissive adore, and rejoice in the smart ;
Or, in plaintive soft murmurs, his bosom-felt woe,
Like the smooth-gliding current of rivers, will flow.

Tho' silent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes,
And his heart own your sway in a tribute of sighs :
But when he accosts you, in meadow or grove,
His tale is so tender—he cooes like the dove.



S O N G CXLVII.

The I D E S of M A Y.

Sung by Miss DAVIES, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Samuel Howard.

THE prospect clear'd, around is heard
The music of the hive ;
The blossoms blow, the spirits flow,
And nature's all alive :
In ev'ry grove the work is love,
The word is, " Sing and play ;"
From eve to morn the fages warn,
" Ye maids, beware of May !"

Each lively scheme, each am'rous theme,
Our nymphs and poets chuse ;
The dance delights, the song invites,
As mirth provokes the muse :
The war's no more, our chiefs come o'er ;
Again the grave ones say,
Where'er ye tread, temptation's spread ;
" Beware the Ides of May !"

SONG CXLVIII.

*Sung by Miss DAVIES, at Vauxhall.**Set by Mr. Samuel Howard.*

O Give me that social delight,
 Which none but true lovers receive,
 When Luna bedecks the still night,
 And glances her smiles on the eve;
 When to the fair meadows we go,
 Where peace and contentment retire;
 Or down the smooth current we row,
 In time with the flutes and the lyre.

By nature these pictures are drawn:
 How sweet is each landschape dispos'd!
 The prospect extends to the lawn,
 Or by the tall beeches is clos'd.
 Come, Strephon, attend to the scene:
 The clouds are all vanish'd above;
 The objects around are serene,
 As modell'd to music and love.



SONG CXLIX.

*A favourite CANTATA. Sung by Miss BRENT,
 at Ranelagh. Set by Dr. Arne.*

RECITATIVE.

A Wretch long tortur'd with disdain,
 That ever pin'd, but pin'd in vain,
 At length the god of wine address,
 Sure refuge of a wounded breast,

AIR.

Vouchsafe, O pow'r, thy healing aid,
 Teach me to gain the cruel maid;

Thy

Thy juices take the lover's part,
Flush his wan looks, and chear his heart.

RECITATIVE.

To Bacchus thus the lover cry'd,
And thus the jolly god reply'd :

AIR.

Give whining o'er, be brisk and gay,
And quaff his sneaking form away :
With dauntless mien approach the fair ;
The way to conquer is — to dare.

RECITATIVE.

The swain pursued the god's advice,
The nymph was now no longer nice.

AIR.

She smil'd, and spoke the sex's mind ;
When you grow daring, we grow kind :
Men to themselves are most severe,
And make us tyrants by their fear.

SONG CL.

DAMON and FLORELLA. *A Dialogue.*

Sung in the Sorcerer.

He. **C**AST, my love, thine eyes around,
See the sportive lambkins play ;
Nature gaily decks the ground,
All in honour of the May :
Like the sparrow and the dove,
Listen to the voice of love.

She. Damon, thou hast found me long
List'ning to thy soothing tale,
And thy soft persuasive tongue
Often held me in the dale :
Take, oh ! Damon, while I live,
All which virtue ought to give.

He.

He. Not the verdure of the grove,
 Not the garden's fairest flow'r,
 Nor the meads where lovers rove,
 Tempted by the vernal hour,
 Can delight thy Damon's eye,
 If Florella is not by.

She. Not the water's gentle fall,
 By the bank with poplars crown'd,
 Not the feather'd songsters all,
 Nor the flute's melodious sound,
 Can delight Florella's ear,
 If her Damon is not near.

Both. Let us love, and let us live
 Like the chearful season gay :
 Banish care, and let us give
 Tribute to the fragrant May :
 Like the sparrow and the dove,
 Listen to the voice of love.



S O N G C L I.

Sung by Miss DAVIES, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Samuel Howard.

WHERE shall Delia fly for shelter?
 In what secret grove or cave?
 Sighs and sonnets sent to melt her,
 From the young, the gay, the brave.
 Tho' with prudish airs she starch her,
 Still she longs, and still she burns :
 Cupid shoots like Hayman's archer,
 Wheresoe'er the damsel turns.

Virtue,

Virtue, youth, good sense, and beauty,
 (If discretion guide us not)
 Sometimes are the ruffian's booty,
 Sometimes are the booby's lot :
 Now they're purchas'd by the trader,
 Now commanded by the peer,
 Now some subtle mean invader
 Wins the heart, or gains the ear.
 O discretion ! thou'rt a jewel,
 Or our grand-mammas mistake,
 Stinting flame by bating fewel,
 Always careful and awake.
 Would you keep your pearls from trampers,
 Weigh the licence, weigh the banns :
 Mark my song upon your samplers,
 Wear it on your knots and fans.



S O N G C L I I .

S O M E T H I N G N E W .

Sung by Miss DAVIES, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Samuel Howard.

IN all mankind's promiscuous race,
 The sons of error urge their chace,
 The wond'rous to pursue ;
 And, both in country and in town,
 The curious courtier, cit and clown,
 Solicit Something New.

The poets still from nature take,
 And what is ready-made they make ;

Historians must be true :

How therefore shall we find a road,

Thro' dissertation, song, or ode,

To give you Something New ?

They

They say virginity is scarce
 As any thing in prose or verse,
 And so is honour too:
 The papers of the day imply
 No more than that we live and die,
 And pay for Something New.

We see a-like the woeful dearth
 In melancholy, or in mirth;
 What then shall ladies do?
 Seek virtue as th' immortal prize;
 In fine, be honest, and be wise,
 For that is Something New.



SONG CLIII.

The BRIDAL DAY; *a Cantata.*

Sung by Miss SMITH, at Marybone-Gardens.

Set by Mr. Yates.

RECITATIVE.

YE swains, who reap the ripen'd corn,
 And with soft music hail the morn,
 Your fickle lay aside:
 Hence, labour's pressive hand, away;
 In rural pastime spend the day,
 To charm the new-made bride.

AIR.

With roses deck the jess'mine bow'rs;
 Bestrew the verdant mead with flow'rs,
 That Phœbe pass along;
 Hark, hark! the feather'd race, on wing,
 To love's soft impulse warbling sing
 Their soft melodious song.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

Then fill, ye swains, the rural reed ;
 Let art with nature vie ;
 Nor let the shrill-ton'd lark impede
 Your partial harmony.

AIR.

Whilst blith as May morning,
 When nature looks charming,
 The damsels shall dance on the green,
 'Tis with beauty replete,
 The fair Phœbe we greet,
 And hail her our pastoral queen.

S O N G CLIV.

The C A S U I S T.

Sung by Miss DAVIES, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Samuel Howard.

RECITATIVE.

WHICH is best, ye casuists, say,
 To be grave, or to be gay ?
 Still to weep, and never smile,
 (In the Penferoso stile)
 So sit moping like a nun ;
 Or to frisk it in the sun,
 Where the scenes of mirth are play'd,
 And the glad appointments made ?

AIR.

If the maid avoid excess,
 Better sing, and dance, and dress,
 And indulge the calls of youth,
 While she forfeits not her truth :
 Rigour and severe demean
 Are not decent at sixteen ;

And

And the character is lost,
Study'd at good nature's cost.

She that meditates the most,
Is not always virtue's boast;
Nor the silent and demure,
Always peaceable and pure;
While the lively, brisk, and smart,
Have more innocence at heart,
With a little less to dread
From the mischief in their head.



SONG CLV.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Samuel Howard.

I Like the man whose soaring soul
Is gen'rous and refin'd,
Whose passions act beneath controul,
With love and honour join'd.
The oak, by woodbines on the plain
Encompass'd and caress'd,
Is not more stedfast in its reign,
Nor is more sweetly dress'd.

The frothy sons of vice and show,
Like shadows, and like noise,
Have nothing in themselves, we know,
That sober sense enjoys;
But pure and constant love endears,
And feasts both ear and sight,
While ev'ry thing that virtue fears
Can give no true delight.

SONG

SONG CLVI.

*Sung by Mr. LOWE, Miss CATLEY, Miss MILES,
and Miss SMITH, on the opening of Marybone-
Gardens. Set by Mr. Yates.*

Mr. Lowe.

NOW the summer advances, and pleasure removes
From the smoke of the town to the fields and
the groves,

Permit me to hope that your favour again
May smile, as before, on this once-happy plain.

Miss Catley.

Tho' here no Rotunda expands the wide dome,
No canal on its borders invite ye to roam ;
Yet nature some blessings has scatter'd around,
And means to improve may hereafter be found.

Miss Miles.

On spots as uncouth, from foundations as mean,
Some structures stupendous exalted have been :
Hence started Vauxhall, and thus Ranelagh grew
From rudeness to grandeur, supported by you.

Miss Smith.

The barrenest heath may by art be improv'd ;
It has rivers diverted, and mountains remov'd :
Do you then the sunshine of favour display,
And culture shall soon the glad summons obey.

Chorus.

Mean while, ev'ry effort to please you we'll try ;
Good music, good wine, with each other shall vie :
To gain your esteem's the full scope of our plan,
And we'll strive to deserve it as well as we can.

SONG

SONG CLVII.

A favourite SONG, sung at Ranelagh.

NOW the woodland choirists sing,
 Beauty takes her radiant sphere;
 Love adorns the smiling spring,
 Love and beauty gild the year:
 Seize the minutes as they fly,
 Jocund hours and festive round;
 Innocence, with virgin eye,
 Comes with rural chaplets crown'd.

Awful virtue keeps her state
 In the cot, or on the throne;
 Liberty enjoins her mate,
 As fair honour holds the zone:
 Love and beauty, on the wing,
 Sweep the globe, and conquer all;
 Poet, hero, sage and king,
 At their shrine submissive fall.

Where should honour love to dwell,
 But in freedom's happy isle?
 Virtue here enjoys a cell
 More than in a tyrant's smile:
 Where should beauty fix her reign,
 But on love, that pow'r defies?
 Innocence shall crown the scene.
 Where ambition droops and dies.



SONG CLVIII.

Sung by Miss PLENIUS, at Marybone-Gardens.

I Met young Damon t'other day;
 And, near me as he drew,
 No swain, methought, e'er look'd so gay;
 Upon my word 'tis true.

With

With ardent blifs my lips he preft :

Pray, what could Phillis do ?

I frown'd—but only frown'd in jeft ;

Upon my word 'tis true.

The ſhepherd ſigh'd, and talk'd of love,

A theme to me quite new ;

Of angels, heav'n, and pow'rs above ;

And vow'd that all was true.

My boſom throb'd, I knew not why,

As ſtill more fond he grew :

I liſten'd to his tale with joy ;

Upon my word 'tis true.

“ Let Damon now be bleſt,” he cry'd,

And fondly to me flew :

I ſtrove, but vainly ſtrove to chide ;

Upon my word 'tis true.

With bluſhes ſpread, I look'd conſent,

Felt joys but known to few ;

For then I found what Damon meant,

And all he ſaid was true.



SONG CLIX.

Sung by Miſs DAVIES, at Vauxhall.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

YOUNG Phillis one morning a maying would go;
When ſaunt'ring among the ſweet meads to
and fro,

In vain did the cowſlips her fair hand invite,

Nor daiſies nor daffodils gave her delight :

Her heart with the throbblings of paſſion did move ;

Each bird on the ſpray could have told her 'twas love.

At

At length she grew weary, and sat by a brook
 Where Strephon, the shepherd, was baiting his hook:
 Unnotic'd he saw her, and heard her complain;
 His heart was inflam'd to allay her soft pain;
 The swain had led many a lass to the grove,
 And he (wicked rogue!) thought that Phillis would
 love.

Howe'er, as her mind was by innocence dress'd,
 'Twas plain that fair virtue was lodg'd in her breast:
 Her beauty was much, but her modesty more,
 Which Strephon perceiv'd, and began to adore;
 He knelt at her feet with a garland he wove,
 And Phillis consented to make him her love.

SONG CLX.

A favourite SONG, sung by Miss BRENT, at Ranelagh.

THE gaudy tulip swells with pride,
 And rears its beauties to the sun,
 With heav'n-born tints of Iris' bow;
 While low the vi'let springs beside,
 As in the shade it strives to shun
 The hand of some rapacious foe.
 Of worth intrinsic, small the store
 That from the tulip can arise,
 When parted from its glowing bed:
 While hid, the vi'let charms the more,
 Like incense in its native skies,
 When cropt to grace the virgin-head.
 Then think, ye fair ones, how these flow'rs
 Are wrought in nature's various robe:
 Where pride declines, and merit thrives,
 Your virgin dignity o'er-pow'rs
 The heroes of the conquer'd globe:
 But sweet compliance makes ye wives.

SONG

SONG CLXI.

The ORIGIN of ENGLISH LIBERTY.

Sung by Mr. HUDSON. The Words by G. A. Stevens.

ONCE the gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial
feast,

Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing ;
Merry Momus among them was sat as a guest,
(Homer says the celestials lov'd laughing :)
On each in the synod the humourist droll'd,

So none could his jokes disapprove ;
He sung, reparteed, and some smart stories told,
And at last thus began upon Jove.

" Sire ! Atlas, who long has the universe bore,
" Grows grievously tired of late ;

" He says that mankind are much worse than before,
" So he begs to be eas'd of their weight."

Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl'd,
From his shoulders commanded the ball,
Gave his daughter Attraction the charge of the
world,

And she hung it up high in his hall.

Mifs, pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe
round,

To see what each climate was worth ;
Like adi'mond, the whole with an atmosphere bound,
And she variously planted the earth :

With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd ;
France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear ;
What suited each clime on each clime she bestow'd,
And FREEDOM she found flourish'd here.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,

As guardians to cherish the root ;
The blossoms of LIBERTY 'gan for to smile,
And Englishmen fed on the fruit :

Thus

Thus fed, and thus bred, from a bounty so rare,

O preserve it as free as 'twas giv'n.

We will while we've breath; nay, we'll grasp it in
death,

Then return it untainted to heav'n.

SONG CLXII.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Marybone-Gardens.

The Words by Mr. Lockman.

'GAINST the destructive wiles of man,
Your hearts, ye fair ones, guard;

Their only study's to trepan,

And play a trickster's card:

With strange delight poor women they flight,

Amuse, cajole, belie:

Hence, girls! beware—look sharp—take care;

For men are wond'rous fly.

That Proteus man, like him of old,

A thousand forms will take;

His venal soul is all for gold,

A crocodile, or snake.

See his dire thread! this spider spread

To catch the female fly:

Hence, girls! beware—look sharp—take care;

For men are wond'rous fly.

A porcupine with rage inspir'd,

At nymphs he darts his quills;

A basilisk by frenzy fir'd,

His glance by poison kills:

With fraudulent arts he steals their hearts,

Then throws the baubles by:

Hence, girls! beware—look sharp—take care;

For men are wond'rous fly.

Was the whole race of men to meet
 In one wide-spreading plain,
 Of constancy, of faith, to treat,
 And virtue's spotless train;
 To find a youth renown'd for truth,
 Whole ages we might try:
 Hence, girls! beware—look sharp—take care;
 For men are wond'rous fly.

S O N G CLXIII.

*Sung by Mrs. VINCENT, at Vauxhall, and by Miss
 PLENIUS, at Marybone-Gardens.*

Set by Mr. Yates.

YOUNG Strephon, the artless, the dangerous
 swain,

My love and esteem has attempted to gain;
 With the same wicked arts he so oft had betray'd,
 He thought to seduce one more innocent maid:
 But appris'd of his pow'r, of my weakness aware,
 I baffled his scheme, and avoided the snare;
 For virtue I love, and was taught in my dawn,
 When I gather'd a rose, to beware of the thorn.
 His tears I neglected, his oaths I despis'd;
 For his heart by those tears, by those oaths, he disguis'd:
 What presents he brought me I chose to decline,
 (The prodigal bounty of art and design:)
 He coax'd, and he flatter'd, but flatter'd in vain,
 And practis'd each art, on my weakness to gain:
 Protected by prudence, I laugh'd him to scorn;
 Tho' I fancy'd the rose, yet I dreaded the thorn.
 He wantonly boasted what nymphs he had won,
 What credulous beauties his arts had undone;
 He swore that his faith should inviolate be,
 That his heart and those fair ones were victims to me:
 I told

I told him those victims, and faith, I'd despise,
And from such examples would learn to be wise;
That I never wou'd prostitute virtue to scorn,
Or smell at a rose, to be hurt by the thorn.

Was the perjur'd betrayer asham'd of his guilt;
Was his passion on virtue, not wantonness, built;
Was his heart as sincere as his oaths are profane,
I could fancy (I own I could fancy) the swain:
But experience has taught me 'tis dang'rous to trust,
And folly to think he can ever be just;
So I'll stifle my flame, and reject him with scorn,
Lest I grasp at the rose, and be hurt by the thorn.

SONG CLXIV.

Set by Mr. Dibden.

ONE summer eve, as Nancy fair
Sat spinning in the shade,
While soaring sky-larks shook the air
In warbling o'er her head;
In tender cooes the pigeons woo'd;
(Love's impulse all must feel)
She sung, but still her work pursu'd,
And turn'd her spinning-wheel.

“ While thus I work with rock and reel,
“ So life by time is spun;
“ And as runs round my spinning-wheel,
“ The world turns up and down:
“ Some rich to-day, to-morrow low,
“ While I no changes feel,
“ But get my bread by sweat of brow,
“ And turn my spinning-wheel.

" From me let men and women too
 " This home-spun lesson learn,
 " Not mind what other people do,
 " But eat the bread they earn :
 " If none were fed, were that to be,
 " But what deserv'd a meal,
 " Some ladies then, as well as me,
 " Must turn the spinning-wheel."
 The rural toast, with sweetest tone,
 Thus fung her witless strain,
 When o'er the lawn limp'd gammer Joan,
 And brought home Nancy's swain :
 " Come," cries the dame, " Nance, here's thy spouse;
 " Away throw rock and reel :"
 Blyth Nancy with the bonny news
 O'er-set her spinning-wheel.

SONG CLXV.

Sung by Miss WRIGHT, in The Fairy Tale.

YOU spotted snakes, with double tongue,
 Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen,
 Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
 Come not near the fairy queen.
 Philomel, with melody,
 Sing in your sweet lullaby.
 Neither harm, nor spell, nor charm,
 Come the fairy's pillow nigh,
 So good night with lullaby.
 Weaving spiders, come not here ;
 Hence, ye long-legg'd spinners, hence ;
 Beetles black, approach not near ;
 Worm nor snail, do no offence.
 Philomel, with melody,
 Sing in your sweet, &c.

SONG CLXVI.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

BID me, when forty winters more
 Have furrow'd deep my pallid brow;
 When from my head, a scanty store,
 Lankly the wither'd tresses flow;
 When the warm tide, that bold and strong
 Now rolls impetuous on and free,
 Languid and slow scarce creeps along;
 Then bid me court Sobriety.

Nature, who form'd the varied scene
 Of rage and calm, of frost and fire,
 Unerring guide, could only mean,
 That age shou'd reason—youth desire.
 Shall then that rebel, man, presume
 (Inverting Nature's law) to seize
 The dues of age in youth's high bloom,
 And join impossibilities?

No!—let me waste the frolic May
 In wanton joys and wild excess,
 In revel sport, and laughter gay,
 And mirth, and rosy cheerfulness.
 Woman, the soul of all delights,
 And wine, the aid of love, be near:
 All charms me that to joy incites,
 And ev'ry she, that's kind, is fair.



SONG CLXVII.

*Sung by Mr. DEARL, at Ranelagh.**Set by Mr. Baildon.*

ON pleasure's smooth wings, how old Time steals
 away,
 And love's fatal flame leads the shepherd astray!

My

My days, O ye swains ! were a round of delight,
 From the cool of the morn to the stillness of night :
 No care found a place in my cottage, or breast ;
 But health and content all the year was my guest.

'Twas then no fair Phillis my heart cou'd ensnare
 With voice or with feature, with dress or with air :
 So kindly young Cupid had pointed the dart,
 That I gather'd the sweets, but I miss'd of the smart:
 I toy'd for a while, then I rov'd like a bee ;
 But still all my song was, " I'll ever be free."

'Twas then ev'ry object fresh raptures did yield :
 If I stray'd thro' the garden, or travers'd the field,
 Ten thousand gay scenes were display'd to my sight :
 If the nightingale sung, I could listen all night ;
 With my reed I could pipe to the tune of the stream,
 And wake to new life from a rapturous dream.

But now, since for Hebe in secret I sigh,
 Alas ! what a change ! and how wretched am I !
 Adieu to the charms of the valley and glade ;
 Their sweets now all sicken, their colours all fade ;
 No music I find in soft Philomel's strain,
 And the brook o'er the pebbles now murmurs in vain.

They say that she's kind, but no kindness I see ;
 On others she smiles, but she frowns upon me :
 Then teach me, bright Venus, persuasion's soft art,
 Or aid me, by reason to ransom my heart ;
 To crown my desire, or to banish my pain,
 Give love to the nymph, or give ease to the swain.

SONG CLXVIII.

DUETTO,

In the Oratorio of Judas Macchabæus.

O Lovely peace! with plenty crown'd,
Come spread thy blessings all around;
Let fleecy flocks the hills adorn,
And valleys smile with wavy corn:
Let the shrill trumpet cease, nor other sound,
But nature's songsters, wake the chearful morn.

SONG CLXIX.

*A favourite DUET, and CHORUS, in the Oratorio of
Judas Macchabæus.*

SEE the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums;
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.
See the godlike youth advance,
Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance;
Myrtle wreaths and roses twine,
To deck the hero's brow divine.

SONG CLXX.

*A favourite SONG, sung by Mrs. SCOTT,
The Conscious Lovers. Set by Mr. Baildon.*

IF love's a sweet passion, how can it torment?
If bitter, O tell me whence comes my content!
Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain?
Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me and tickles my heart.

grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,
 And by passionate silence I make my love known :
 But, oh ! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove,
 By some willing mistake to discover her love ;
 When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
 And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name !
 How pleasing is beauty ! how sweet are the charms !
 How delightful embraces ! how peaceful her arms !
 Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love ;
 'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above :
 And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield ;
 For 'tis beauty that conquers and keeps the fair field.

SONG CLXXI.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in The Jovial Crew.

Set by Dr. Arne.

NO woman her envy can smother,
 Tho' never so vain of her charms ;
 If a beauty she spies in another,
 The pride of her heart it alarms.

New conquests she still must be making,
 Or fancies her power grows less ;
 Her poor little heart is still aching
 At sight of another's success.

But nature design'd, in love to mankind,
 That different beauties shou'd move,
 Still pleas'd to ordain, none ever shou'd reign
 Sole monarch in empire of love.

Then learn to be wise, new triumphs despise,
 And leave to your neighbours their due ;
 If one cannot please, you'll find by degrees,
 You'll not be contented with two ;
 No, no, you'll not be contented with two.

SONG CLXXII.

STREPHON and PHŒBE.

Set by Dr. Arne.

YOUNG Strephon long doated on Phœbe the fair,
 Whose heart of his anguish did secretly share;
 But fearing his passion wou'd changeable prove,
 She prudently check'd the soft dictates of love,

The beauties you fancy, the fair one wou'd say,
 Are charms of a moment, and doom'd to decay:
 Love founded so slightly can never prove true;
 The bloom disappearing, the passion dies too.

O wrong not your beauty, reply'd the fond swain;
 Its lasting impression will ever remain:
 Tho' age, like the winter, may blast thy fair prime,
 Yet virtue, still blooming, gains vigour by time.

The strength of my eyes with your charms will decline,
 Nor gaze at a face that is younger than thine;
 While this faithful heart, ever true to my vow,
 Preserves thy dear image, as bright as 'tis now.

Then banish, dear Phœbe, each doubt, and each fear,
 That make fancy'd evils like real appear;
 The swift-flying moments with ardour improve,
 And grant the reward that is due to my love.

Kind Phœbe assenting believ'd the fond youth,
 Who prov'd that his passion was founded on truth;
 And, tho' envious age may her beauty impair,
 Her virtue and honour will ever be fair.

SONG CLXXIII.

A favourite BALLAD, sung at Vauxhall.

NO longer let whimsical songsters compare
The merits of wine with the charms of the fair;
I appeal to the men to determine between
A tun-belly'd Bacchus, and Beauty's fair queen.

The pleasures of drinking henceforth I resign;
For tho' there is mirth, yet there's madness in wine:
Then let not false sparkles our senses beguile;
'Tis the mention of Chloe that makes the glass smile.

Her beauties with rapture my senses inspire,
And, the more I behold her, the more I admire!
But the charms of her temper and mind I adore;
These virtues shall bless me when beauty's no more.

How happy our days when with love we engage!
'Tis the transport of youth; 'tis the comfort of age:
But what are the joys of the bottle, or bowl?
Wine tickles the taste, love enraptures the soul!

A sot, as he riots in liquor, will cry,
The longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.
From this fair confession, 'tis plain, my good friend,
You're a toper eternal, and drink to no end.

Your big-belly'd bottle may ravish your eye,
But how foolish you look when your bottle is dry?
From woman, dear woman, sweet pleasure must spring;
Nay, the Stoics must own it—she is the best thing.

Yet some praises to wine we may justly afford;
For a time it will make one as great as a lord:
But woman, for ever, gives transport to man,
And I'll love the dear sex—aye, as long as I can.

SONG CLXXIV.

A PASTORAL SONG, *sung by Mr. HUDSON,*
Ranelagh. *Set by Mr. Battisill.*

WHAT shepherd, or nymph of the grove,
Can blame me for dropping a tear,
Or lamenting aloud, as I rove,
Since Phœbe no longer is here?
My flocks, if at random they stray,
What wonder, if she's from the plains?
Her hand they were wont to obey;
She rul'd both the sheep and the swains.

Can I ever forget how we stray'd
To the foot of yon neighbouring hill,
To the bow'r we had built in the shade,
Or the river that runs by the mill?
There, sweet, by my side as she lay,
And heard the fond stories I told,
How sweet was the thrush from the spray,
Or the bleating of lambs from the fold!

How oft' wou'd I spy out a charm,
Which, before, had been hid from my view!
And, while arm was enfolded in arm,
My lips to her lips, how they grew!
How long the sweet contest would last!
Till the hours of retirement and rest,
What pleasures and pain each had past,
Who longest had lov'd, and who best.

No changes of place, or of time,
I felt when my fair one was near;
Alike was each weather, and clime,
Each season that chequer'd the year:

In winter's rude lap did we freeze,
Did we melt on the bosom of May;
Each morn brought contentment and ease,
If we rose up to work or to play.

She was all my fond wishes could ask;
She had all the kind gods could impart;
She was Nature's most beautiful task,
The despair, and the envy of art:
There all, that is worthy to prize,
In all that was lovely was drest;
For the Graces were thron'd in her eyes,
And the Virtues all lodg'd in her breast.

SONG CLXXV.

Set by Dr. Arne.

WHAT means that tender sigh, my dear?
Why silent drops that crystal tear?
What jealous fears disturb thy breast,
Where love and peace delight to rest?
What tho' thy Jockey has been seen
With Molly sporting on the green,
'Twas but an artful trick to prove
The matchless force of Jenny's love.

'Tis true, a nosegay I had drest
To grace the witty Daphne's breast;
But 'twas at her desire, to try
If Damon cast a jealous eye:
These flow'rs will fade by morning dawn,
Neglected, scatter'd o'er the lawn;
But in thy fragrant bosom lies
A sweet perfume that never dies.

SONG CLXXVI.

COLIN and PHILLIS, a *Pastoral Dialogue*.*Sung by Mr. BEARD and Miss HALLAM, in The
Arcadian Nuptials.**Colin.***H**ARK! hark! o'er the plains what glad tu-
mults we hear!How gay all the nymphs and the shepherds appear!
With myrtles and roses new deck'd are the bow'rs,
And every bush bears a garland of flow'rs.I can't, for my life, what it means understand;
There's some rural festival surely at hand;
Not harvest, nor sheep-shearing, now can take place;[*Phillis enters.*]

But Phillis will tell me the truth of the case.

*Phillis.*The truth, honest lad?—why surely you know
What rites are prepar'd in the village below,
Where gallant young Thyrsis, so fam'd and ador'd,
Weds Daphne, the sister of Corin our lord;
That Daphne, whose beauty, good-nature, and ease,
All fancies can strike, and all judgments can please;
That Corin—but praise must the matter give o'er;
You know what he is—and I need say no more.*Colin.*Young Thyrsis too claims all that honour can lend,
His countrymen's glory, their champion and friend,
'Tho' such slight memorials scarce speak his deserts;
And, trust me, his name is engrav'd on their hearts.*Phillis.*But hence, to the bridal, behold how they throng!
Each shepherd conducting his sweetheart along!

The

The joyous occasion all nature inspires
With tender affections and chearful desires.

Duetto.

Ye pow'rs, that o'er conjugal union preside,
All-gracious look down on the bridegroom and bride,
That beauty, and virtue, and valour, may shine
In a race like themselves, with no end to the line :
Let honour and glory, and riches and praise,
Unceasing attend them thro' numerous days ;
And, while in a palace fate fixes their lot,
Oh! may they live easy as those in a cot !

SONG CLXXVII.

DAMON and PHILLIS. *A Dialogue.*

Sung at Vauxhall.

Damon.

O H! Phillis, shame on you, to serve a swain so !
You promis'd last Lammas, you very well know,
If I'd stay but till Christmas, our hands should be
join'd ;
And 'tis Midsummer now, Phillis, why so unkind ?
Why, why, Phillis, why so unkind ?

Phillis.

True, Damon, I promis'd — I own it — What then ?
My mind has since alter'd — how faithless are men !
You vow'd to be constant, and yet t'other day
You swore that young Lucy was sweet as the May,
Sweet, sweet, was sweet as the May.

Damon.

When Phillis grew coy, when she left me forlorn,
And was singing to Colin beneath the green thorn ;
Mad, jealous, and fretting, pray, who was to blame,
If with Lucy I strove to make Phillis the same ?
Strove, strove, to make Phillis the same ?

Phillis.

Phillis.

Like the bee that goes roving to rise the spring,
 You pip'd to each damsel, to me you would sing:
 I lik'd the sweet lay, for I thought it sincere;
 But why does Pastora so oft drop the tear?
 Why, why, so oft drop the tear?

Damon.

From my heart, let me tell thee, I proudly essay'd
 To conquer each beautiful, insolent maid:
 The garlands they wreath'd at thy feet are resign'd:
 This, this, was my pride—then is Phillis unkind?
 Then, then, then is Phillis unkind?

Phillis.

How frail the disguise a fond lover would try!
 How weak the thin snare that the soul would bely!
 Hence, hence, with suspicion! away from the grove,
 And prove at the church that truth waits upon love;
 Prove, prove, truth waits upon love.

S O N G CLXXVIII.

NEAR the side of a pond, at the foot of a hill,
 A free-hearted fellow attends on his mill;
 Fresh health blooms her strong rosy hue o'er his face,
 And honesty gives e'en to awkwardness grace:
 Beslour'd with his meal does he labour and sing,
 And regaling at night, he's as blest as a king;
 After heartily eating, he takes a full swill
 Of liquor home-brew'd, to success of the mill.

He makes no nice scruples of toll for his trade,
 For that's an excise to his industry paid:
 His conscience is free, and his income is clear,
 And he values not them of ten thousand a year:

He's

He's a freehold sufficient to give him a vote ;
At elections he scorns to accept of a groat :
He hates your proud placemen ; and, do what they
will,

They ne'er can seduce the stanch man of the mill,

On Sunday he talks with the barber and priest,
And hopes that our statesmen do all for the best ;
That the Spaniards shall ne'er interrupt our free trade,
Nor good British coin be in subsidies paid :
He fears the French navy and commerce increase,
And he wishes poor Germany still may have peace :
Tho' Old England, he knows, may have strength,
and have skill,

To protect all her manors, and save his own mill.

With this honest hope he goes home to his work,
And if water is scanty he takes up his fork,
And over the meadows he scatters his hay,
Or with the stiff plough turns up furrows of clay :
His harvest is crown'd with a good English glee,
That his country may ever be happy and free :
With his hand and his heart to king George does he
fill.

May all loyal souls act the man of the mill !



S O N G CLXXIX.

Sung at Sadler's-Wells.

YOUNG Strephon, a shepherd, the pride of the
plain,

Each day is attempting my kindness to gain :
He takes all occasions his flame to renew ;
I always reply, that his courting won't do.

He

He spares no rich presents to make me more kind,
And exhausts in my praise all the wit of his mind;
I say I'm engag'd, and I wish him to go;
He asks me so oft, till I rudely say No.

To Thyrsis, last Valentine's day, the dear youth,
I tell him I plighted my faith and my truth;
That wealth cannot peace and contentment bestow,
And my heart is another's, — so beg he will go:

That love is not purchas'd with titles and gold,
And the heart that is honest can never be sold;
That I sigh not for grandeur, but look down on show;
And to Thyrsis must hasten, nor answer him No.

He hears me, and, trembling all over, replies,
If his suit I prefer not, he instantly dies:
He gives me his hand, and would force me to go;
I pity his suff'ring, but boldly say No.

I try to avoid him in hopes of sweet peace;
He haunts me each moment to make me say Yes:
But to-morrow, ye fair-ones, with Thyrsis I go;
And trust me, at church, that I will not say no.

SONG CLXXX.

DAMON and SYLVIA. *A Dialogue.*

Set by Dr. Arne.

Damon.

DEAR Sylvia, no longer my passion despise,
Nor arm thus with terror those beautiful eyes,
Nor arm thus with terror those beautiful eyes:
They become not disdain, but most charming would
prove,

If once they were soften'd with smiles and with love,
If once they were soften'd with smiles and with love.

Sylvia.

Or, ENGLISH SYREN. ACT

Sylvia.

While I with a smile can each shepherd subdue,
Oh Damon, I must not be soften'd by you,
Oh Damon, &c.
Nor fondly give up, in an unguarded hour,
The pride of us women, unlimited pow'r,
The pride, &c.

Damon.

Tho' power, my dear, be to deities giv'n,
Yet generous pity's the darling of heav'n,
Yet generous, &c.
Oh then be that pity extended to me,
I'll kneel and acknowledge no goddess but thee,
I'll kneel, &c.

Sylvia.

Suppose to your suit I should listen awhile,
And only for pity's sake grant you a smile,
And only, &c.

Damon.

Nay stop not at that, but your kindness improve,
And let gentle pity be ripen'd to love,
And let, &c.

Sylvia.

Well then, faithful swain, I'll examine my heart,
And if it be possible, grant you a part,
And if, &c.

Damon.

Now that's like yourself, like an angel express'd;
For, grant me but part, and I'll soon steal the rest.
For, grant, &c.

Both.

Take heed, ye fair maids, and with caution believe;
For love's an intruder, and apt to deceive,
For love's an intruder, and apt to deceive :

When

When once the least part the sly urchin has gain'd,
 You'll ne'er be at ease till the whole is obtain'd,
 You'll ne'er be at ease till the whole is obtain'd.



SONG CLXXXI.

Sung in The Merchant of Venice.

TO keep my gent'e Jesse,
 What labour wou'd seem hard!
 Each toilsome task how easy,
 Her love the sweet reward!
 Her love the sweet reward!

The bee, thus uncomplaining,
 Esteems no toil severe;
 The sweet reward obtaining
 Of honey all the year,
 Of honey all the year.



SONG CLXXXII.

On FRIENDSHIP. Set by Mr. Gerard.

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
 And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet;
 How strange does it seem, that in searching around,
 This source of content is so rare to be found?
 O, friendship! thou balm, and rich sweetner of life;
 Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife;
 Without thee, a'as! what are riches and pow'r,
 But empty delusion, the joys of an hour?

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
 On whom we may always with safety depend?
 Our joys, when extended, will always increase,
 And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace:

When

When fortune is smiling, what crowds will appear,
Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere;
Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,
No longer to court you they eagerly press.

SONG CLXXXIII.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

THO' Chloe's out of fashion,
Can blush and be sincere;
I'll toast her in a bumper,
If all the belles were here:
What tho' no di'monds sparkle
Around her neck and waist,
With ev'ry shining virtue
The lovely maid is grac'd.

In modest, plain apparel;
No patches, paint, nor airs;
In debt alone to Nature,
An angel she appears:
From gay coquettes, high finish'd,
My Chloe takes no rules,
Nor envies them their conquests,
The hearts of all the fools.

Who wins her must have merit,
Such merit as her own;
The graces all possessing,
Yet knows not she has one:
Then grant me, gracious heav'n,
The gifts you most approve,
And Chloe, charming Chloe,
Will bless me with her love.

SONG

S O N G C L X X X I V .

Set by Dr. Arne.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine ;
 Or leave a kiss but on the cup,
 And I'll not wish for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul does rise,
 Does ask a drink divine ;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a roseate wreath,
 Not so much hon'ring thee,
 As giving it a hope, that there
 It could not wither'd be :
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent it back to me ;
 Since which it blooms, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.



S O N G C L X X X V .

Y O U N G C O L I N . *Sung by Mrs. Vincent.*

YO U N G Colin was the bonniest swain,
 That ever pip'd on flow'ry plain,
 Or danc'd upon the lee :
 The wanton kid, in gamesome round,
 That frolicks o'er the flow'ry ground,
 Was not so blythe as he.

Beneath the oak, in yonder vale,
 You'd think you heard the nightingale,
 Whene'er he rais'd his voice :
 But, ah ! the youth was all deceit ;
 His vows, his oaths, were all a cheat,
 And choice succeeded choice.

The maidens sung, in willow groves,
Of Colin's false and perjur'd loves ;
Here Jenny told her woes ;
And Moggy's tears increas'd the brook,
Whose cheeks like dying lilies look,
That once out-blush'd the rose.

Unhappy fair, my words believe,
So shall no swain your hopes deceive,
And leave you to despair :
Ere he disclose his fickle mind,
Change first yourselves, for, ah ! you'll find
False Colins every where.

S O N G CLXXXVI.

*Sung originally in The Way to Keep Him, by Miss
MACKLIN. Set by Mr. Smith.*

ATTEND, all ye fair, and I'll tell you the art
To bind ev'ry fancy with ease in your chains ;
To hold, in soft fetters, the conjugal heart,
And banish from Hymen his doubts, and his pains.
When Juno accepted the cestus of love,
She at first was but handsome, yet charming became ;
It taught her with skill, the soft passions to move,
To kindle at once, and to keep up the flame.
'Tis this magic secret gives th' eyes all their fire,
Lends the voice melting accent, impassions the kiss ;
Gives the mouth the sweet smiles that awaken desire,
And plants round the fair each incentive to bliss.
Ye fair, take the cestus, and practise its art ;
The mind unaccomplish'd, mere features are vain ;
Exert your sweets pow'r, you'll conquer each heart,
And the Loves, Joys, and Graces, will walk in
your train.

S O N G

SONG CLXXXVII.

Sung in the Masque of Alfred. Set by Dr. Arne.

AS calms succeed when storms are past,
 And still the raging main;
 So love will have its hour at last,
 And borrow sweets from pain.

No more we'll shun the face of day,
 Within these shades to mourn;
 All joys with Alfred fled away,
 All meet in his return.

SONG CLXXXVIII.

LOTHARIA. Set by Dr. Arne.

VAINLY now ye strive to charm me,
 All ye sweets of blooming May;
 How should empty sunshine warm me,
 While Lotharia keeps away?

Go, ye warbling birds, go leave me;
 Shade, ye clouds, the smiling sky;
 Sweeter notes her voice can give me,
 Softer sunshine fills her eye.

SONG CLXXXIX.

Set by Dr. Arne.

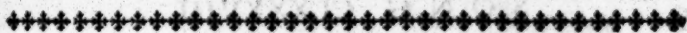
TOO late for redress, and too soon for my ease,
 I saw you, I lov'd, and I wish'd I could please;
 Reflection stood still, while I fancy'd your eyes
 Read the language of mine, and reply'd to my sighs:
 Thus

Thus cheated by hope, I unheeded went on,
And judg'd of your heart by the throbs of my own :
Delusive fond hope seem'd, alas! to persuade,
That friendship, that kindness, with love was repaid.

But, alas ! all is chang'd, and with anguish I find
Words and looks prove but civil, which once I
thought kind ;

Idea no longer its succour will lend,
To form the fond lover, or fix the firm friend :
Then hush, my poor heart, and no longer complain,
Thy honour, thy virtue, pronounce it is vain ;
Thy thoughts swell to crimes ; drive this love from
thy breast,

Perform well thy duty, let fate do the rest.



S O N G CXC.

HEBE. *A Pastoral. Set by Dr. Arne.*

WHEN forc'd from dear Hebe to go,
What anguish I felt at my heart !
And I thought (but it might not be so)
She was sorry to see me depart :
She cast such a languishing view,
My path I could scarcely discern,
And so sweetly she bad me adieu,
I thought she had bad me return.

Methinks she might like to retire
To the grove I had labour'd to rear ;
For whatever I heard her admire,
I hasted and planted it there.
Her voice such a pleasure conveys,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she says,
I'm sure still to love her the more.

And

And now, ere I haste to the plain,
 Come, shepherds, and sing of her lays;
 I could lay down my life for the swain,
 That would sing me a song in her praise:
 While he sings, may the maids in the town
 Come flocking, and listen the while;
 Nor on him let Hebe once frown,
 Tho' I cannot allow her to smile.

To see, when my charmer goes by,
 Some hermit peep out of his cell,
 How he thinks of his youth, with a sigh,
 How fondly he wishes her well!
 On him she may smile, if she please,
 It will warm the cool bosom of age;
 Yet cease, gentle Hebe, O cease,
 Such softness will ruin the sage.

I've stole from no flow'rets that grow,
 To paint the dear charms I approve;
 For what can a blossom bestow,
 So sweet, so engaging as love?
 I sing in a rustical way,
 A shepherd, and one of the throng;
 Yet Hebe approves of my lay,
 Go, shepherds, and envy my song.



SONG CXCI.

The CHARMS of ISABEL.

Set by Dr. Arne.

FAIR is the swan, the ermine white,
 And fair the lily of the vale;
 The moon, resplendent queen of night,
 And snows that drive before the gale:
 In fairness these the rest excel,
 But fairer is my Isabel.

Sweet

Sweet is the vi'let, sweet the rose,
 And sweet the morning breath of May ;
 Carnations rich their sweets disclose,
 And sweet the winding woodbines stray :
 In sweetness these the rest excel,
 But sweeter is my Isabel.

Constant the poets call the dove,
 And am'rous they the sparrow call ;
 Fond is the sky-lark of his love,
 And fond the feather'd lovers all :
 In fondness these the rest excel,
 But fonder I of Isabel.



S O N G CXCII.

The LOVELY ROSE. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

The Words taken from Waller.

G O, lovely rose, tell her that wastes her time and
 me,

That now she knows, when I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young, and shuns to have her graces
 spy'd,

That hadst thou sprung in deserts, where no men
 abide,

Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth of beauty from the light retir'd ;

Bid her come forth, suffer herself to be desir'd,

And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die, that she the common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee, how small a part of time they share,
 That are so wond'rous sweet and fair.

S O N G

SONG CXCIH.

The WAY to KEEP HIM.

YE fair, possess'd of ev'ry charm
 To captivate the will;
 Whose smiles can rage itself disarm,
 Whose frowns at once can kill;
 Say, will you deign the verse to hear,
 Where flatt'ry bears no part;
 An honest verse, that flows sincere
 And candid from the heart?
 Great is your pow'r; but, greater yet,
 Mankind it might engage,
 If, as ye all can make a net,
 Ye all could make a cage:
 Each nymph a thousand hearts may take;
 For who's to beauty blind?
 But to what end a pris'ner make,
 Unless we've strength to bind?
 Attend the counsel often told,
 Too often told in vain;
 Learn that best art, the art to hold,
 And lock the lover's chain.
 Gamesters to little purpose win,
 Who lose again as fast;
 Tho' beauty may the charm begin,
 'Tis sweetness makes it last.

SONG CXCIH.

The SHEPHERDESS. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

I Seek my shepherd gone astray;
 He left our cot the other day:
 Tell me, ye gentle nymphs and swains,
 Pass'd the dear rebel through your plains?

Oh!

Oh! whither, whither, must I roam,
To find and charm the wand'rer home?

Sports he upon the shaven green,
Or joys he in the mountain scene?
Leads he his flocks along the mead,
Or does he seek the cooler shade?
Oh! teach a wretched nymph the way
To find her lover gone astray.

To paint, ye maids, my truant swain;
A manly softness crowns his mien;
Adonis was not half so fair;
And when he talks, 'tis heav'n to hear!
But oh! the soothing poison shun;
To listen, is to be undone.

He'll swear no time shall quench his flame;
To me the perjur'd swore the same,
Too fondly loving to be wise,
Who gave my heart an easy prize,
And when he tun'd his Syren voice,
Listen'd, and was undone by choice.

But fated now, he shuns the kiss
He counted once his greatest bliss;
Whilst I with fiercer passions burn,
And pant and die for his return.
Oh! whither, whither shall I rove,
Again to find my straying love?

SONG CXCV.

The MEN will ROMANCE.

WHEN I enter'd my teens, and threw play-
things aside,
conceiv'd myself woman, and fit for a bride;

G

By

Arne.

Oh!

By the men I was flatter'd, my pride to enhance,
For the maids will believe, and the men will romance

They swore that my eyes the bright di'mond excell'd,
Such a face, and such tresses, sure ne'er were beheld!
That to gaze on my neck was all rapture and trance!
Oh! the maids will believe, and the men will romance.

Young Polydore saw me one night at the ball,
And swore, to my charms he a conquest must fall;
On his knees he entreated my hand for a dance:
Ah! the maids will believe, and the men will romance.

He conducted me home, when the pastime was o'er,
And declar'd he ne'er saw so much beauty before;
He ogled and sigh'd, as he saw me advance:
Ah! the maids will believe, and the men will romance.

Then day after day I his company had:
At length he declar'd all his flame to my dad;
But my father lov'd money, and would not advance,
And reply'd to my lover, Young men will romance.

But tho' my papa would not give us a shilling,
My Polydore swore he to wed me was willing;
So to church we both went, and at night had a dance,
And, believe me, my Polydore did not romance.

S O N G CXCVI.

KITTY; or, The FEMALE PHAETON.

Set by Dr. Arne, and sung at Vauxhall.

The Words by Mr. Prior.

FAIR Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd,
Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,
With little rage inflam'd;

Inflam'd

Inflam'd with rage and sad restraint,
Which wise mamma ordain'd,
And sorely vex'd to play the faint,
While wit and beauty reign'd,
While wit and beauty reign'd.
And sorely vex'd to play the faint,
While wit and beauty reign'd.

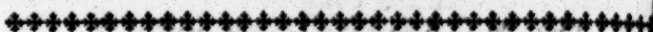
Must lady Jenny frisk about
And visit with her cousins ?
At balls must she make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens ?
What has she better, pray, than I,
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die,
While I am scarce a toast ?
While I am scarce a toast ?
That all mankind for her should die,
While I am scarce a toast ?

Dear, dear mamma, for once let me,
Unchain'd, my fortune try ;
I'll have my earl as well as she,
Or know the reason why.
Fond love prevail'd, mamma gave way ;
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire,
And set the world on fire.
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire.

SONG CXCVII.

DUETTO, *in the Oratorio of Joseph.*

WHAT's sweeter than the new-blown rose,
 Or breezes from the new-mown close?
 What's sweeter than an April morn,
 Or May-day's silver fragrant thorn?
 What than Arabia's spicy grove?
 Oh! sweeter far the breath of love.



SONG CXCVIII.

CANTATA. *Translated from the French by the*
*late Lord Lansdown.**Sung by Mr. BEARD. Set by Dr. ARNE.*

FROLIC and free, for pleasure born,
 Dull, self-denying fools I scorn:
 The proffer'd bliss I ne'er refuse,
 'Tis often troublesome to chuse.
 Lov'st thou, my friend? I love at sight:
 Drink'st thou? this bumper does thee right:
 At random with the stream I flow,
 And play my part, where-e'er I go.

But, god of sleep, since we must be
 Oblig'd to give some hours to thee;
 Invade me not, while the full bowl
 Glows in my cheeks, and warms my soul!
 Be that the only time to snore,
 When I can laugh, and drink no more:
 Short, very short, be then thy reign,
 For I'm in haste to live again.

But, oh! if melting in my arms,
 The nymph lov'd, with all her charms,

In some soft dream should then surprise,
And grant what waking she denies ;
Gentle slumber, prithee stay !
Slowly, slowly, bring the day !
May no rude noise my bliss destroy !
Such sweet delusion's real joy.

S O N G CXCIX.

The MORNING. *A Cantata.*

Set by Dr. Arne.

THE glitt'ring sun begins to rise
On yonder hill, and paints the skies ;
The lark his warbling matin sings ;
Each flow'r in all its beauty springs ;
The village up, the shepherd tries
His pipe, and to the woodland hies.

Oh! that on th' enamell'd green
My Delia, lovely maid, were seen,
Fresher than the roses bloom,
Sweeter than the meads perfume.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away,
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey :
As some lone turtle his lost love deplores,
And with shrill echoes fills the sounding shores,
So I, like him abandon'd and forlorn,
With ceaseless plaints my absent Delia mourn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along :
The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
The winds to blow, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love :

Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
 Nor balmy sleep to lab'ers spent with pain,
 Nor show'rs to larks, nor sunshine to the bee,
 Are half so pleasing as thy sight to me.



SONG CC.

In the English Opera of Eliza. Set by Dr. Arne.

HAPPY day! for ever dear,
 Brightest of the circling year;
 Smiles like thine can Freedom charm,
 Glory crown, and Virtue warm.
 Peace comes smiling up to thee;
 Pleas'd, comes onward Liberty;
 Plenty too brings up the band,
 Dancing o'er this happy land.



SONG CCI.

Set by Dr. Arne.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And flow'rs were fair to see;
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her eye;
 Blithe Jockey's looks her heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free:
 "Gang down the burn, my gentle love,
 "And soon I'll follow thee."

Now Jockey did each lad surpass
 That dwelt on this burn side;
 And Mary was a bonny lass,
 Just meet to be a bride:

Her cheeks were rosy red and white,
 Her eyes were azure blue,
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
 And nothing, sure, unmeet!

For, ganging home, I heard them say

They lik'd a walk so sweet:

His cheek to her's he fondly laid;

She cry'd, "Sweet love, be true;

"And when a wife, as now a maid,

"To death I'll follow you."

S O N G C C I I .

Sung at Vauxhall.

AS I went o'er the meadows, no matter the day,
 A shepherd I met who came tripping that way;
 I was going to fair all so bonny and gay.

He ask'd me to let him go with me there;

No harm shall come to you, young damsel, I swear;

I'll buy you a fairing to put in your hair.

You've a good way to go, it is more than a mile;

We'll rest, if you please, when we get to yon stile;

I've a story to tell, that will charm you the while.

To go with him farther I did not much care;

But still I went on, not suspecting a snare;

For I dream'd of a fairing to come from the fair.

To make me more easy, he said all he could:

I threaten'd to leave him, unless he'd be good;

For I'd not for the world he should dare to be rude.

Young Roger had promis'd, and baulk'd me last year;

If he should do so, I would go no more there,

Tho' I long'd e'er so much for a gift from the fair.

When we got to the stile, he would scarce be said no;
 He press'd my soft lips, as if there he wou'd grow:
 (Take care how that way with a shepherd you go.)
 Confounded I ran, when I found out his snare:
 No ribbon, I cry'd, from such hands will I wear,
 Nor go, while I live, for a gift to the fair.

S O N G C C I I I.

A TOUCH on the TIMES.

The Words by James Worfsdale, Esq; Set by Dr. Arne.

COME listen, and laugh at the times,
 Since folly was never so ripe;
 For ev'ry man laughs at those rhimes
 That give his own follies a wipe:
 We live in a kind of disguise;
 We flatter, we lye, and protest;
 While each of us artfully tries
 On others to fasten the jest.

The virgin, when first she is woo'd,
 Returns ev'ry sigh with disdain;
 And while by her lover pursu'd,
 Can laugh at his folly and pain:
 But when from her innocence won,
 And doom'd for her virtue to mourn,
 When she finds herself lost and undone,
 He laughs (tho' unjust) in his turn.

The fools, who at law do contend,
 Can laugh at each other's distress,
 And while the dire suit does depend,
 Ne'er think how their substance grows less;
 Till hamper'd by tedious expence,
 Altho' to compound they are loth,
 They'll find, when restor'd to their sense,
 The lawyers sit laughing at both.

But

But while we perceive it the fashion
 For each fool to laugh at each other,
 Let us strive, with a gen'rous compassion,
 To correct, not contemn, one another.
 We all have some follies to hide,
 Which, known, wou'd dishonour the best,
 And life, when 'tis thoroughly try'd,
 Like friendship, will seem but a jest.

SONG CCIV.

A favourite SONG, in the Oratorio of Judith.

Sung by Miss BRENT. Set by Dr. Arne.

VAIN is beauty's gaudy flow'r,
 Pageant of an idle hour ;
 Born just to bloom and fade :
 Nor less weak, less vain than it,
 Is the pride of human wit ;
 The shadow of a shade.

SONG CCV.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Comus. Set by Dr. Arne.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy cell,
 By slow Mæander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well ;
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That likest thy Narcissus are ?
 O! if you have
 Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere ;
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies.

SONG CCVI.

*Sung by Miss POPE, in The Way to Keep Him.**Set by Dr. Arne.*

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore,
That a lover once blest'd is a lover no more;
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
Your roses and lilies, may make the men sigh:
But roses and lilies, and sighs pass away,
And passion will die, as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guitar;
Tho' music in both, they are both apt to jar:
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame by your kindness, and come at command:
Exert with your husband the same happy skill;
For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your will.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind;
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind;

'Tis there that a wife may her conquests improve,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of love,

SONG

SONG CCVII.

Sung by Mr. CHAMPNESS, in Harlequin's Invasion.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

COME, chear up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something new to this wonderful year:
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves;
For who are so free as we sons of the waves?

Chorus.

Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men;
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady;
We'll fight, and we'll conquer, again and again.

We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay;
They never see us, but they wish us away:
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore;
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

Heart of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
They'll frighten our women, and children and beaux;
But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them ashore.

Heart of oak, &c.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make them
sweat,

In spite of the devil, and Brussels Gazette:
Then chear up, my lads, with one voice let us sing
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king.

Heart of oak, &c.

SONG

SONG CCVIII.

WORLDLY HAPPINESS in spite of PHILOSOPHY.

Set by Dr. Arne.

TO curb the will, with vain pretence
 Philosophy her force employs,
 And tells us, in despite of sense,
 That life affords no real joys :
 Such idle whims my heart abjures ;
 Envy me not, immortal Jove,
 If I prefer my blis to your's,
 Clasp'd in the arms of her I love.

Since you have giv'n desires to men,
 Deny us not enjoyment free :
 Must I be happy only then,
 When I, alas ! shall cease to be ?
 Such idle whims my heart abjures ;
 Envy me not, immortal Jove,
 If I prefer my blis to your's,
 Clasp'd in the arms of her I love.

SONG CCIX.

LYDIA from SAPHO. *A Cantata.**Set by Dr. Arne.*RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

BENEATH this sad and silent gloom
 I waste in sighs my youthful bloom ;
 But not the shades that banish day,
 Drive Lydia's brighter form away.
 Her easy shape, her lovely mien,
 'Th' attractive smile of beauty's queen,

Her

Her sparkling eyes, her flowing hair,
A wit so smart, so soft an air,
The spiteful gods contriv'd for ruin,
And deck'd her thus for my undoing.

AIR.

Lovely maid, all charms adorning,
Born to give supreme delight,
Fairer than the rosy morning,
Or the silver queen of night,
Why ungrateful dost thou leave me?
Stay, thou cruel fair one! stay:
Death attends, if thou deceive me—
Lydia, why so far away?

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

I dream, or her unequall'd charms
Are folded in my rival's arms:

See! she clasps the happy boy.

Anguish waste,
Light'ning blast,
Tortures rend him,
Death attend him,

Ere he taste the rising joy!

RECITATIVE.

No—let him triumph, let him prize
The faithless wretch whom I despise.

AIR.

Wander, Lydia—so will I,
And to nobler conquests fly:

Roving, ranging,

Ever changing,

Gay and airy,

Born to vary,

Soon the treach'rous fair shall see

I can be false as well as she.

SONG CCX.

CANTATA. *By Mr. Stanley.*

AIR.

WHILE others barter ease for state,
 And fondly aim at growing great,
 Let me, (with rosy chaplets crown'd,)
 Stretch'd on the flow'r-enamell'd ground,
 The grape's nectareous juices quaff,
 Alternate sing, and love, and laugh.
 Already see the purple juice
 Resplendent o'er my cheek diffuse
 A second youth! — Again, the bowl
 With warm desires inflames my soul.

RECITATIVE.

Quickly, ah quickly! must I leave
 The joys which wine and beauty give;
 Soon must I quit my wonted mirth,
 And mingle with my parent earth,
 Where kings, divested of their state,
 With slaves sustain a common fate.

AIR.

Let then the present hour be mine,
 Blest in the joys of love and wine:
 Come, ye virgin throng, advance,
 And mingle in the sprightly dance:
 To the lyre's enchanting sound
 Nimble tread the blithsome round;
 While the genial bowl inspires
 Soft delight and gay desires.

SONG

SONG CCXI.

CANTATA. *Sung by Mrs. SCOTT, at Ranelagh.*

Set by Mr. Stanley.

RECITATIVE.

AS Delia, blest with e'ery grace,
 Invok'd soft music's needless aid,
 Completely conquer'd by her face,
 Thus gentle Strephon smiling said :

AIR.

Where partial nature may deny
 The pow'r of beauty's melting glance,
 Let tedious labour toil and try
 To swell the song, or form the dance ;
 But let your charms alone suffice,
 And trust the music of your eyes.

RECITATIVE.

Damon, who chanc'd to over-bear,
 Thus spoke as he approach'd more near :
 He flatters ; do not trust the swain,
 But listen to my honest strain.

AIR.

Wonders are told of beauty's pow'r,
 Nor faintly warms the tuneful lay ;
 Your voice and person ev'ry hour
 By dozens steal our hearts away :
 Then how trifling is the prize,
 Since fops have ears, and fools have eyes !
 Ah ! lovely nymph, indeed to bless,
 Select the worthiest swain you've won,
 Who, prizing sound and colour less,
 Admires you for your sense alone ;
 Then leave all little arts behind,
 And study to improve the mind.

SONG

SONG CCXII.

*A favourite AIR, set by Mr. Stanley.***W**HAT beauteous scenes enchant my sight!How closely yonder vine
Does round that elm's supporting height

Her wanton ringlets twine!

That elm (no more a barren shade)

Is with her clusters crown'd;

And that fair vine, without his aid,

Had crept along the ground.

Let this, my fair one, move thy heart

Connubial joys to prove,

Yet mark what age and care impart,

Nor thoughtless rush on love:

Know thy own bliss, and joy to hear

Vertumnus loves thy charms,

The youthful god that rules the year,

And keeps thy groves from harms.

While some with short-liv'd passion glow,

His love remains the same;

On him alone thy heart bestow,

And crown his constant flame:

So shall no frost's untimely pow'r

Deform the blooming spring;

So shall thy trees, from blasts secure,

Their wonted tribute bring.

SONG CCXIII.

*Sung by Mr. BEARD, in The Shepherd's Lottery.**Set by Dr. Boyce.***T**O dear Amaryllis young Strephon had long
Declar'd his fix'd passion, and dy'd for in song:
He went, one May morning, to meet in the grove,
By her own dear appointment, this goddess of love:
Mean

Mean time in his mind all her charms he ran o'er,
And doated on each——Can a lover do more?

He waited, and waited; then, changing his strain,
'Twas fury, and rage, and despair, and disdain!
The sun was commanded to hide his dull light,
And the whole course of nature was alter'd downright:
'Twas his hapless fortune to die and adore,
But never to change——Can a lover do more?

Cleora, it happ'd, was by accident there;
No rose-bud so tempting, no lily so fair:
He press'd her white hand—next her lips he essay'd;
Nor would she deny him, so civil the maid:
Her kindly compliance his peace did restore,
And dear Amaryllis——was thought of no more.



S O N G CCXIV.

Sung by Miss WRIGHT, in Queen Mab.

THOU best-below'd offspring of Puck, our dear
Nimble, airy, [friend,
Blithsome fairy,

Careful I'll thy steps attend,
Whether wantonly teasing the clowns of the green,
Or dancing by moonlight with Mab our fair queen.

The sons of dull mortals shall watch thee in vain:
Thou still ranging,
Ever changing,

Short and injur'd tread the plain:
The maids shall admire thee as soon as thou'rt seen,
And court thee by moonlight to dance on the green.

Thou

Thou rival, in swiftness, to lightning and air,
 I'll protect thee,
 And direct thee

How t' escape th' intended snare;
 And when thou return'st thou shalt sit by our queen,
 While fairies do homage to Mab on the green.

SONG CCXV.

KITTY FELL. *Sung at Ranelagh.*

WHILE beans to please the ladies write,
 Or bards, to get a dinner by't,
 Their well-feign'd passions tell,
 Let me in humble verse proclaim
 My love for her who bears the name
 Of charming Kitty Fell.
 Charming Kitty, lovely Kitty,
 Oh——charming Kitty, Kitty Fell.

That Kitty's beautiful and young,
 That she has danc'd, that she has sung,
 Alas! I know full well:
 I feel, and I shall ever feel,
 The dart more sharp than pointed steel,
 That came from Kitty Fell,
 Charming Kitty, &c.

Of late I hop'd, by reason's aid,
 To cure the wounds which love had made,
 And bad a long farewell:
 But t'other day she cross'd the green;
 I saw, I wish I had not seen,
 My charming Kitty Fell.
 Charming Kitty, &c.

I ask'd

I ask'd her why she pass'd that way :
 To church, she cry'd—I cannot stay :
 Why, don't you hear the bell ?
 To church—oh ! take me with thee there,
 I pray'd : she would not hear my prayer,
 Ah ! cruel Kitty Fell.
 Cruel Kitty, &c.

And now I find 'tis all in vain,
 I live to love, and to complain,
 Condemn'd in chains to dwell :
 For tho' she casts a scornful eye,
 In death my fault'ring tongue will cry,
 Adieu ! dear Kitty Fell.
 Charming Kitty, cruel Kitty,
 Adieu, sweet Kitty, Kitty Fell.

S O N G CCXVI.

The ROAST BEEF of OLD ENGLAND.

*A Cantata, taken from a celebrated Print of the
 ingenious Mr. Hogarth.*

RECITATIVE.

TWAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
 Where sad despair and famine always dwells,
 A meagre Frenchman, madame Grandfire's cook,
 As home he steer'd his carcase, that way took ;
 Bending beneath the weight of fam'd Sir Loin,
 On whom he often wish'd in vain to dine :
 Good father Dominick by chance came by,
 With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye ;
 Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
 His benediction on it he bestow'd :
 And as the solid fat his fingers press'd,
 He lick'd his chaps, and thus the knight address'd.

AIR.

AIR.

(A lovely Lass to a Friar came, &c.)

Oh rare roast beef! lov'd by all mankind,
 If I was doom'd to have thee,
 When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
 And swimming in thy gravy,
 Not all thy country's force combin'd
 Should from my fury save thee.

Renown'd Sir-loin, oft times decreed
 The theme of English ballad;
 On thee e'en kings have deign'd to feed,
 Unknown to Frenchman's palate:
 Then how much doth thy taste exceed
 Soup-meagre, frogs and fallad!

RECITATIVE.

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale, and lean,
 Who such a sight before had never seen,
 Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping stood,
 And gaz'd with wonder on the British food.
 His morning's mess forsook the friendly bowl,
 And in small streams along the pavement stole.
 He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,
 And then in plaintive tone declar'd his grief.

AIR.

(Foote's Minuet.)

Ah, sacre Dieu! vat do I see yonder,
 Dat look so tempting red and vite?
 Begar it is de roast beef from Londre;
 Oh! grant to me von letel bite.

But to my guts if you give no heeding,
 And cruel fate dis boon denies;
 In kind compassion unto my pleading,
 Return, and let me feast my eyes.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
Whose brazen front his country did betray,
From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
By honest means to gain his daily bread.
Soon as the well-known prospect he descry'd,
In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd,

AIR.

(Ellen a Roon.)

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
So taking thy sight is,
My joy, that so light is,
To view thee, by pailfuls runs out at my eyes.

While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing,
While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing.

Ah, hard-hearted Loui !

Why did I come to you ?

The gallows, more kind, would have sav'd me from
starving.

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground hard by poor Sawney fate,
Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy pate ;
But when Old England's bulwark he espy'd,
His dear lov'd mull, alas ! was thrown aside :
With lifted hand he bless'd his native place,
Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case.

AIR.

(The Broom of Cowdenknows.)

How hard, oh ! Sawney, is thy lot,
Who was so blithe of late,
To see such meat as can't be got,
When hunger is so great !

O the

O the beef! the bonny beef,
 When roasted nice and brown;
 I wish I had a slice of thee,
 How sweet it would gang down!

Ah, Charley! hadst thou not been seen,
 This ne'er had happ'd to me;
 I would the de'il had pick'd mine ey'n,
 Ere I had gang'd wi' thee.
 O the beef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But, see! my muse to *England* takes her flight,
 Where health and plenty socially unite;
 Where smiling freedom guards great George's throne,
 And whips, and chains, and tortures are not known,
 Tho' Britain's fame in loftiest strains should ring,
 In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

AIR.

As once on a time a young frog, pert and vain,
 Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
 He boasted his size he could quickly attain.
 O the roast beef of Old England,
 And O the Old English roast beef.

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,
 Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old dame,
 Cry'd, "Son, to attempt it you're surely to blame."
 O the roast beef, &c.

Put deaf to advice he for glory did thirst;
 An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,
 'Till swelling and straining too hard made him burst.
 O the roast beef, &c.

Then, Britons, be valiant, the moral is clear ;
The ox is Old England ; the frog is monsieur,
Whose puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.
O the roast beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able
To see the Sir-loin smoking hot on our table,
The French may e'en burst like the frog in the fable.
O the roast beef of Old England,
And O the Old English roast beef.

S O N G CCXVII.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Eliza. Set by Dr. Arne.

THE woodlark whistles through the grove,
Tuning the sweetest notes of love
To please his female on the spray ;
Perch'd by his side, her little breast
Swells with a lover's joy confess'd,
To hear, and to reward the lay.

Come then, my fair one, let us prove
From their example how to love :
For thee the early pipe I'll breathe ;
And when my flock return to fold,
Their shepherd to thy bosom hold,
And crown him with the nuptial wreath.

S O N G CCXVIII.

NO more, ye swains, no more upbraid
A youth, by love unhappy made ;
Your rural sports are all in vain,
To soothe my care, or ease my pain.

Nor

Nor shade of trees, nor sweets of flow'rs,
Can e'er redeem my happy hours;
When ease forsakes the tortur'd mind,
What pleasure can a lover find?

Yet, if again you wish to see
Your Damon still restor'd and free,
Go try to move the cruel fair,
And gain the scornful Cælia's ear.
But, oh! forbear with too much art
To touch that dear relentless heart,
Lest rivals to my fears ye prove,
And jealousy succeed to love.

SONG CCXIX.

The NON-PAREILLE.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

THE nymph that I lov'd was as chearful as day,
And as sweet as the blossoming hawthorn in
May;

Her temper was smooth as the down on the dove,
And her face was as fair as the mother's of love:
Tho' mild as the pleasantest Zephyr that sheds
And receives gentle odours from flow'ry beds;
Yet warm in affection as Phœbus at noon,
And as chaste as the silver-white beams of the moon.

Her mind was unsully'd as new-fall'n snow,
And as lively as tints from young Iris his bow;
As clear as the stream, and as deep as the flood;
She, tho' witty, was wise, and tho' beautiful, good;
The sweets that each virtue, or grace, had in store,
She cull'd as the bee does the bloom of each flow'r,
Which, treasur'd for me, O! how happy was I!
For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy!

SONG

SONG CCXX.

JEALOUSY. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

Jealousy, begone, and leave me!
 From my bosom, ah! remove:
 While thou stay'st, thou dost but grieve me;
 Hence, thou foe to sacred love!
 Whilst by thee the heart's directed,
 All things double faces wear;
 Chloe, in thy glass reflected,
 Seems as false as she is fair.

Harmless looks and slight expressions,
 Where love's eye no meaning reads,
 To some rival are confessions
 Of a heart that for him bleeds.
 Cruel spy! that ne'er discovers
 What may ease the frantic mind,
 Hence! nor blast the bliss of lovers:
 Leave us happy, leave us blind.

SONG CCXXI.

Set by Mr. Worgan.

THAT I might not be plagued with the non-
 sense of men,
 promis'd my mother again and again
 to say as she bids me wherever I go,
 and to all that they ask, or would have, tell 'em No.
 I really believe I have frighten'd a score:
 they'll want to be with me, I warrant, no more;
 and I own I'm not sorry for serving them so;
 were the same thing to do, I again should say No.

For a shepherd I like, with more courage and art,
 Won't let me alone, tho' I bid him depart;
 Such questions he puts since I answer him so,
 That he makes me mean Yes, tho' my words are
 still No.

He ask'd, did I hate him, or think him too plain;
 (Let me die if he is not a clever young swain)
 If he ventur'd a kiss, if I from him would go;
 Then he press'd my young lips, while I blush'd and
 said No.

He ask'd if my heart to another was gone;
 If I'd have him to leave me, or cease to love on;
 If I meant my life long to answer him so;
 I faulter'd; and sigh'd, and reply'd to him, No.

This morning an end to his courtship he made;
 Will Phillis live longer a virgin? he said;
 If I press you to church, will you scruple to go?
 In a hearty good-humour I answer'd, No, no.

SONG CCXXII.

The ENGLISH PADLOCK.

Set by Dr. Arne.

MISS Danaë, when fair and young,
 (As Horace has divinely sung)
 Could not be kept from Jove's embrace
 By doors of steel, and walls of brass:
 Tell us, mysterious husband, tell us
 Why so mysterious, why so jealous;
 Can harsh restraint, the bolt, the bar,
 Make thee secure, thy wife less fair?

Send her abroad, and let her see
That all this world of pageantry,
Which she, forbidden, longs to know,
Is powder, pocket-glass, and beau.
Be to her virtues ever kind,
Be to her faults a little blind,
Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
And clap your Padlock—on her mind.

SONG CCXXIII.

A favourite DUETTO, in the Serenata of Solomon.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

TOGETHER let us range the fields
Impearled with the morning dew,
Or view the fruit the vineyard yields,
Or the apple's clust'ring bough;
There, in close-embower'd shades,
Impervious to the noon-tide ray,
By tinkling rills, on rosy beds,
We'll love the sultry hours away.

SONG CCXXIV.

The GOLDFINCH to CHLOE.

RECITATIVE.

TO Handel's pleasing notes, as Chloe sung
The charms of heav'nly Liberty,
A gentle bird, till then with bondage pleas'd,
With ardour panted to be free;
His prison broke, he seeks the distant plain;
Yet, ere he flies, tunes forth this parting strain.

AIR.

Whilst to the distant vale I wing,
Nor wait the slow return of spring,
Rather in leafless groves to dwell
Than in my Chloe's warmer cell,
Forgive me, mistress, since by thee
I first was taught sweet Liberty.

Soon as the welcome spring shall chear,
With genial warmth, the drooping year,
I'll tell, upon the topmost spray,
Thy sweeter notes improv'd my lay,
And in my prison learn'd from thee
To warble forth sweet Liberty.

Waste not on me an useless care,
That kind concern let Strephon share ;
Slight are my sorrows, slight my ills,
To those which he, poor captive ! feels,
Who, kept in hopeless bonds by thee,
Yet strives not for his Liberty.

S O N G C C X X V .

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in the Jovial Crew.

I Made love to Kate,
Long I sigh'd for she,
Till I heard of late,
She'd a mind for me ;
I met her on the green,
In her best array ;
So pretty she did seem,
She stole my heart away.
Oh! then we kiss'd and press'd ; were we much to
blame ?
Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same.

As I fonder grew,
 She began to prate,
 Quoth she——I'll marry you,
 And you shall marry Kate;
 But then I laugh'd, and swore,
 I lov'd her more than so;
 Ty'd each to a rope's end
 Is tugging to and fro.

Again we kiss'd and press'd; were we much to blame?
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same.

Then she sigh'd, and said,
 She was wond'rous sick,
 Dicky Katy led,
 Katy she led Dick:
 Long we toy'd and play'd
 Under yonder oak,
 Katy lost the game,
 Tho' she play'd in joke;

For there we did, alas! what I dare not name;
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same.

SONG CCXXVI.
 The LOVER's PETITION.

Set by Dr. Arne.

FAIRER than the op'ning lilies,
 Sweeter than the morning rose,
 Are the blooming charms of Phillis;
 Richer sweets does she disclose.
 Long secure from Cupid's pow'r,
 Soft repose had lull'd my breast,
 Till in one short fatal hour,
 She depriv'd my soul of rest.

H 3

Cupid,

Cupid, god of pleasing anguish,
 From whose shafts I bleed and burn!
 Teach, O! teach the maid to languish!
 Strike fair Phillis in her turn.
 From that torment in her breast,
 Soon to pity she'll incline,
 And, to give her bosom rest,
 Kindly heal the wound in mine.

SONG CCXXVII.

The COMPARISON. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

PARTING to death we will compare;
 For sure, to those who love sincere,
 So dreadful is the pain,
 Such doubts, such horrors, rend the mind:
 But, oh! when adverse fate grows kind,
 How sweet to meet again!

To those try'd hearts, and those alone,
 Who have the pangs of absence known,
 The blissful change is giv'n;
 And who — Oh! who, wou'd not endure
 The pangs of death, if they were sure
 To reap the joys of heav'n?

SONG CCXXVIII.

The CAUTION. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

PHILIRA's charms poor Damon took;
 How eager he for billing!
 When, lo! the nymph the swain forfook,
 To shew her pow'r of killing:

In either eye she sheath'd a dart ;
 He felt it, never doubt him :
 Odzooks ! a man were thro' the heart,
 Ere he cou'd look about him.

But mark the end,—with scythe so sharp
 Time o'er the forehead struck her ;
 And all her charms began to warp—
 Then she was in a pucker :
 She then began to rave and curse,
 Her time she pass'd no better ;
 Yet still had hopes, ere bad grew worse,
 Some comely swain might get her.

Philira, ev'ry lad she meets,
 Now makes an am'rous trial ;
 But each with scorn her warmness treats ;
 Each frowns in cold denial.
 Coquettes, take warning ; change your tune ;
 This woeful case remember :
 The bedfellow you slight in June,
 You'll wish for in December.

SONG CCXXIX.

Sung by Miss BRENT, at Ranelagh.

Set by Dr. Arne.

LOVE's the tyrant of the heart,
 Full of mischief, full of woe ;
 All his joys are mixt with smart ;
 Thorns beneath his roses grow :
 And serpent-like he stings the breast,
 Where he is harbour'd and caress'd.

SONG CXXX

VALENTINE'S DAY. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

WHEN blushes dy'd the cheek of morn,
 And dew-drops glisten'd on the thorn;
 When sky-larks tun'd their carols sweet,
 To hail the God of light and heat;
 Philander, from his downy bed,
 To fair Lisetta's chamber sped,
 Crying—Awake, sweet love of mine,
 I'm come to be thy Valentine!

Soft love, that balmy sleep denies,
 Had long unveil'd her brilliant eyes,
 Which (that a kiss she might obtain)
 She artfully had clos'd again:
 He sunk, thus caught in beauty's trap,
 Like Phœbus into Thetis' lap,
 And near forgot that his design
 Was but to be her Valentine.

She, starting, cry'd—I am undone!
 Philander, charming youth, be gone!
 For this time, to your vows sincere,
 Make virtue, not your love, appear:
 No sleep has clos'd these watchful eyes
 (Forgive the simple fond disguise);
 To gen'rous thoughts your heart incline,
 And be my faithful Valentine.

The brutal passion sudden fled,
 Fair honour govern'd in its stead,
 And both agreed, ere setting sun,
 To join two virtuous hearts in one:
 Their beauteous offspring soon did prove
 The sweet effects of mutual love;
 And, from that hour to life's decline,
 She blest'd the day of Valentine.

SONG

S O N G CCXXXI.

In Acis and Galatea.

LOVE sounds th' alarm,
And fear is a flying;
When beauty's the prize,
What mortal fears dying?
In defence of my treasure
I'll bleed at each vein;
Without her no pleasure,
For life is a pain.

S O N G CCXXXII.

Sung by Mr. ANDREWS, at Sadler's-Wells.

Set by Mr. Battisnill.

RECITATIVE.

TO yonder beech's friendly shade
Repair, my Aura, lovely maid;
And while our lambkins frolic make,
Thy shepherd's treasure smiling take.

Air,

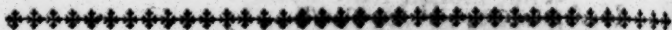
Were to my wish thy temples bound,
How India's gems should blaze around!
Yet wishes are but idle breath;
Accept, in lieu, a rosy wreath;
Had I proud Persia at my beck,
What gaudy robes my fair should deck!
But as it is, vouchsafe to wear
What once enwrap my fleecy care.

Of burnish'd gold, or silver fair,
Those feet of thine should sandals bear:

H 5

But,

But, all I have to offer now,
 The hide of Dap, thy fav'rite cow:
 Said Aura—Sandals, robes and crowns,
 Are slender proofs 'gainst fortune's frowns;
 We've health and ease—Is heaven scant?
 Here take my hand—we've all we want.



SONG CCXXXIII.

BACCHUS and ARIADNE. *A Cantata.**Set by Dr. Arne.*

RECITATIVE.

THE faithless Theseus scarce had got on board,
 When Ariadne wak'd, and miss'd her lord:
 Sudden she rose, and to the beach she flew,
 And saw his vessel less'ning to her view:
 She smote her breast; she rav'd, and tore her hair;
 Then, in soft plaints, she vented her despair.

AIR.

Ah! Theseus, Theseus, stay!
 Cease, cease, ye winds, to blow!
 Kind Neptune, cease to flow,
 Nor waft my love away!
 Ah! whither wilt thou go?
 Could I have serv'd thee so?

Ah! Theseus, faithless Theseus, tell me why
 You fly from her who gave thee pow'r to fly?

RECITATIVE.

The jolly god who rules the jovial bowl,
 Bacchus, whose gifts re-animate the soul,
 Heard and beheld poor Ariadne's grief,
 And, gently, thus administer'd relief.

AIR.

AIR.

Cease, lovely nymph, to weep,
Wipe off that falling tear;
Though Theseus plough the deep,
You've still a lover here:
I am Bacchus, god of wine,
God of revelry and joy;
If Ariadne will be mine,
Mirth shall ev'ry hour employ.
Come, Silenus, fill a cup
Of my choicest cordial draught;
Fill it, man, why fill it up;
'Twill banish ev'ry gloomy thought:
Fill it higher, to the brink:
Come, my lovely mourner, drink!

RECITATIVE.

With soft reluctance she at last comply'd,
And to her lips the nectar'd cup apply'd;
The potent draught, with more than magic art,
Flew thro' her veins, and seiz'd her yielding heart:
In wine ambrosial all her cares were drown'd,
And with success the jovial god was crown'd:
While old Silenus, as he reel'd along,
Thus entertain'd them with his frolic song.

AIR.

Learn hence, ye fond maidens, who droop and who
pine,
Learn hence, ye fond lovers, the virtue of wine:
Let the nymph, who's forsaken for one that's more
fair,
Take a comforting glass, and 'twill drown all despair;
And let the fond youth who wou'd win the coy maid,
Instead of his Cupid's, seek Bacchus's aid.
Jolly Bacchus ne'er fails of performing his part:
Let him gain the head, and you'll soon gain the heart.

SONG CCXXXIV.

CÆLIA. *A Cantata. Set by Signor Pasquali,
and sung at Ranelagh.*

RECITATIVE, accompanied.

OH! 'tis *Elixirum* all—in beauty drest,
To Fancy's eye my Cælia stood confest:
Her glance spake extacy:—"No more," she cries,
"No more my love shall weep and waste in sighs,
"Be chearful, Thyrsis, and again adorn
"With lovely mirth thy soul for my return;
"And then embrace me."—Oh! 'twas heav'n to
hear!

Starting I wake, but find no Cælia near.

AIR.

To my lips than nectar sweeter,
Where'soe'er I turn my eyes,
Only thee I view, dear creature;
Ev'ry other object dies.
Still thy charming form is playing,
Whether soft reclin'd by streams,
Or thro' shining crouds I'm fit aying,
When dissolv'd in pleasing dreams.



SONG CCXXXV.

*The Words made to a favourite Scotch AIR, in the
Overture of Thomas and Sally.*

Sung by Miss BRENT, at Ranelagh. Set by Dr. Arne.

TO ease his heart, and own his flame,
Blithe Jocky to young Jenny came;
But, tho' she lik'd him passing weel,
She careless turn'd her Spinning-Wheel.

Her

Or, ENGLISH SYREN. 152

Her milk-white hand he did extol,
And prais'd her fingers long and small :
Unusual joy her heart did feel ;
But still she turn'd her Spinning-Wheel.

Then round about her slender waist
He clasp'd his arms, and her embrac'd ;
To kiss her hand he down did kneel :
But yet she turn'd her Spinning-Wheel.

With gentle voice she bid him rise ;
He bless'd her neck, her lips, and eyes :
Her fondness she could scarce conceal ;
Yet still she turn'd her Spinning-Wheel.

Till, bolder grown, so close he press'd,
His wanton thought she quickly guess'd ;
Then push'd him from her rock and reel,
And angry turn'd her Spinning-Wheel.

At last, when she began to chide,
He swore he meant her for his bride :
'Twas then her love she did reveal,
And flung away her Spinning-Wheel.

S O N G CCXXXVI.

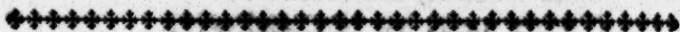
Set by Dr. Arne, in Alfred.

IF those who live in shepherd's bow'r,
Press not the gay and stately bed ;
The new-mown hay and breathing flow'r
A softer couch beneath them spread.

If those who sit at shepherd's board,
Soothe not their taste with wanton art ;
They take what nature's gifts afford,
And take it with a cheerful heart.

If those who drain the shepherd's bowl,
 No high and sparkling wines can boast;
 With wholesome cups they cheer the soul,
 And crown them with the village toast.

If those who join in shepherd's sport,
 Dancing on the daisy'd ground,
 Have not the splendor of a court;
 Yet love adorns the merry round.



S O N G CCXXXVII.

Set by Dr. Arne, in Alfred.

THE shepherd's plain life,
 Without guilt, without strife,
 Can only true blessings impart:
 As nature directs,
 That bliss he expects
 From health, and from quiet of heart.

Vain grandeur and pow'r,
 Those joys of an hour,
 Tho' mortals are toiling to find;
 Can titles or show
 Contentment bestow?
 All happiness dwells in the mind.

Behold the gay rose,
 How lovely it grows,
 Secure in the depth of the vale!
 Yon oak, that on high
 Aspires to the sky,
 Both light'ning and tempests assail.

Duetto.

Duetto.

Then let us the snare
Of ambition beware,
That source of vexation and smart ;
And sport on the glade,
Or repose in the shade,
With health and with quiet of heart.

SONG CCXXXVIII.

Sung at Ranelagh.

AS Colin rang'd early one morning in spring,
To hear the wood's choristers warble and sing;
Young Phœbe he saw supinely was laid,
And thus in sweet melody sung the fair maid :
And thus, &c.

Of all my experience how vast the amount,
Since fifteen long winters I fairly can count !
Was ever poor damsel so sadly betray'd,
To live to these years, and yet still be a maid ?
To live, &c.

Ye heroes triumphant by land and by sea,
Sworn vot'ries to love, yet unmindful of me ;
Of prowess approv'd, of no dangers afraid,
Will you stand by like dastards, and see me a maid ?
Will you, &c.

Ye counsellors sage, who, with eloquent tongue,
Can do what you please, with right and with wrong;
Can it be or by law, or by equity said,
That a comely young girl ought to die an old maid ?
That a comely, &c.

Ye learned physicians, whose excellent skill
Can save or demolish, can heal or can kill ;

To

To a poor forlorn damsel contribute your aid;
Who is sick, very sick, of remaining a maid.
Who is sick, &c.

Ye sops, I invoke not to list' to my song,
Who answer no end, and to no sex belong,
Ye echoes of echo, ye shadows of shade;
For if I had you, I might still be a maid.
For if, &c.

Young Colin was melted to hear her complain,
Then whisper'd relief, like a kind-hearted swain;
And Phœbe, well pleas'd, is no longer afraid
Of being neglected, and dying a maid.
Of being neglected, and dying a maid.

S O N G CCXXXIX.

Sung by Mr. LOWE. Set by Dr. ARNE.

RESOLV'D, as her poet, of Celia to sing,
For emblems of beauty I search'd thro' the
spring;

To flowers soft blooming compar'd the sweet maid,
But flowers, tho' blooming, at ev'ning may fade.
Of sunshine and breezes I next thought to write,
Of breezes so calm, and of sunshine so bright;
But these with my fair no resemblance will hold,
For the sun sets at night, and breezes grow cold.

The clouds of mild evening array'd in pale blue,
While the sun-beams behind them peep'd glittering
through,
Tho' to rival her charms they can never arise,
Yet methought they look'd something like Celia's
sweet eyes:

These

Or, ENGLISH SYREN. 161

These beauties are transient; but Celia's will last,
When spring, and when summer, and autumn, are
past;

For sense and good-humour no season disarms,
And the soul of my Celia enlivens her charms.

At length on a fruit-tree a blossom I found,
Which beauty display'd, and shed fragrance around.
I then thought the muses had smil'd on my pray'r;
This blossom, I cry'd, will resemble my fair;
These colours so gay, and united so well,
This delicate texture, and ravishing smell,
Be her person's dear emblem: but where shall I find,
In nature, a beauty that equals her mind?

This blossom, now pleasing, at summer's gay call
Must languish at first, and must afterwards fall;
But behind it the fruit, its successor, shall rise,
By nature disrob'd of its beauteous disguise:
So Celia, when youth, that gay blossom, is o'er,
By her virtues improv'd, shall engage me the more,
Shall recall ev'ry beauty, that brighten'd her prime,
When her merit is ripen'd by love, and by time.



S O N G CCXL.

Sung by Mr. Lowe. Set by Mr. Worgan.

YE fair, who shine thro' Britain's isle,
And triumph o'er the heart;

For once attentive be a while

To what I now impart.

Would you obtain the youth you love,

The precepts of a friend approve,

And learn the way to keep him.

As soon as nature has decreed
The bloom of eighteen years,
And Isabel from school is freed,
Then beauty's force appears;
The youthful blood begins to flow,
She hopes for man, and longs to know
The surest way to keep him.

When first the pleasing pain is felt
Within the lover's breast;
And you by strange persuasion melt,
Each wishing to be blest;
Be not too bold, nor yet too coy,
With prudence lure the happy boy,
And that's the way to keep him.

At court, at ball, at park or play,
Assume a modest pride;
And, lest your tongue your mind betray,
In fewer words confide:
The maid, who thinks to gain a mate
By giddy chat, will find too late,
That's not the way to keep him.

In dressing ne'er the hours kill,
That bane to all the sex;
Nor let the arts of dear Spadille
Your innocence perplex.
Be always decent as a bride;
By virtuous rules your reason guide;
For that's the way to keep him.

But when the nuptial knot is fast,
And both its blessings share,
To make those joys for ever last,
Of jealousy beware;
His love with kind compliance meet;
Let constancy the work complete,
And you'll be sure to keep him.

SONG

SONG CCXLI.

The HEROIC FAIR.

AWAY with soft sighs! for our danger alarms!
 Our country solicits our smiles to its aid;
 Let our beauty inspirit its vot'ries to arms,
 And heroes alone win the heart of the maid.
 Last month, my dear Colin, with tear-swimming eyes,
 Press'd my hand, while he look'd a whole volume
 of woe;
 Ev'n then (for my heart never wore a disguise)
 If you love me, said I, go and conquer the foe.
 Go and rush to the fight, go and conquer the foe;
 Securing your country's, secure your own bliss;
 Love shall nerve your bold arm, love shall prosper
 each blow,
 And the ruin of France shall secure you a kiss.
 Go then! He obey'd, resolv'd not to stay,
 But press'd my lips first; how else could we part?
 I sigh'd him success, as the youth went away;
 For his worth had secur'd ev'ry wish of my heart.
 If by my example my sex was inspir'd,
 No nation would dare to provoke British rage;
 Our swains with true courage would always be fir'd,
 And our smiles create heroes in every age.

SONG CCXLII.

The SHEPHERD. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

NO more the festive train I'll join:
 Adieu! ye rural sports, adieu!
 For what, alas! have griefs like mine
 With pastimes or delights to do?

Let

Let hearts at ease such pleasures prove,
But I am all despair and love.

Ah well a day! how chang'd am I!

When late I seiz'd the rural reed,
So soft my strains, the herds hard by
Stood gazing, and forgot to feed;
But now my strains no longer move,
They're discord all, despair and love.

Behold around my straggling sheep,

The fairest once upon the lea;
No swain to guide, no dog to keep,

Unshorn they stray, nor mark'd by me:
The shepherds mourn to see them rove;
They ask the cause, I answer, love.

Neglected love first taught my eyes

With tears of anguish to o'erflow;
'Tis that which fill'd my breast with sighs,
And turn'd my pipe to notes of woe;
Love has occasion'd all my smart,
Dispers'd my flock, and broke my heart.



SONG CCXLIII.

NO nymph that trips the verdant plains,
With Sally can compare;
She wins the hearts of all the swains,
And rivals all the fair:
The beams of Sol delight and clear,
While summer seasons roll;
But Sally's smiles can all the year
Give pleasure to the soul.

When from the East the morning ray
Illumes the world below,
Her presence bids the God of day
With emulation glow:

Fresh

Fresh beauties deck the painted ground,
 Birds sweeter notes prepare;
 The playful lambkins skip around,
 And hail the sister fair.

The lark but strains his livid throat,
 To bid the maid rejoice,
 And mimicks, while he swells his note,
 The sweetness of her voice:
 The fanning zephyrs round her play,
 While Flora she'll perfume,
 And ev'ry flow'ret seems to say,
 I but for Sally bloom.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim,
 From morn to eve their tale;
 Her beauty and unspotted fame
 Make vocal every vale;
 The stream meand'ring thro' the mead,
 Her echo'd name conveys;
 And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,
 Is tun'd to Sally's praise.

No more shall blithsome lads and swain
 To mirthful wake resort,
 Nor ev'ry May-morn on the plain
 Advance in rural sport:
 No more shall gush the purling rill,
 Nor music wake the grove,
 Nor flocks look snow-like on the hill,
 When I forget to love.

SONG

SONG CCXLIV.

The HONEST FELLOW. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

PHO! pox o'this nonsense, I prithee give o'er,
And talk of your Phillis and Chloe no more;
Their face, and their air, and their mien, what a
rout!

Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about.
Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about.

Let finical fops play the fool and the ape;
They dare not confide in the juice of the grape:
But we honest fellows — 'sdeath! who'd ever think
Of puling for love, while he's able to drink?
Of puling, &c.

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows;
Our joys it increaseth, and lightens our woes;
Remember what toppers of old us'd to sing,
The man that is drunk is as great as a king.
The man, &c.

If Cupid assaults you, there's law for his tricks;
Anacreon's Cases see, page twenty-six:
The precedent's glorious, and just by my soul;
Lay hold on, and drown the young dog in a bowl.
Lay hold, &c.

What's life but a frolic, a song, and a laugh?
My toast shall be this, whilst I've liquor to quaff;
May mirth and good fellowship always abound;
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

SONG

SONG CCXLV.
A HUNTING SONG.

Set by Mr. Baidon. Sung at Vauxhall.

RECITATIVE.

HARK, the horn calls away ;
Come the grave, come the gay ;
Wake to music that wakens the skies,
Quit the bondage of sloth, and arise.

AIR.

From the East breaks the morn,
See the sun-beams adorn
The wild heath, and the mountains so high,
The wild heath, and the mountains so high ;
Shrilly opes the staunch hound,
The steed neighs to the sound,
And the floods and the vallies reply,
And the floods and the vallies reply.

Our forefathers so good
Prov'd their greatness of blood,
By encount'ring the hart and the boar,
By encount'ring, &c.
Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urg'd the chace,
And taught woodlands and forests to roar,
And taught, &c.

Hence, of noble descent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd,
Where the, &c,
Tho' in life's busy day,
Man of man makes a prey,
Still let our's be the prey of the field,
Still let our's, &c.

With

With the chace in full sight,
 Gods! how great the delight!
 How our mortal sensations refine!
 How our, &c.

Where is care, where is fear?
 Like the winds, in the rear,
 And the man's lost in something divine,
 And the man's, &c.

Now to horse, my brave boys:
 Lo! each pants for the joys
 That anon shall enliven the whole,
 That anon shall enliven the whole;
 Then at eve we'll dismount,
 Toils and pleasures recount,
 And renew the chace over the bowl,
 And renew the chace over the bowl.

S O N G CCXLVI.

A BALLAD in the Modern Taste. Set by Dr. Arne.

ONE morning young Roger accosted me thus,
 Come here, pretty maiden, and give me a buss.
 Lord! fellow, said I, mind your plough and your
 cart;

Yes, I thank you for nothing, thank you for nothing,
 thank you for nothing with all my heart.

Well, then, to be sure, he grew civil enough,
 He gave me a box with a paper of snuff;
 I took it, I own, yet had still so much art
 To cry, Thank you for nothing with all my heart.

He said, if so be, he might make me his wife—
 Good Lord! I was never so dash'd in my life;
 Yet could not help laughing to see the fool start,
 When I thank'd him for nothing with all my heart.

Soon after, however, he gain'd my consent,
 And with him on Sunday to chapel I went,
 But said 'twas my goodness more than his desert,
 Not to thank him for nothing with all my heart.

The parson cry'd, Child, you must after me say,
 And then talk'd of honour, and love, and obey;
 But faith, when his reverence came to that part,
 There I thank'd him for nothing with all my heart.

At night our brisk neighbours the stocking would
 throw;

I must not tell tales, but I know what I know:
 Young Roger confesses I cur'd all his smart,
 And I thank'd him for something with all my heart.

 S O N G CCXLVII.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Baildon.

ATTEND, ye nymphs, while I impart
 The secret wishes of my heart,
 And tell what swain, if one there be,
 Whom fate designs for love and me.

Let reason o'er his thoughts preside,
 Let honour all his actions guide;
 Stedfast in virtue let him be,
 The swain design'd for love and me.

Let solid sense inform his mind,
 With pure good-nature sweetly join'd;
 Sure friend to modest merit be
 The swain design'd for love and me.

Where sorrow prompts the pensive sigh,
 Where grief bedews the drooping eye,
 Melting in sympathy I see
 The swain design'd for love and me.

Let

Let fordid av'rice claim no part
 Within his tender, gen'rous heart;
 Oh! be that heart, from falshood free,
 Devoted all to love and me.



SONG CCXLVIII.

CURE for the VAPOURS.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Dr. Arne.

WHY will Delia thus retire,
 And languish all her life away?
 While the fighting crowd admire,
 'Tis too soon for hartshorn-tea,
 'Tis too soon for hartshorn-tea;
 All those dismal looks and fretting
 Cannot Damon's life restore;
 Long ago the worms have eat him;
 You can never see him more,
 You can never see him more.
 Long ago the worms have eat him;
 You can never see him more.
 Once again consult your toilette,
 In the glass your face review;
 So much weeping soon will spoil it,
 And no spring your charms renew,
 And no, &c.
 I, like you, was born a woman,
 Well I know what vapours mean;
 The disease, alas! is common;
 Single, we have all the spleen,
 Single, &c.
 All the morals that they tell us,
 Never cur'd the sorrow yet:
 Chuse, among the pretty fellows,
 One of humour, youth and wit,
 One of, &c.

Prithee hear him ev'ry morning,
 At the least an hour or two;
 Once again at night returning,
 —I believe the dose will do,
 —I believe the dose will do.
 Once again at night returning,
 —I believe the dose will do.



S O N G CCXLIX.

Set by Mr. Battishill.

HOW easy was Colin, how blithe, and how gay!
 Ere he met the fair Chloris, how sprightly his
 lay!

So graceful her form, so accomplish'd her mind,
 Sure pity, he thought, with such charms must be
 join'd.

Sure pity, he thought, with such charms must be
 join'd.

Whenever she danc'd, or whenever she sung,
 How just was her motion! how sweet was her
 tongue!

And when the youth told her his passionate flame,
 She allow'd him to fancy her heart felt the same.
 She allow'd him, &c.

With ardour he press'd her to think him sincere;
 But, alas! she redoubled each hope and each fear:
 She would not deny, nor she would not approve,
 And she neither refus'd him, nor gave him her love.
 And she neither, &c.

Now chear'd by complacence, now froze by disdain,
 He languish'd for freedom, but languish'd in vain;
 Till Thyrsis, who pity'd his helpless a slave,
 Eas'd his heart of its pain by the counsel he gave.
 Eas'd his heart, &c.

Forfake her, said he, and reject her a-while;
 If she loves you, she soon will return with a smile:
 You can judge of her passion by absence alone,
 And by absence will conquer her heart,—or your
 own,
 And by absence, &c.

This advice he pursu'd; but the remedy prov'd
 Too fatal, alas! to the fair-one he lov'd;
 Which cur'd his own passion, but left her in vain
 To fight for a heart she could never regain,
 To fight for a heart she could never regain.

SONG CCL.

A TRIO. Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Worgan.

FLY hence, grim melancholy's train!
 Hence, wasting thought and years of pain!
 What to us is age and care,
 Eyes of grief, and looks of fear?
 Join the laughter-loving train;
 This is pleasure's boundless reign.

Mind not what the Stoics say;
 Life is only for a day:
 Banish far reflection's pow'r;
 Lose not one important hour:
 Fly the meagre hideous train;
 This is pleasure's boundless reign.

Make the most of beauty's pride;
 Youth and beauty soon subside:
 Courted, yield, while yet you may,
 Cupid else will fly away:
 Join the sportive harmless train;
 This is pleasure's golden reign.

Bacchus

Bacchus all his treasure lends,
 (Mirth and wine are constant friends)
 Lifts on high the human soul:
 Dread no poison in the bowl.
 Seek the jovial rosy train;
 This is pleasure's boundless reign.

In the meadows safely stray,
 Innocence shall guard the way;
 And by moon-light, on the green,
 View the fairies with their queen:
 Go where love directs the train;
 For 'tis pleasure's golden reign.

Envy's snakes, all-murd'ring war,
 With phantom honour, hence are far;
 Hope, and peace, and joy sincere,
 And love, maintain their revels here:
 Haste to join the festive train;
 This is pleasure's golden reign.

Nor to scornful airs inclin'd,
 Know the season to be kind:
 What would all your beauty do,
 Should shepherds once neglect to woo?
 See the beck'ning sportive train;
 Hark! they cry, 'tis pleasure's reign.

Freedom, with immortal shield,
 Guards the blessings we can yield;
 Freedom hails thee to resign
 All thy cares in love and wine;
 Stay no longer, join the train;
 This is pleasure's golden reign.

Hymen's graceful altars smoke;
 Haste, and wear the silken yoke:

Endless peace, unfading youth,
 Rise the sure rewards of truth :
 Hasten then to join the train ;
 For 'tis pleasure's golden reign.

SONG CCLI.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Dr. Arne.

COME give your attention to what I unfold ;
 The moral is true, tho' the matter is old,
 The moral is true, tho' the matter is old :
 My honest confession's intended to prove,
 How tasteless, insipid, is life without love ;
 My honest confession's intended to prove,
 How tasteless, insipid, is life without love.

In works of old sophist my mind I employ'd ;
 My bottle and friend too by turns I enjoy'd,
 My bottle, &c.
 I laugh'd at the sex, and presumptuously strove
 Their charms to forget, and bid farewell to love :
 I laugh'd, &c.

I toil'd and I traffick'd, grew wealthy and great,
 A patriot in politics, fond of debate,
 A patriot, &c.
 Each passion indulging, my doubts did remove ;
 They center'd in pleasure, and pleasure in love :
 Each passion, &c.

How sweet my resolves, I confess'd with a sigh,
 When Phillis, sweet Phillis, tripp'd wantonly by,
 When Phillis, &c.
 I caught her, and mention'd a turn in the grove ;
 Consenting she made me a convert to love :
 I caught her, &c.

Ye lovers of freedom, no longer complain;
 We're born fellow-subjects of beauty's soft chain,
 We're born fellow-subjects of beauty's soft chain:
 My purchas'd experience this maxim will prove,
 That life is not life when divided from love:
 My purchas'd experience this maxim will prove,
 That life is not life when divided from love.

S O N G CCLII.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Baildon.

HARK! the birds begin their lay,
 Flowrets deck the robe of May:
 See the little lambkins bound,
 Playful, o'er the clover-ground;
 While the heifers sportive low,
 Where the yellow cowslips blow;
 While the heifers sportive low,
 Where the yellow cowslips blow.

Now the nymphs and swains advance
 O'er the lawn in perfect dance;
 Garlands from the hawthorn bough
 Grace the happy shepherd's brow;
 While the lasses, in array,
 Wait upon the queen of May;
 While the, &c.

Innocence, content and love,
 Fill the meadows and the grove;
 Mirth, that never wears a frown,
 Health, with sweetness all her own;
 Labour puts on Pleasure's smile,
 And pale Care forgets his toil;
 Labour puts, &c.

Ah! what pleasures shepherds know,
 Monarchs cannot such bestow;
 Love improves each happy hour,
 Grandeur has not such in store.
 Learn, ambition, learn from hence,
 Happiness is innocence;
 Learn, ambition, learn from hence,
 Happiness is innocence.



SONG CCLIII.

CELIA'S COMPLAINT.

Set by Dr. Arne.

WHAT sadness reigns over the plain!
 How droop the sweet flowrets around!
 How pensive each nymph and each swain!
 How silent each musical sound!
 No more the soft lute, in the bow'rs,
 Beguiles the cool ev'nings away;
 Sad sighs measure out the long hours,
 Since Damon has wander'd away.
 Oh! he was our village's pride,
 This change from his absence is seen;
 'Twas he that our music supply'd,
 When gayly we danc'd on the green;
 At shearing, at wake, and at fair,
 How jovial and frolic were we!
 But now ev'ry feast in the year
 Is joyless as joyless can be.
 Ah! why did he venture from home,
 To mix among hostile alarms?
 No justice oblig'd him to roam,
 Or take up those terrible arms:

Let

Let those who are cruel and rough,
 Be heedless of life, and of limb;
 The country had soldiers enough,
 Nor needed one gentle like him.
 Where-e'er the adventurer goes,
 On land or the dangerous main,
 Kind heaven protect him from woes,
 And give him to Celia again.
 Oh! give him to Celia again,
 My true love in safety restore;
 I'll cease on his breast to complain,
 From my arms he shall wander no more.



S O N G CCLIV.

LOVE and CONSTANCY.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Dr. Arne.

LONG time my heart had rov'd,
 Inconstant as the wind;
 Each girl I saw, I swore I lov'd,
 'Till one my heart confin'd,
 'Till one my heart confin'd.
 The maid was blithe, was young and fair,
 From affectation free;
 The maid was blithe, was young and fair,
 From affectation free:
 No imperfection did appear,
 While she look'd kind on me;
 No imperfection did appear,
 While she look'd kind on me.
 When her my pain I told,
 And all my grief confess'd,
 The insolence of female pride
 Her cold disdain express'd,
 Her cold, &c.

The beauty I esteem'd before,
 Appear'd deformity;
 The beauty, &c.
 Each charm I thought a charm no more,
 She was unkind to me:
 Each charm, &c.

Forbear, fond youth, no more
 The sex's weakness scan;
 'Twas not inconstancy, or pride,
 But trial of the man,
 But trial of the man:
 When time had prov'd my flame sincere,
 She own'd the same to me;
 When time, &c.
 Not love alone can win the fair,
 But love and constancy:
 Not love, &c.



S O N G CCLV.

WHEN once I with Phillida stray'd,
 Where rivers run murmuring by,
 I heard the soft vows that she made;
 What swain was so happy as I?
 My breast was a stranger to care,
 For my wealth by her kisses I told;
 I thought myself richer, by far,
 Than he that had mountains of gold.
 But now I am poor and undone,
 Her vows have prov'd empty and vain;
 The kisses I once thought my own,
 Are bestow'd on a happier swain:
 But cease, gentle shepherd, to deem,
 Her vows shall be constant and true;
 They're as false as a Midsummer dream,
 As fickle as Midsummer dew.

O Philli

O Phillis, so fickle and fair,
 Why did you my love then approve?
 Had you frown'd on my suit, thro' despair
 I soon had forgotten to love:
 You smil'd, and your smiles were so sweet,
 You spoke, and your words were so kind,
 I could not suspect the deceit,
 But gave my loose sails to the wind.

When tempests the ocean deform,
 And billows so mountainous roar,
 The pilot, secur'd from the storm,
 Ne'er ventures his bark from the shore;
 As soon as soft breezes arise,
 And smiles the false face of the sea,
 His art he too credulous tries,
 And sailing is shipwreck'd like me.

 S O N G CCLVI.

BEHOLD, fairest Phœbe, yon garden so fair,
 So rural the arbours, so pleasant the air;
 The trees how they're clad with a bright lovely green,
 And lovers, for pleasure, a walking are seen.

See the meadows and fields, with what beauty they
 grow,
 And the clear limpid streams, uninterruptedly flow;
 See the innocent lambs, how they chearfully play,
 While their dams, on the bank, do a sun-burning lay.

In the air hear the birds, with sweet warbling throats,
 All chanting their lays in the sweetest of notes;
 The lark in the morning, as soon as it's light,
 With out-stretched wings, tow'rd's the sky takes her
 flight.

The

The cowslips and v'lets adorn the green banks,
 And pleasantly grow in irregular ranks;
 Not a thing is there wanting to make it look neat,
 But you, my dear Phoebe, to render 't complete.

Suppose then, for pleasure, we just take a walk
 Around yonder green, and let love be our talk:
 What say you, my fair one? to your will I resign;
 What pleases your fancy, will likewise please mine.

I would scorn to be rude: my thoughts I'd employ
 To drive away that which I thought would annoy:
 I am plain and sincere, as a lover should be;
 I hate to be flatter'd, and love to be free.

SONG CCLVII.

LABOUR in VAIN.

IN pursuit of some lambs from my flocks that have
 stray'd,

One morning I rang'd o'er the plain;
 But, alas! after all my researches were made,
 I perceiv'd that my labour was vain.

At length growing hopeless my lambs to restore,
 I resolv'd to return back again;
 It was useless, I thought, to seek after them more,
 Since I found that my labour was vain.

On this my return, pretty Pœbe I saw,
 And to love her I could not refrain;
 To solicit a kiss, I approach'd her with awe,
 But she told me my labour was vain.

But, Phœbe, I cried, to my suit lend an ear,
 And let me no longer complain:
 She reply'd, with a frown, and an aspect severe,
 Young Colin, your labour's in vain.

Then

Then I eagerly clasp'd her quite close to my breast,
And kiss'd her, and kiss'd her again;
O Colin, she cry'd, if you're rude, I protest
That your labour shall still be in vain.

At length, by entreaties, by kisses and vows,
Compassion she took on my pain;
She now has consented to make me her spouse,
So no longer I labour in vain.

SONG CCLVIII.

Sung by Mr. Lowe.

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,
And barter all joy for a goblet of wine;
In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair?
'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair;
For what mighty charms can be found in a glass,
If not fill'd to the health of some favourite lass?

'Tis woman whose charms ev'ry rapture impart,
And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart:
The miser himself (so supreme is her sway)
Grows convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice, Sorrow lifts up her head,
And Poverty listens well pleas'd from her shed;
While Age, in an extacy, hobbling along,
Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her song.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
The largest and deepest that stands on the board;
I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair;
'Tis the thirst of a lover, and pledge me who dare.

SONG CCLIX.

FANNY'S CHARMS.

WHAT tho' the bloom of spring is gone,
And nature feels decay;
Tho' winter now her garb puts on,
And casts a gloom on day:
Tho' silent stands the lazy hill,
And mute the sylvan throng;
Yet Fanny's charms, unfading still,
Shall flourish in my song.

Tho' now no more on sunny plains,
The shepherds tend their care,
And each, in emulating strains,
Forgets to praise his fair;
Tho' unfrequented ev'ry shade,
That catch'd the vernal breeze,
Yet Fanny's smiles (enchanted maid!)
Can charm me more than these.

When spring, in varied beauty drest,
Does all its sweets disclose,
Compare the lily to her breast,
And to her lips the rose:
Her breast the lily's white outvies,
Tho' whitest of the vale,
And to her lips (in Damon's eyes)
The reddest rose looks pale.

No more shall flow'rs bedeck the meads,
Or birds frequent the spray;
Or larks forsake their dewy beds,
And hail the dawning day:
No more on yonder mountain's brow
Shall bleating lambkins rove,
And she no more prove fair or true,
When I forget to love.

SONG

SONG CCLX.

Sung by Mrs. VINCENT, at Marybone-Gardens.

Set by Mr. Dubourg.

THE lark's shrill note awakes the morn,
The breezes wave the ripen'd corn;
The yellow harvest, free from spoil,
Rewards the happy farmer's toil;
The flowing bowl succeeds the flail,
O'er which he tells the jocund tale.



SONG CCLXI.

The HAPPY MEETING.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Berg.

AS Jamie gay gang'd blithe his way,
Along the banks of Tweed;
A bonny lass, as ever was,
Came tripping o'er the mead:
The hearty swain, untaught to feign,
The buxom nymph survey'd;
And full of glee, as lad could be,
Bespake the pretty maid.

Dear lass, tell, why by thine sel
Thou hast'ly wand'rest here?
My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide;
Can'st tell me, laddy, where?
To town is he, he made reply,
Some muckle sport to see;
But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,
I seek the ewes with thee.

She

She gin her hand, nor made a stand,
 But lik'd the youth's intent;
 O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
 Right merrily they went:
 The birds sang sweet the pair to greet,
 And flowers bloom'd around;
 And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
 And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,
 (The zenith of his pow'r)
 When to a shade their steps they made,
 To pass the mid-day hour:
 The bonny lad raw'd, in his plaid,
 The lads who scorn'd to fawn;
 She soon forgot the ewes she saught,
 And he to gang to town.

S O N G CCLXII.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Berg.

ONE Midsummer morning, when nature look'd
 gay,
 The birds full of song, and the flocks full of play;
 When earth seem'd to answer the smiles from above,
 And all things proclaim'd it the season of love;
 My mother cried, Nancy, come haste to the mill;
 If the corn be not ground, you may scold if you will.
 The freedom to use my tongue pleas'd me, no doubt;
 A woman, alas! would be nothing without:
 I went tow'rs the mill without any delay,
 And conn'd o'er the words I determin'd to say:
 But when I came near it, I found it stock still;
 Bless my stars now! cry'd I, huff them rarely I will.

The

Tom with uplifted hands th' occasion blest,
And thus, in soothing strains, the maid address.

AIR.

O Sylvia, while you drive your cart,
To pick up dust, you steal our hearts,
You take up dust, and steal our hearts :
That mine is gone, alas! is true,
And dwells among the dust with you,
And dwells among the dust with you :
Ah! lovely Sylvia, ease my pain ;
Give me my heart, you stole, again ;
Give me my heart, out of your cart ;
Give me my heart, you stole, again.

RECITATIVE.

Sylvia, advanc'd above the rabble rout,
Exulting roll'd her sparkling eyes about ;
She heav'd her swelling breast, as black as sloe,
And look'd disdain on little folks below :
To Tom she nodded, as the cart drew on,
And then, resolv'd to speak, she cry'd, Stop, John.

AIR.

Shall I, who ride above the rest,
Be by a paltry crowd oppress ?
Ambition now my soul does fire ;
The youths shall languish and admire,
And ev'ry girl with anxious heart
Shall long to ride in my dust-cart,
And ev'ry girl with anxious heart
Shall long to ride in my dust-cart.

SONG

SONG CCLXIV.

Sung in the Double Disappointment.

WHEREVER I'm going, and all the day long,
Abroad or at home, or alone in a throng,
I find that my passion's so lively and strong,
That your name, when I'm silent, runs still in my
song.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Balinamone Ora, a kifs of your sweet lips for me.

Since the first time I saw you I take no repose;
I sleep all the day to forget half my woes:
So hot is the flame in my bosom which glows,
By St. Patrick I fear it will burn thro' my clothes.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conscience, I fear I shall die in my grave,
Unless you comply, and poor Phelim will shave,
And grant the petition your lover does crave,
Who never was free till you made him your slave.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day, when I make you my bride,
With a swinging long sword, how I'll strut and I'll
stride!

In a coach and six horses with honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the church by your side.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Your little white fist for me.

SONG CCLXV.

Sung by Mr. BEARD.

THAT Jenny's my friend, my delight, and my
pride,

I always have boasted, and seek not to hide :

I dwell on her praises, wherever I go ;

They say I'm in love, but I answer, No, no.

They say I'm in love, but I answer, No, no.

At ev'ning oft-times, with what pleasure I see

A note from her hand, " I'll be with you at tea !"

My heart how it bounds when I hear her below !

But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no ;

But say, &c.

She sings me a song, and I echo its strain ;

Again, I cry, Jenny, sweet Jenny, again :

I kiss her sweet lips, as if there I could grow ;

But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no ;

But say, &c.

She tells me her faults as she sits on my knee :

I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me :

My shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so ;

Who knows but she loves, tho' she answers, No, no ?

Who knows, &c.

From beauty and wit, and good-humour, how I,

Should prudence advise, and compel me to fly :

Thy bounty, O Fortune, make haste to bestow,

And let me deserve her, or still I'll say, No ;

And let me deserve her, or still I'll say, No.

SONG CCLXVI.

HONOUR.

Sung by Mr. LOWE. Set by Dr. Boyce.

THE flame of love sincere I felt,
 And screen'd the passion long;
 A tyrant in my soul it dwelt,
 But awe suppress'd my tongue.
 At length I told my dearest maid,
 My heart was fix'd upon her:
 But think not I can love, she said;
 I can't, upon my honour.

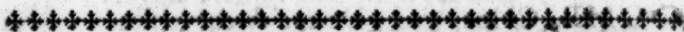
The heart that once is roving caught,
 All prudent nymphs distrust;
 And must it for a youthful fault
 Be always deem'd unjust?
 So Cælia judg'd, so sense decreed,
 And bid me still to shun her:
 Your suit, she said, won't here succeed,
 It won't upon my honour.

Too long, I cry'd, I've been to blame,
 I with a sigh confess;
 But thou, who canst the rake reclaim,
 My new-born passion bless!
 Had ev'ry nymph like Cælia prov'd,
 I could not have undone her;
 On thee, bright maid, thou best lov'd,
 I doat, upon my honour.

A while the nymph my suit repress'd,
 My constancy to prove,
 Then with a blush consent express'd,
 And bless'd me with her love.

To

To church I led the blooming fair,
 Enraptur'd that I'd won her ;
 And now life's sweetest joys we share,
 We do, upon my honour.



SONG CCLXVII.

The ARCH DENIAL.

Set by Dr. Arne.

SAYS Damon to Phillis, Suppose my fond eyes
 Reveal with what ardour I glow,
 Reveal with what ardour I glow ;
 Well, what if they do? there's no harm sure, she cries;
 I can but deny you, you know, you know ;
 I can but deny you, you know.

Suppose I should ask of those lips a sweet kiss,
 Say, would you the favour bestow ?
 Say, would you the favour bestow ?
 Lord bless me! said she, what a question is this !
 I can but deny you, you know, you know ;
 I can but deny you, you know.

Suppose, not contented, I still ask for more,
 For pleasure from pleasure will grow,
 For pleasure from pleasure will grow ?
 Suppose what you will, she reply'd as before,
 I can but deny you, you know, you know ;
 I can but deny you, you know.

Come then, my dear love, to the wood let's repair,
 Cry'd Damon, and offer'd to go ;
 Cry'd Damon, and offer'd to go :
 No, no, with a blush, answer'd Phillis, for there
 I could not deny you, you know, you know :
 I could not deny you, you know.

SONG

SONG CCLXVIII.

NUMBERLESS KISSES.

Sung by Mr. LOWE, at Marybone-Gardens.

COME, Chloe, and give me sweet kisses,

For sweeter no girl ever gave ;

But why, in the midst of my blisses,

Dost ask me how many I'd have ?

I'm not to be stinted in pleasure ;

Then, pr'ythee, dear Chloe, be kind ;

For, since I love thee beyond measure,

To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing ;

Count the flow'rs that enamel the fields ;

Count the flocks that in Tempe are straying,

And the grain that rich Sicily yields ;

Count how many stars are in heaven ;

Go number the sands on the shore ;

And when so many kisses you've given,

I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,

A heart, which, dear Chloe, is thine ;

In my arms let me ever infold thee,

And circle thee round, like a vine.

What joy can be greater than this is ?

My life on your lips shall be spent :

The wretch that can number his kisses,

Will always with few be content.

SONG CCLXIX.

Set by Dr. Arne.

HOW blithe was I each morn to see

My swain come o'er the hill !

He leap'd the brook, and flew to me ;

I met him with good-will :

I neither

I neither wanted ewe, nor lamb,
When his flocks near me lay ;
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And chear'd me all the day.

Oh! the broom, the bonny broom,
Where lost was my repose ;
I wish I was with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,
The birds stood list'ning by ;
The fleecy flock stood still and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody :
While thus we spent our time, by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy'd not the fairest dame,
Tho' e'er so rich and gay.
Oh! the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour ;
Cou'd I but faithful be ?
He stole my heart ; cou'd I refuse ,
Whate'er he ask'd of me ?
Hard fate ! that I must banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest swain
That ever yet was born.

Oh! the broom, the bonny broom,
Where lost was my repose ;
I wish I was with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

SONG

SONG CCLXX.

CYMON and IPHIGENIA. *A Cantata.*

Sung by Mr. BEARD. Set by Dr. Arne.

RECITATIVE.

NEAR a thick grove, whose deep embow'ring
shade

Seem'd most for love and contemplation made,
A crystal stream with gentle murmurs flows,
Whose flow'ry banks are form'd for soft repose :
Thither retir'd from Phœbus' sultry ray,
And lull'd in sleep, fair Iphigenia lay.
Cymon a clown, who never dreamt of love,
By chance was stumping to the neighb'ring grove ;
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought :
But when he first beheld the sleeping maid,
He gap'd—he star'd—her lovely form survey'd ;
And while with artless voice he sweetly sung,
Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue.

AIR.

The stream that glides in murmurs by,
Whose glassy bosom shews the sky,
Completes the rural scene,
Completes the rural scene ;
But in thy bosom, charming maid,
All heav'n itself is sure display'd,
Too lovely Iphigene,
Too lovely Iphigene.

RECITATIVE.

She wakes, and starts—poor Cymon trembling stands;
Down falls the staff from his unnerved hands :

K

Bright

Bright excellence, said he, dispel all fear ;
 Where honour's present, sure no danger's near.
 Half-rais'd, with gentle accent, she replies,
 Oh, Cymon ! if 'tis you, I need not rise ;
 Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain :
 Pursue thy way, and let me sleep again.
 The clown, transported, was not silent long,
 But thus with extacy pursu'd his song :

A I R.

Thy jetty locks, that careles break,
 In wanton ringlets, down thy neck ;
 Thy love-inspiring mien,
 Thy love-inspiring mien ;
 Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow,
 And taper shape, inchant me so,
 I die for Iphigene,
 I die for Iphigene.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Amaz'd, she listens, nor can trace from whence
 The former clod is thus inspir'd with sense :
 She gazes—finds him comely, tall, and strait,
 And thinks he might improve his auk'ard gate ;
 Bids him be secret, and next day attend,
 At the same hour, to meet his faithful friend.
 Thus mighty love cou'd teach a clown to plead ;
 And nature's language surest will succeed.

A I R.

Love's a pure, a sacred fire,
 Kindling gentle, chaste desire ;
 Love can rage itself controul,
 And elevate, and elevate the human soul :
 Depriv'd of that, our wretched state
 Had made our lives of too long date ;
 But blest with beauty, and with love,
 Blest with beauty, and with love,
 We taste what angels do above,
 What angels do above.

SONG CCLXXI.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Dr. Boyce.

AS Thyrsis reclin'd by her side he lov'd best,
With a sigh, her soft hand to his bosom he prest,
While his passion he breath'd in the grove ;
As the bird to his nest still returns for repose,
As back to its fountain the constant stream flows,
So true and unchang'd is my love.

If e'er this heart roves, or revolts from its chains,
May Ceres in rage quit the vallies and plains,
May Pan his protection deny :
In vain wou'd young Phillis and Laura be kind ;
On the lips of another no rapture I find ;
With thee as I've liv'd, so I'll die.

More still had he swore, but the queen of the May,
Young Jenny the wanton, by chance, tript that way,
And sought sweet repose in the shade.
With sorrow, young lovers, I tell the soft tale,
The lass was alluring, the shepherd was frail,
And forgot ev'ry vow he had made.

To comfort the nymph, and her loss to supply,
In form of Alexis young Cupid drew nigh,
Of shepherds the envy and pride :
Ah! blame not the maid, if, o'ercome by his truth,
Her hand, and her heart, she bestow'd on the youth,
And the next morn beheld her his bride.

Learn rather from Sylvia's example, ye fair,
That a pleasing revenge shall take place of despair ;
Give sorrow and care to the wind :
If faithful the swain, to his passion be true ;
If false, seek redress in a lover that's new,
And pay each inconstant in kind.

SONG CCLXXII.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Dr. Arne.

YE true honest Britons, who love your own land,
 Whose fires were so brave, so victorious and
 free,

Who always beat France when they took her in hand,
 Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me;
 Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me.

Let us sing our own treasures, Old England's good
 cheer,

The profits and pleasures of stout British beer;
 Your wine-tilpling, dram-sipping fellows, retreat,
 But your beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.
 But your, &c.

The French with their vineyards are meagre and pale,
 They drink of the squeezings of half-ripen'd
 fruit;

But we, who have hop-grounds to mellow our ale,
 Are rosy and plump, and have freedom to boot.
 Let us sing, &c.

Shou'd the French dare invade us thus arm'd with
 our poles,

We'll bang their bare ribs, make their lantern-
 jaws ring;

For your beef-eating, beer-drinking Britons are
 souls,

Who will shed their last drop for their country
 and king.

Let us sing, &c.

SONG CCLXXIII.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Worgan.

MORE bright the sun began to dawn,
 The merry birds to sing,
 And flow'rets dappled o'er the lawn,
 In all the pride of spring,
 When for a wreath young Damon stray'd,
 And smiling to me brought it;
 Take this, he cry'd, my dearest maid,
 And who, who, aye, aye, who'd have thought it?
 I blush'd, the present to receive,
 And thank'd him o'er and o'er;
 When soft he sigh'd, Bright fair, forgive,
 I must have something more:
 One kind sweet kiss will pay me best,
 So earnestly he sought it;
 I let him take it, I protest,
 And who——, aye, who'd have thought it?
 A swain that woo'd with so much art,
 No nymph could long disdain;
 A secret flame soon touch'd my heart,
 And flush'd thro' ev'ry vein:
 'Twas love inspir'd the pleasing change,
 From his my bosom caught it;
 'Twas strange indeed, 'twas passing strange,
 And who——, aye, who'd have thought it?
 Hark! Hymen calls, the shepherd cry'd;
 Let us, my dear, comply:
 We instant went, with love our guide,
 And bound the nuptial tie:
 And ever since that happy day,
 As mutual warmth has taught it,
 We fondly kiss, and sport and play,
 And who, who, aye, aye, who'd have thought it?

SONG CCLXXIV.

The ACCIDENT. *Sung at Sadler's-Wells.*

AS t'other day milking I sat in the vale,
Young Damon came up, to address his soft tale,
So sudden, I started, and gave him a frown;
For he frightened my cow, and my milk was kick'd
down.

Lord bless me! says I, what a-deuce can you mean,
To come thus upon me, unthought-of, unseen!
I ne'er will approve of the love you pretend;
For, as mischief began, perhaps mischief may end.

I little thought now, he'd his passion advance;
But pretty excuses made up the mischance:
He begg'd a kind kiss, which I gave him, I vow;
And I laid, my own self, all the fault on my cow.

How many ways love can the bosom invade!
His bait prov'd too strong, alas! for a maid:
He hinted that wedlock was what he'd be at;
But I thought it was best to say nothing of that.

I flutter all over whene'er he comes nigh;
For, if he should press, I shou'd surely comply,
And ne'er shall be angry, my heart itself tells,
Tho' he flings down my milk, or does any thing else.

SONG CCLXXV.

A Dialogue. Set by Dr. Boyce.

He.

HASTE, haste, ev'ry nymph, and each swain,
to the grove;
For Venus is there, 'tis the season for love:

Obey

Obeys the kind summons; for, if she's defy'd,
Your boldness she'll conquer, and punish your pride.

She.

Oh hear me, ye fair ones, nor heedlessly run;
The path to delight is the road you should shun:
Fly far from the grove if Venus be there;
Her summons is cruel, her smiles are a snare.

He.

Sure nature was never averse to delight;
Where pleasure is present, fear soon takes its flight:
Proud nymph, if by kindness you cannot be warm'd,
Remember that Venus her Cupid has arm'd.

She.

I fear not his vengeance, his bow, nor his darts;
'Tis credulous folly that softens our hearts:
But virtue's the shield, those hearts can secure,
And passion's a sickness discretion can cure.

He.

Discretion! why Venus would laugh at the name:
If once in your bosom she kindles a flame,
In spite of yourself, you would hie to the grove;
For reason can't struggle 'gainst nature and love.

She.

Go, leave me, deceiver, let reason prevail;
'Gainst nature and passion let fear turn the scale.

Both.

Nay, traitor, forbear; I'm to honour a slave.
Nay, fairest, be kinder; to love I'm a slave.

SONG CCLXXVI.

DUET. *Sung by Mr. BEARD, and Miss YOUNG.*

WHEN Phœbus the tops of the hills does adorn,
 How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn!
 When the antling stag is rous'd with the sound,
 Erecting his ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,
 And thinks he has left us behind on the plain:
 But still we pursue, and now come in view of the
 glorious game.

O see how again he rears up his head,
 And winged with fear, he redoubles his speed:
 But, oh! 'tis in vain that he flies,
 That his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears lose the
 cries:

For now his strength fails him, he heavily flies,
 And he pants till with well-scented hounds sur-
 rounded he dies.



SONG CCLXXVII.

The Words from Shakespear. Sung at Ranelagh.

COME, live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove,
 That hills and vallies, dales and fields,
 And all the craggy mountain yields:
 There will we sit upon the rocks,
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
 Near shallow rivers, by whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
 With a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers, with a garle
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Come, live with me, and be my love.

Fair lined slipper for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;
A belt of straw with ivy buds,
And coral clasps, and silver studs:
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.



S O N G CCLXXVIII.

Set by Dr. Green. The Words by Mr. Gay.

GO, rose, my Chloe's bosom grace,
My Chloe's bosom grace;
How happy should I prove,
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envied place
With never-fading love,
With never-fading love!
There, Phœnix-like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance burn and die,
Involv'd in fragrance burn and die.

Know, hapless flow'r, that thou shalt find
More fragrant roses there,
More fragrant roses there:
I see thy with'ring head reclin'd
With envy and despair,
With envy and despair.
One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy, I with love,
You die with envy, I with love.

SONG CCLXXIX.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Dr. Arne.

SURE Sally is the loveliest lass
 That e'er gave shepherd glee;
 Not May-day, in its morning-dress,
 Is half so fair as she:
 Let poets paint the Paphian queen,
 And fancy'd forms adore;
 Ye bards, had ye my Sally seen,
 You'd think on those no more.

No more ye'd prate of Hybla's hill,
 Where bees their honey sip,
 Did ye but know the sweets that dwell
 On Sally's love-taught lip:
 But, ah! take heed, ye tuneful swains,
 The ripe temptation shun;
 Or else like me you'll wear her chains,
 Like me you'll be undone.

Once in my cot secure I slept,
 And lark-like hail'd the morn;
 More sportive than the kid I kept,
 I wanton'd o'er the lawn:
 To ev'ry maid love-tales I told,
 And did my truth aver;
 Yet ere the parting kiss was cold
 I laugh'd at love and her.

But now the gloomy grove I seek,
 Where love-lorn shepherds stray;
 There to the winds my grief I speak,
 And sigh my soul away:

Nought

Nought but despair my fancy paints,
 No dawn of hope I see ;
 For Sally's pleas'd with my complaints,
 And laughs at love and me.

Since these my poor neglected lambs,
 So late my only care,
 Have lost their tender fleecy dams,
 And stray'd I know not where :
 Alas ! my ewes, in vain ye bleat ;
 My lambkins lost, adieu !
 No more we on the plains shall meet,
 For lost's your shepherd too.



S O N G CCLXXX.

STREPHON of the HILL. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

LET others Damon's praise rehearse,
 Or Colin's at their will ;
 I mean to sing, in rustic verse,
 Young Strephon of the Hill.

As once I sat beneath a shade,
 Beside a purling rill ;
 Who shou'd my solitude invade,
 But Strephon of the Hill ?

He tap'd my shoulder, snatch'd a kiss ;
 I cou'd not take it ill ;
 For nothing sure is done amiss
 By Strephon of the Hill.

Consent, O lovely maid ! he cry'd,
 Nor aim thy swain to kill :
 Consent this day to be the bride
 Of Strephon of the Hill.

Observe the doves on yonder spray,
 See how they fit and bill;
 So sweet your time shall pass away
 With Strephon of the Hill.

We went to church with hearty glee,
 O love propitious still!
 May ev'ry nymph be blest, like me
 With Strephon of the Hill.



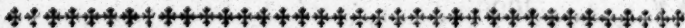
SONG CCLXXXI.

In the Oratorio of Susanna.

ASK, if yon damask rose is sweet
 That scents the ambient air;
 Then ask each shepherd that you meet,
 If dear Susanna's fair.

Say, will the vulture quit his prey,
 And warble thro' the grove?
 Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,
 Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes share,
 Let pride in splendor shine;
 Ye bards, unenvied laurels wear,
 Be fair Susanna mine.



SONG CCLXXXII.

The UNION of LOVE and WINE.

Set by Mr. Baildon.

WITH women and wine I defy ev'ry care,
 For life without these is a bubble of air;
 For life without these, &c.

Each

Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,
And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul ;
Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,
I never shall alter my conduct for them ;
I care not how much they my measures decline,
Let 'em have their own humour, and I will have mine.

Wine prudently us'd will our senses improve,
'Tis the spring-tide of life, and the fuel of love ;
And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,
As when Mars bound his head with a branch from
the vine.

Then come, my dear charmer, thou nymph half-
divine,

First pledge me with kisses, next pledge me with wine ;
Then giving and taking, in mutual return,
The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.

But should'st thou my passion for wine disapprove,
My bumper I'll quit to be blest with thy love ;
For rather than forfeit the joys of my lass,
My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass.

S O N G CCLXXXIII.

WHEN mighty roast beef was the Englishman's
food,

It ennobled our veins, and enriched our blood ;
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good :
O the roast beef of Old England !
And O the Old English roast beef !

But since we have learnt from all-conquering France
To eat their ragouts, as well as to dance,
We're fed up with nothing – but vain complaisance :
O the roast beef, &c.

Our

Our fathers of old were robust, stout and strong,
 And kept open house with good cheer all day long,
 Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song:
 O the roast beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled to—what shall I name?
 A sneaking poor race, half begotten,—and tame,
 Who sully those honours that once shone in fame:
 O the roast beef, &c.

When good queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
 Ere coffee, or tea, or such slip-flops were known,
 The world was in terror, if e'er she did frown:
 O the roast beef, &c.

In those days, if fleets did presume on the main,
 They seldom or never return'd back again;
 As witness, the vaunting armada of Spain.
 O the roast beef, &c.

Oh! then they had stomachs to eat, and to fight,
 And, when wrongs were a cooking, to do themselves
 right;
 But now we're a pack of—I could—but good-night:
 O the roast beef of Old England!
 And O the Old English roast beef!

S O N G CCLXXXIV.

YOU tell me I'm handsome, (I know not how
 true)
 And easy, and chatty, and good-humour'd too;
 That my lips are as red as the rose-bud in June,
 And my voice, like the nightingale's, sweetly in tune:
 All this has been told me by twenty before;
 But he that would win me must flatter me more,
 But he that would win me must flatter me more.

If beauty from virtue receive no supply,
 Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I!
 My ease and good-humour short raptures will bring;
 My voice, like the nightingale's, knows but a spring:
 For charms such as these then your praises give o'er;
 To love me for life, you must love me still more,
 To love me, &c.

Then talk not to me of a shape, or an air;
 For Chloe the wanton can rival me there:
 'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay,
 And brightens good-humour as sun-shine the day:
 For that if you love me, your flame may be true,
 And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too,
 And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too.



S O N G CCLXXXV.

CROSS PURPOSES. *Sung at Ranelagh.*

TOM loves Mary passing well,
 And Mary she loves Harry;
 But Harry sighs for bonny Bell,
 And finds his love miscarry;
 For bonny Bell for Thomas burns,
 Whilst Mary flights his passion:
 So strangely freakish are the turns
 Of human inclination.

Moll gave Hall a wreath of flow'rs,
 Which he, in am'rous folly,
 Consign'd to Bell, and in few hours
 It came again to Molly:
 Thus all by turns are woo'd and woo,
 No turtles can be truer;
 Each loves the object they pursue,
 But hates the kind pursuer.

As

As much as Mary Thomas grieves,
 Proud Hall despises Mary;
 And all the flouts which Bell receives
 From Tom, she vents on Harry:
 If one of all the four has frown'd,
 You ne'er saw people grummer;
 If one has smil'd, it catches round,
 And all are in good-humour.

Then, lovers, hence this lesson learn,
 Throughout the British nation;
 How much 'tis ev'ry one's concern
 To smile at reformaton.
 And still, thro' life, this rule pursue,
 Whatever objects strike you,
 Be kind to them that fancy you,
 That those you love may like you.



S O N G CCLXXXVI.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in The Chaplet.

YOU say, at your feet that I wept in despair,
 And vow'd that no angel was ever so fair:
 How could you believe all the nonsense I spoke?
 What know we of angels?—I meant it in joke.

I next stand indicted for swearing to love,
 And nothing but death should my passion remove:
 I have lik'd you a twelvemonth, a calendar-year;
 And not yet contented!—Have conscience, my dear.

S O N G

S O N G CCLXXXVII.

Sung by Mrs. VERNON.

VAIN is ev'ry fond endeavour
 To resist the tender dart ;
 For examples move us never ;
 We must feel, to know the smart.
 When the shepherd swears he's dying,
 And our beauties sets to view ;
 Vanity, her aid supplying,
 Bids us think 'tis all our due,
 Bids us think 'tis all our due.

Softer than the vernal breezes
 Is the mild, deceitful strain ;
 Frowning truth our sex displeases ;
 Flatt'ry never sues in vain :
 But, too soon, the happy lover
 Does our tend'rest hopes deceive :
 Man was form'd to be a rover,
 Foolish woman to believe,
 Foolish woman to believe.



S O N G CCLXXXVIII.

Sung in The Chaplet.

PUSH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the
 heart,

While thus we sit round on the grass :
 The lover, who talks of his suff'rings and smart,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.

The wretch, who sits watching his ill-gotten pelf,
 And wishes to add to the mass,
 Whate'er the curmudgeon may think of himself,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass,
 Deserves, &c.

The beau, who, so smart with his well-powder'd hair,
 An angel beholds in his glass,
 And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs,
 Deserves, &c.

The merchant from climate to climate will roam,
 Of Cræsus the wealth to surpass;
 And oft, while he's wand'ring, my lady at home
 Claps the horns of an ox on the afs,
 Claps the horns, &c.

The lawyer so grave, when he puts in his plea,
 With forehead well fronted with brass,
 Tho' he talk to no purpose, he pockets your fee;
 There you, my good friend, are an afs,
 There you, &c.

The formal physician, who knows ev'ry ill,
 Shall last be produc'd in this class;
 The sick man a while may confide in his skill,
 But death proves the doctor an afs,
 But death, &c.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,
 By turns take our bottle and lass;
 For he who his pleasure puts off for a day,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs, an afs,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

 S O N G CCLXXXIX.

Sung in The Chaplet.

Farewel, my Pastora, no longer your swain,
 Quite sick of his bondage, can suffer his chain:
 Nay, arm not your brow with such haughty disdain;
 My heart leaps with joy to be free once again.
 Sing tol derol derol,
 Derol tol lol derol lol lol;
 Sing tol derol lol lol lol derol.

I'll live like the birds, those sweet tenants of May,
Who always are sportful, who always are gay ;
How sweetly their sonnets they carol all day !
Their love is but frolic, their courtship but play.

Sing tol derol, &c.

If struck by a beauty they ne'er saw before,
In chirping soft notes they her pity implore :
She yields to intreaty ; and when the fit's o'er,
'Tis a hundred to ten that they never meet more.

Sing tol derol, &c.

S O N G CCXC.

Sung in The Chaplet.

WHAT med'cine can soften the bosom's keen
smart ?

What Lethe can banish the pain ?

What cure can be met with to soothe the fond heart

That's broke by a faithless young swain ?

In hopes to forget him, how vainly I try

The sports of the wake and the green !

When Colin is dancing, I say with a sigh,

'Twas here first my Damon was seen.

When to the pale moon the soft nightingales moan

In accents so piercing and clear ;

You sing not so sweetly, I cry, with a groan,

As when my dear Damon was here.

A garland of willow my temples shall shade,

And pluck it, ye nymphs, from yon grove ;

For there, to her cost, was poor Laura betray'd,

And Damon pretended to love.

S O N G .

SONG CCXCI.

Sung by Mrs. CLIVE, in The Chaplet.

IN vain I try my ev'ry art,
 Nor can I fix one single heart,
 Yet I'm not old nor ugly :
 Let me consult my faithful glass——
 A face much worse than this might pass,
 Methinks I look full smugly.

Yet blest with all these pow'ful charms,
 The young Palemon fled these arms,
 That wild unthinking rover :
 Hope, silly maids, as sure to bind
 The rolling stream, the flying wind,
 As fix a rambling lover.

But hamper'd in the marriage noose,
 In vain they struggle to get loose,
 And make a mighty riot :
 Like madmen, how they rave and swear !
 A while they shake their chains, and stare——
 But then lie down in quiet.



SONG CCXCII.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in The Chaplet.

DECLARE, my pretty maid,
 Must my fond suit miscarry ?
 With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play ;
 But hang me if I marry, hang me if I marry :
 With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play ;
 But hang me if I marry.

Then

Then speak your mind at once,
 Nor let me longer tarry ;
 With you I'll toy, I'll kifs and play ;
 But hang me if I marry :
 With you, &c.

Tho' charms and wit assail,
 The stroke I well can parry :
 I love to kifs, to toy and play ;
 But do not choose to marry :
 I love, &c.

Young Molly of the dale
 Makes a mere slave of Harry ;
 Because, when they had toy'd and kifs'd,
 The foolish swain would marry ;
 Because, &c.

These fix'd resolves, my dear,
 I to the grave will carry ;
 With you I'll toy, and kifs and play ;
 But hang me if I marry,—hang me if I marry :
 With you I'll toy, and kifs and play ;
 But hang me if I marry.

S O N G CCXCHII.

Sung in The Chaplet.

Damon.

THREE goddesses standing together,
 Thus puzzled young Paris one day :
 Can I judge the value of either,
 Where both bear so equal a sway ?

Pastora.

Consider my wit and condition,
 Consider my person likewise;
 I never was us'd to petition;
 But pr'ythee make use of your eyes.

Laura.

No merit I plead, but my passion;
 'Twas needless to mention your vow:
 Reflect, with a little compassion,
 On what this poor bosom feels now.

Damon.

Some genius direct me, or demon,
 Or else I may chance to choose wrong:—
 You're part of the goods of Palemon; [To *Past.*
 I give you to whom you belong.



S O N G CCXCIV.

Sung in The Chaplet.

I Know that my person is charming,
 Beyond what a clown can discover;
 That dowdy, your senses alarming,
 Proves what a dull thing is a lover.

I'll quit the dull plains for the city,
 Where beauty is follow'd by merit:
 Your taste, simple Damon, I pity;
 Your wit who would wish to inherit?

Perhaps you may think you perplex me,
 And that I my anger would smother:
 The loss of one lover can't vex me;
 My charms will procure me another.

I ne'er was more pleas'd, I assure you ;
 (How odious they look ! I can't bear 'em !)
 I wish you much joy of your fury ;
 (My rage into pieces could tear 'em !)



S O N G CCXCV.

*Sung by Mr. BEARD, and Mrs. VERNON, in
 The Chaplet.*

Damon.

CONTENTED all day I will sit at your side,
 Where poplars far stretching o'er-arch the cool
 tide ;

And, while the clear river runs purling along,
 The thrush and the linnet contend in their song,
 The thrush and the linnet contend in their song.

Laura.

While you are but by me, no danger I fear ;
 Ye lambs, rest in safety, my Damon is near ;
 Bound on, ye blithe kids, now your gambols may
 please,
 For my shepherd is kind, and my heart is at ease,
 For my shepherd, &c.

Damon.

Ye virgins of Britain, bright rivals of day,
 The wish of each heart, and the theme of each lay ;
 Ne'er yield to the swain till he make you a wife,
 For he who loves truly will take you for life,
 For he who, &c.

Laura.

Ye youths, who fear nought but the frowns of the
 fair,
 'Tis yours to relieve, not to add to their care ;
 Then

Then scorn to their ruin assistance to lend,
Nor betray the sweet creatures you're-born to defend,
Nor betray, &c.

Duetto.

For their honour and faith be our virgins renown'd;
Nor false to his vows one young shepherd be found:
Be their moments all guided by virtue and truth,
To preserve in their age what they gain'd in their
youth,
To preserve in their age what they gain'd in their
youth.



S O N G CCXCVI.

The P O W E R of N A T U R E.

Set by Mr. Long.

W H E R E virtue encircles the fair,
There lilies and roses are vain;
Each blossom must drop with despair,
Where innocence takes up her reign:
No gaudy embellishing arts
The fair-one need call to her aid,
Who kindly by nature imparts
The graces that nature has made.
The swain who has sense, must despise
Each coquettish art to ensnare;
If timely ye'd wish to be wise,
Attend to my counsel, ye fair;
Let virgins whom nature has blest,
Her sovereign dictates obey;
For beauties by nature exprest
Are beauties that never decay.

SONG CCXCVII.

Sung at Ranelagh.

ALEXIS, a shepherd, young, constant and kind,
Has often declar'd I'm the nymph to his mind:
I think he's sincere, and he will not deceive;
But they tell me a maid should with caution believe.

He brought me this rose that you see in my breast;
He begg'd me to take it, and sigh'd out the rest:
I cou'd not do less than the favour receive;
And he thinks it now sweeter, I really believe.

This flow'ret, he cry'd, reads a lesson to you:
How bright, and how lovely, it seems to the view!
'Twould fade if not pluck'd, as your sense must
conceive—

I was forc'd to deny what I really believe.

My flocks he attends: if they stray from the plain,
Alexis is sure ev'ry sheep to regain;
Then begs, a dear kiss for his labour I'll give;
And I ne'er shall refuse him, I really believe.

He plays on his pipe while he watches my eyes,
To read the soft wishes we're taught to disguise;
And tells me sweet stories from morning to eve;
Then he swears that he loves, which I really believe.

An old maid I once was determin'd to die;
But that was before I'd this swain in my eye:
And as soon as he asks me his pain to relieve,
With joy I shall wed him, I really believe.

SONG CCXCVIII.

Sung by Mrs. CIBBER, in The Oracle.

WOULD you with her you love be blest,
 Ye lovers, these instructions mind,
 Conceal the passion in your breast,
 Be dumb, insensible and blind :
 But when with gentle looks you meet,
 And see the artless blushes rise,
 Be silent, loving, and discreet ;
 The Oracle no more implies.

When once you prove the maid sincere,
 Where virtue is with beauty join'd ;
 Then boldly like yourselves appear,
 No more insensible, or blind :
 Pour forth the transports of your heart,
 And speak your soul without disguise ;
 'Tis fondness, fondness must impart ;
 The Oracle no more implies.

Tho' pleasing, fatal is the snare,
 That still entraps all womankind ;
 Ladies, beware, be wise, take care,
 Be deaf, insensible and blind :
 But should some fond deserving youth
 Agree to join in Hymen's ties,
 Be tender, constant, crown his truth ;
 The Oracle no more implies.

SONG CCXCIX.

Sung by Mr. BEARD. Set by Mr. Howard.

HE that a cuckold is, let it not grieve him ;
 For in his wants there is one to relieve him :
 He may sleep quietly when his wife's waking,
 And may be free from care, void of pains-taking :

And

And his condition is not to be scorned,
Cæsar and Pompey were both of them horned.

The captain upon the sea prays for fair weather,
While his wife and his mate fail both together ;
Star-gazing on her back, at the moon's motion,
While the poor cuckold is at his devotion ;
Yet his condition is not to be scorned,
Cæsar and Pompey were both of them horned.

The merchant upon the sea searching for treasure,
What tho' his merchandize be out of measure ;
Yet, if he kifs a girl, while he is ranging,
His wife repays him, a bill of exchange, in :
But his condition is not to be scorned,
Cæsar and Pompey were both of them horned.

The greatest lawyer, that ever was sent us,
Often returns his wife, *Non est inventus* ;
And though he never so wise in his place is,
She will still find that a flaw in his case is :
Yet his condition is not to be scorned,
Cæsar and Pompey were both of them horned.

The greatest statesman, that e'er was applauded,
Need not to laugh at a citizen horned ;
For, if 'tis true, as in ancient relations,
The city-dames still obey the court-fashions :
Yet his condition is not to be scorned,
Cæsar and Pompey were both of them horned.

While the poor parson with zeal is expounding,
Telling the people their sins are abounding ;
Some one, perhaps, pays his tythes to his wife,
Heedless of rules for amendment of life :
Yet his condition is not to be scorned,
Cæsar and Pompey were both of them horned.

You that are cuckolds, let this be your comfort,
 There are few others between this and Rumford :
 Brethren all in a row, shake hands together,
 And never disdain to wear the bull's feather;
 For your condition is not to be scorned,
 Cæsar and Pompey were both of them horned.

S O N G CCC.

Sung in Lethe.

YE mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex,
 Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex;
 Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest;
 Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest;
 Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care;
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
 And young ones the rover they cannot regain;
 The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd,
 And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd:
 Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
 And drink an oblivion to trouble and care,
 And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife at one draught may forget all her wants,
 Or drench her fond fool to forget her gallants;
 The troubled in mind shall go chearful away,
 And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to-day:
 Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care;
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

S O N G

SONG CCCI.

Sung by Mr. Lowe. Set by Mr. Baildon.

WHEN first by fond Damon Flavella was seen,
 He slightly regarded her air and her mien,
 He slightly regarded her air and her mien :
 The charms of her mind he alone did commend,
 Not warm as a lover, but cool as a friend ;
 From friendship, not passion, his raptures did move,
 And he boasted his heart was a stranger to love,
 And he boasted his heart was a stranger to love.

New charms he discover'd, as more she was known ;
 Her face grew a wonder, her taste was his own,
 Her face, &c.

Her manners were gentle, her sense was refin'd,
 And ev'ry dear virtue beam'd forth in her mind :
 Still, still for the sanction of friendship he strove,
 Till a sigh gave the omen, and show'd it was love,
 Till a sigh, &c.

Now, proud to be conquer'd, he sighs for the fair,
 Grows dull to all pleasure, but being with her,
 Grows dull, &c.

He's mute, till his heart-strings are ready to break ;
 For fear of offending forbids him to speak ;
 And wanders a willing example to prove,
 That friendship with woman is sister to love,
 That friendship, &c.

A lover thus conquer'd can ne'er give offence ;
 Not a dupe to her smiles, but a slave to her sense,
 Not a dupe to her smiles, but a slave to her sense,
 His passion nor wrinkles nor age can allay,
 Since founded on that which can never decay ;
 And Time, that shall Beauty's short empire remove,
 Increasing her reason, increases his love,
 Increasing her reason, increases his love.

SONG CCCII.

Sung by Mrs. VINCENT.

LET me wander not unseen
 By hedge-row elms on hillocks green;
 There the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land;
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe;
 And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Or let the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks found
 To many a youth and many a maid
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade.



SONG CCCIII.

Set by Dr. ARNE.

MY fair, ye swains, is gone astray;
 The little wand'rer lost her way
 In gath'ring flow'rs the other day;
 Poor Phillis, poor Phillis, poor lovely Phillis,
 Ah! lead her home, ye gentle swains,
 Who know an absent lover's pains,
 And bring her safely o'er the plains;
 My Phillis, my Phillis, my lovely Phillis.

Conceive what tortures rack my mind;
 And, if you'll be so just and kind,
 I'll give you certain marks to find
 My Phillis, &c.

Whene'er a charming form you see,
 Serenely grave, sedately free,
 And mildly gay, it must be she;
 'Tis Phillis, &c.

Not

Not boldly bare, nor half undrest,
But under cover slightly prest,
In secret plays the little breast
Of Phillis, &c.

When such a heav'nly voice you hear,
As makes you think a Dryad near,
Ah! seize her, and bring home my dear;
'Tis Phillis, &c.

The nymph, whose person, void of art,
Has ev'ry grace in ev'ry part,
With murd'ring eyes, yet harmless heart,
Is Phillis, &c.

Whose teeth are like an iv'ry row,
Whose skin is like the clearest snow,
Whose face like—nothing that I know,
Is Phillis, &c.

But rest, my soul, and bless your fate;
The Gods, who form'd a piece so near,
So just, exact, and so complete,
As Phillis, &c.

Proud of their hit in such a flow'r,
Which so exemplifies their pow'r,
Will guard, in ev'ry dang'rous hour,
My Phillis, my Phillis, my lovely Phillis.

S O N G CCCIV.

Sung by Mr. LOWE. Set by Mr. Arne.

I Seek not at once in a female to find
The form of a Venus with Pallas's mind;
Let the fair one I love have but prudence in view,
That, tho' she deceive, I may still think her true:
Be her person not beauteous, but pleasing and clean;
Let her temper be cloudless, and open her mien:

L 4

By

By folly, ill-nature, nor vanity led,
Nor indebted to paint,—nor indebted to paint,
For white or for red,—for white or for red.

May her tongue, that dread weapon in most of the sex,
Be employ'd to delight us, and not to perplex;
Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a jest,
For prudes I despise, and coquettes I detest:
May her humour the taste of the company hit,
Not affectedly wise, nor too pert with her wit:
Go find out the maid that is form'd on my plan,
And I'll love her for ever,—I'll love her for ever,
—I mean, if I can,—I mean, if I can.

S O N G CCCV.

HOPE. *A Pastoral. Set by Mr. Arne.*

MY banks are all furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottoes are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white-over with sheep:
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
But let me that plunder forbear;
She'll say 'twas a barbarous deed,
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue,
Such tenderness, &c,

But

But where does my Phyllida stray?
 And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
 And the shepherds as gentle, as ours?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the valleys as fine;
 The swains may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine,
 But their love is not equal to mine.



S O N G CCCVI.

The Words by Mr. Gay.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board,
 Oh! where shall I my true-love find?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among your crew?

William, who high, upon the yard,
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below;
 The cord flies swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as light'ning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,
 And drops at once into her nest.
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan ! Susan ! lovely dear !
My vows shall ever true remain ;
Let me wipe off that falling tear :
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
They'll tell thee sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find :
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thine eyes are seen in di'monds bright ;
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale ;
Thy skin is ivory so white :
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return :
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread ;
No longer must she stay on board ;
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head :
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land ;
Adieu ! she cry'd, and wav'd her lily hand.

S O N G CCCVII.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, at Ranelagh.

THE breed came forth frae the barn,
 And she was ditting her cheeks ;
 How can I be married to-day,
 That ha' neither blankets, ne sheets ?
 That ha' neither blankets, ne sheets,
 And wants a covering too ?
 The breed that has aw things to borrow,
 Has e'en reet muckle to do.
 Woo'd and marry'd and aw,
 Marry'd and woo'd and aw ;
 And was she not very weell off,
 To be woo'd and marry'd and aw ?

What is the matter ? quoth Wolly,
 Though we be scant o'claiths,
 We's creep the claiser together,
 And drive away the fleas.
 The summer is coming on,
 And we's get pickles a woo ;
 We's fee a lafs of our ain,
 And she'll spin blankets enow.
 Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

Then up spake the breed's mother,
 The deel stick aw this preed !
 I had ne a plack in my pocket,
 The day I was made a breed.
 My gown was linsy-winsy,
 And ne'er a fark at aw ;
 And you ha' gowns and buskins,
 Mair than ane or twa.
 Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

Then

Then up spake the breed's fether,
As he came in frae the plough:
Hawd your tongue, my daughter,
And ye'se get geer enough;
The stirk that gaus in the tether,
And our brawd bassen yade,
To lade your corn in harvest:
What wad you ha' you jade?
Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

Then up spake the breed's brother,
As he came hence frae the kye:
Wolly wou'd ne'er ha' had you,
Had he known you, as weel as I;
For you're baith proud, and faucy,
Ne fit for a poor mon's wife;
Gin I ne'er ha' a better than you,
I'se ne'er ha' ane in my life.
Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

Then up spake the breed's sifter,
As she sat down by the fire:
O gin I married to-neet,
'Tis aw that I'd desire:
But I, pure girl, must live single,
And do the best I can;
I did not care what came o' me,
So I had but a gude man.
Woo'd and marry'd and aw,
Marry'd and woo'd and aw:
And was she not very weell off,
To be woo'd and marry'd and aw?

SONG CCCVIII.

The Words by Mr. Pope.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground :

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire ;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night, study and ease
Together mix'd, sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most doth please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.



SONG CCCIX.

Sung by Miss BRENT, at Ranelagh.

OH! what joys does conquest yield,
When, returning from the field,
In triumphant state we see
The god-like hero crown'd with victory !

Laurel wreathes his head surrounding,
 Banners waving in the wind;
 Fame her golden trumpet sounding,
 Ev'ry voice in chorus join'd;
 All uniting to proclaim
 Th' immortal honours of his name.

S O N G CCCX.

Sung in The Reprisal.

FROM the man whom I love tho' my heart I
 disguise,

I will freely describe the wretch I despise;
 And if he has sense but to ballance a straw,
 He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.
 And if he has sense but to ballance a straw,
 He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau;
 Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow:
 A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon;
 In courage a hind, in conceit a gascoon.
 A peacock, &c.

As a vulture rapacious, in falshood a fox;
 Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks:
 As a tyger ferocious, perverse as a hog;
 In mischief an ape, and in sawning a dog.
 As a tyger, &c.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
 His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather:
 Yet if he has sense but to ballance a straw,
 He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.
 Yet if he has sense but to ballance a straw,
 He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

: S O N G

S O N G CCCXI.

*Sung by Miss BRENT. The Words and Music
by Dr. Arne.*

NYMPHS and shepherds, come away,
Wanton in the sweets of May;
Trip it o'er the flow'ry lawns,
Wanton as the bounding fawns:
Frolic, buxom, blithe, and gay,
Nymphs and shepherds, come away.



S O N G CCCXII.

*Sung by Miss BRENT, in The Jovial Crew.
Set by Dr. Arne.*

THE ladies look gay when of beauty they boast,
And misers are envy'd when wealth is in-
creas'd;
The vapours oft kill all the joys of a toast,
And the miser's a wretch when he pays for the feast.
The pride of the great, of the rich, of the fair,
May pity bespeak, but envy can't move;
My thoughts are no farther aspiring,
No more my fond heart is desiring,
Than freedom, content, and the man that I
love.



S O N G CCCXIII.

The L U C K Y F A L L. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

A Band of Cupid's t'other day
Were in a myrtle grove,
Till tir'd of ev'ry boyish play,
They made a match to rove;

" But where ?" cry'd one (the cock of all)
 " Let's fix upon a place :
 " Hang Paphos, and Olympus hall ;
 " I vote for Chloe's face."

No sooner said, than off they flew ;
 And gathering round the fair,
 As swarms of bees on flowers do,
 They settled here and there ;
 Some on her lips, her nose, and chin ;
 A score on either cheek,
 While fifty to her eyes went in
 To play at hide and seek.

But gravity itself must smile,
 The wranglers to have heard,
 For place disputing all the while,
 Tho' each his own preferr'd :
 Till chancing from her lips to slide,
 One fell on Chloe's breast,
 And creeping down, in triumph cry'd,
 " Who's station's now the best ?"

S O N G CCCXIV.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in the Opera of Eliza.

WHO'd know the sweets of liberty ?
 'Tis to climb the mountain's brow ;
 Thence to discern rough industry
 At the harrow or the plow :
 'Tis where my sons their crops have sown,
 Calling the harvest all their own.

'Tis

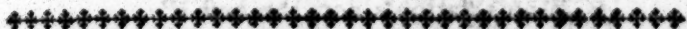
'Tis where the heart to truth ally'd,
 Never felt unmanly fear ;
 'Tis where the eye, with milder pride,
 Nobly sheds sweet pity's tear,
 Such as Britannia yet shall see ;
 These are the sweets of liberty.



S O N G CCCXV.

*In the Serenata of Solomon. Sung by Mrs. VINCENT,
 at Marybone. Set by Dr. Boyce.*

BALMY sweetness ever flowing,
 From her dropping lip distils ;
 Flowers on her cheeks are blowing ;
 And her voice with music thrills :
 Zyphurs o'er the spices flying,
 Wafting sweets from ev'ry tree,
 Sick'ning sense with odours cloying,
 Breathe not half so sweet as she.



S O N G CCCXVI.

A favourite CANTATA. Set by Dr. Pepusch.

RECITATIVE.

SEE! from the silent grove Alexis flies,
 And seeks with ev'ry pleasing art
 To ease the pain which lovely eyes
 Created in his heart :
 To shining theatres he now repairs,
 To learn Camilla's moving airs,
 Where thus to music's pow'r the swain address'd his
 pray'rs.

AIR.

AIR.

Charming sounds, that sweetly languish;
Music, oh, compose my anguish!

Ev'ry passion yields to thee,

Ev'ry passion yields to thee:

Phœbus, quickly then relieve me,

Cupid shall no more deceive me;

I'll to sprightlier joys be free,

I'll to sprightlier joys be free.

RECITATIVE.

Apollo heard the foolish swain;

He knew, when Daphne once he lov'd,

How weak, t'assuage an am'rous pain,

His own harmonious voice had prov'd,

And all his healing herbs how vain:

Then thus he strikes the speaking strings,

Preluding to his voice, and sings.

AIR.

Sounds, tho' charming, can't relieve thee;

Do not, shepherd, then deceive thee;

Music is the voice of love,

Music is the voice of love:

If the tender maid believe thee,

Soft relenting, kind consenting,

Will alone thy pain remove,

Will alone thy pain remove.



SONG CCCXVII.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Dr. Arne.

I Search'd the fields of ev'ry kind,

The fairest flow'rs I chose,

And sent them in a wreath to bind

My Rosalinda's brows,

My Rosalinda's brows.

Here

Here hyacinthus, ting'd with blood,
 In purple beauty glows ;
 There, bursting from the swelling bud,
 Appears the blushing rose,
 Appears the blushing rose.

Here violets of purple hue,
 Chaste lilies white as snow,
 Narcissuses that drink the dew,
 And near the fountain blow,
 And near the fountain blow.
 To boast thy charms when crown'd with those,
 Cease, cease, O beauteous maid !
 Thy face, that blooms so like the rose,
 Like that, alas ! will fade,
 Like that, alas ! will fade.



S O N G CCCXVIII.

Sung in Alfred. Set by Dr. Arne.

ARISE, sweet messenger of morn,
 With thy mild beams this isle adorn ;
 For, long as shepherds pipe and play,
 This, this shall be a holiday.

See ! morn appears ; a rosy hue
 Steals soft o'er yonder orient blue :
 Well are we met in trim array,
 To frolic out this holiday.

Each nymph, be like the blushing morn,
 That gaily brightens o'er the lawn ;
 Each shepherd, like the sun be gay,
 And grateful keep this holiday.

S O N G

SONG CCCXIX.

The TEMPEST of WAR.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall-Gardens.

LET the tempest of war
 Be heard from afar,
 With trumpets' and cannons' alarms:
 Let the brave, if they will,
 By their valour or skill,
 Seek honour and conquest in arms.

To live safe, and retire,
 Is what I desire,
 Of my flocks and my Chloe possess;
 For in them I obtain
 True peace without pain,
 And the lasting enjoyment of rest:

In some cottage or cell,
 Like a shepherd to dwell,
 From all interruption at ease;
 In a peaceable life,
 To be blest with a wife,
 Who will study her husband to please.



SONG CCCXX.

Set by Dr. Arne.

MYRTILLA, demanding the aid of my pen,
 To tell what of her were the thoughts of
 the men,
 Insisted for once I would alter my tune,
 And write panegyrics as well as lampoon:
 With candor describing the woman I see,
 When I steal from my glass, to Myrtilla and tea.

If

If the eyes sweet employ to the soul give delight,
 And beauty's an object engaging to sight;
 How kind is my fair one, whose studies confess,
 Her aim is at nature's amendment in dress!
 Tho' oft in the structure, mistaking the plan,
 She spoils what she meant shou'd give pleasure to man.

When I hear her sweet voice in its natural key,
 Her good-humour'd prattle is music to me;
 Her kifs would soon make the dull hermit forego
 His cell and high views, for that heaven below:
 But when for a trifle with anger grown bold,
 Her words are but discord, her kisses are cold.

Like dew to the flow'rs is love to mankind;
 Each sense's enjoyment in woman we find,
 Unless affectation, that bane to the fair,
 Unfeters the heart they attempt to ensnare:
 Let nature the science of pleasing direct,
 A charm ill-display'd soon becomes a defect.



S O N G CCCXXI.

*Sung by Mr. CHAMPNES, in the Entertainment of
 Arcadia. Set by Mr. Battishill.*

A Fond father's bliss is to number his race,
 And exult on the bloom that just buds on their
 face;

With their prattle he'll daily himself entertain,
 And read in their smiles their lov'd mother again.
 Men of pleasures, be mute; this is life's lovely view;
 When we look on our young ones, our youth we
 renew.

Thus loving we live, and thus loving enjoy;
 No deceit here distracts, no debauches destroy;

From

From the May-morn of youth to winter's white age,
Hand in hand with contentment we sing thro' life's
stage;

And when death bids us stop, we end easy our song,
'Then give the gods thanks that we've liv'd well so
long.

S O N G CCCXXII.

MAY EVE; OR, KATE OF ABERDEEN.

Sung by Miss POLLY YOUNG, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Battisill.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kifs reflected light:
To courts be gone! heart-soothing sleep,
Where you've so seldom been,
Whilst I May's wakeful vigil keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
In primrose chaplets gay,
Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promis'd May:
The nymphs and swains shall all declare
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
And rouse yon nodding grove,
Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,
And hail the maid I love:

At her approach the lark mistakes,
And quits the new-dress'd green ;
Fond birds, 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now blithesome o'er the dewy mead,
Where elves disportive play,
The festal dance young shepherds lead,
Or sing their love-tun'd lay,
Till May in morning-robe draws nigh,
And claims a virgin-queen ;
The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
" Here's Kate of Aberdeen."



S O N G CCCXXIII.

LA MEILLEURE MEDICIN.

SICK of the town, fair Delia flew
To contemplation's rural seat ;
Adieu, she cry'd, vain world, adieu,
Fools only study to be great :
The book, the lamp, the hermit's cell,
The moss-grown roof, the matted floor ;
All these she had—'twas mighty well ;
But yet she wanted something more.

Back to the busy world again
She soon return'd, in hopes to find
Ease for imaginary pain,
Quiet of heart, and peace of mind :
Gay scenes of grandeur ev'ry hour,
By turns her fickle fancy fill ;
The world seem'd all within her pow'r ;
But yet she wanted something still.

Cities and groves by turns were try'd ;
 'Twas all, ye fair, an idle tale;
 Delia at length became a bride,
 A bride to Damon of the vale :
 Behold, at once the gloom was clear'd ;
 Damon was kind ;—and from that hour
 Each place a paradise appear'd,
 And Delia wanted nothing more.

S O N G CCCXXIV.

The J O Y S of H A R V E S T.

Set by Mr. Battishill.

NOW pleasure unbounded resounds o'er the
 plains,
 And brightens the smiles of the damsels and swains,
 As they follow the last team of harvest along.
 And end all their toils with a dance and a song :
 Possess'd of the plenty that blesses the year,
 Bleak winter's approach they behold without fear,
 And when tempests rattle and hurricanes roar,
 Enjoy what they have, and ne'er languish for more.

Dear Chloe, from them let us learn to be wise,
 And use every moment of life as it flies ;
 Gay youth is the spring-time, which all must im-
 prove

For summer to ripen an harvest of love :
 Our hearts then a provident care should engage,
 To lay friendship in store for the winter of age,
 Whose frowns shall disarm ev'n Chloe's bright eye,
 Damp the flame in my bosom, and pall ev'ry joy.

S O N G

S O N G CCCXXV.

Sung by Mr. Lowe.

FAIR Hebe I left with a cautious design
To 'scape from her charms, and to drown 'em
in wine ;

I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart,
The wine in my head, and still love in my heart.

I repair'd to my reason, intreated her aid,
Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance
weigh'd ;

Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my prayer,
That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a truth, reply'd I, I've no need to be taught ;
I came for your counsel, to find out a fault :
If that's all, quoth Reason, return as you came,
To find fault with Hebe, would forfeit my name.

What hopes then, alas ! of relief from my pain,
While, like light'ning, she darts thro' each throbbing vein ?

My senses surpriz'd, in her favour took arms,
And reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

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S O N G CCCXXVI.

FEMALE ADVICE. *Ser by Mr. Battishill.*

PURSUING beauty, men descry
The distant shore, and long to prove,
Still richer in variety,
The treasures of the land of love.

M

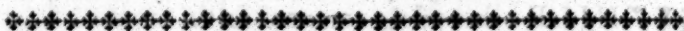
We

We women, like weak Indians, stand,
 Inviting from our golden coast
 The wand'ring rovers to our land;
 But she who trades with them is lost.

With humble vows they first begin,
 Stealing unseen into the heart;
 But, by possession settled in,
 They quickly act another part.

For beads and baubles we resign
 In ignorance our shining store,
 Discover nature's richest mine,
 And yet the tyrants will have more.

Ye fair, take heed, forbear to try
 How men can court, or you be won;
 For love is but discovery;
 When that is made, the pleasure's done.



S O N G CCCXXVII.

HASTE, haste, Amelia, gentle fair,
 To soft Elysian gales;
 From smoke to smiling skies repair,
 And sun-illumin'd vales:
 No sighs, no murmurs, haunt the grove,
 But blessings crown the plains;
 Here calm Contentment, heav'n-born maid,
 And Peace, the cherub, reigns.

O come! for thee the roses bloom,
 The deep carnation grows;
 For thee sweet violets breathe perfume,
 The white-rob'd lily blows;

For

For thee their streams the Naiads roll,
The daisied hills are gay,
Where (emblems of Amelia's soul)
The spotless lambkins play.

From vale to vale the Zephyrs rove,
To rob th' unfolding flow'rs ;
And music melts in ev'ry grove,
To charm thy rural hours ;
The warbling lark, high-poiz'd in air,
Exerting all his pride,
Will strive to please Amelia fair,
Who pleases all beside.



S O N G CCCXXVIII.

J E N N Y of the G R E E N.

Sung by Mr. BEARD.

WHILE others strip the new-fall'n snows,
And steal its fragrance from the rose,
To dress their fancy's queen ;
Fain would I sing, but words are faint,
All music's powers too weak to paint
My Jenny of the Green.

Beneath this elm, beside this stream,
How oft I've tun'd the fav'rite theme,
And told my tale unseen !
While, faithful in the lover's cause,
The winds would murmur soft applause
To Jenny of the Green.

With joy my soul reviews the day,
When, deck'd in all the pride of May,
She hail'd the sylvan scene ;

For

M 2

Then

Then ev'ry nymph that hop'd to please,
First strove to catch the grace and ease
Of Jenny of the Green,

Then, deaf to ev'ry rival's sigh,
On me she cast her partial eye,
Nor scorn'd my humble mien ;
The fragrant myrtle wreath I wear,
That day adorn'd the lovely hair
Of Jenny of the Green.

Through all the fairy land of love
I'll seek my pretty wand'ring dove,
The pride of gay fifteen ;
Though now she treads some distant plain,
Though far apart, I'll meet again
My Jenny of the Green.

But thou, old Time, 'till that blest night
That brings her back with speedy flight,
Melt down the hours between ;
And when we meet, the loss repay,
On loit'ring wing prolong my stay
With Jenny of the Green.



S O N G CCCXXIX.

Sung in the Mask of Alfred.

YE warblers, while Strephon I mourn,
To cheer me your harmony bring ;
Unless, since my shepherd is gone,
You cease, like poor Phillis, to sing :
Each flower declines its sweet head,
Nor odours around me will throw,
While ev'ry soft lamb on the mead
Seems kindly to pity my woe.

Each rural amusement I try
 In vain to restore my past ease;
 What charm'd when my Strephon was by,
 Has now lost the power to please:
 Ye seasons that brighten the grove,
 Not long for your absence we mourn;
 But Strephon neglects me and love,
 He roves, and will never return.

As gay as the spring is my dear,
 And sweet as all flowers combin'd;
 His smiles like the summer can cheer,
 Ah! why then, like winter, unkind?
 Unkind he is not, I can prove,
 But tender to others can be;
 To Celia and Chloe makes love,
 And only is cruel to me.



S O N G CCCXXX.

Sung at Ranelagh.

I Told my nymph, I told her true,
 My fields were small, my flocks were few;
 While fault'ring accents spoke my fear,
 That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
 And vagrant sheep that left my fold,
 Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;
 And was not Flavia then sincere?

How, chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,
 The friends I lov'd became unkind,
 She heard, and shed a gen'rous tear;
 And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,
 My Flavia must not hope for dress,
 This too she heard, and smil'd to hear;
 And Flavia sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains;
 Go reap the plenty of your plains:
 Despoil'd of all which you revere,
 I know my Flavia's love's sincere.

SONG CCCXXXI.

LOVE's ELEGY. *Set by Mr. Battishill.*

FAREWELL, Ianthe, faithless maid,
 Source of my grief and pain;
 Who with fond hopes my heart betray'd,
 And fann'd love's kindling flame,
 Yet gave from me thy hand, this morn,
 To Corydon's rich heir,
 Who with gay vestments did adorn
 Thee, false, yet beauteous fair.

Adieu, my native soil; ye vales,
 High woods, and tufted hills:
 Adieu, ye groves and flow'ry dales,
 Clear streams and crystal rills:
 Adieu; ye bring into my mind
 Those past, those happy days,
 When Iphis found Ianthe kind,
 And pleasure strew'd his ways.

Ere dawn my homely steps I'll bend,
 Where distant mountains rise,
 In hopes that reason there may send
 That aid she here denies;

That

That time and absence may efface
Her image from my breast,
Which, while she there maintains a place,
Can never taste of rest.



S O N G CCCXXXII.

RETIREMENT. *Set by Mr. Battishill.*

FAREWELL the smoky town, adieu
Each rude and sensual joy ;
Gay, fleeting pleasures, all untrue,
That in possession cloy.

Far from the garnish'd scene I'll fly,
Where Folly keeps her court,
To wholesome, sound philosophy,
And harmless rural sport.

How happy is the humble cell,
How blest the deep retreat,
Where sorrow's billows never swell,
Nor passion's tempests beat !

But safely, thro' the sea of life,
Calm reason wafts us o'er,
Free from ambition, noise, and strife,
To death's eternal shore.



S O N G CCCXXXIII.

Sung by Mr. BEARD.

THE women all tell me I'm false to my lass,
That I quit my poor Chloe, and stick to my
glass ;
But to you, men of reason, my reasons I'll own ;
And, if you don't like them, why—let them alone.

Altho' I have left her, the truth I'll declare :
 I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair :
 But goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
 That make it as good and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles, I must own :
 But, tho' she could smile, yet in truth she could
 frown :

But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
 Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine ?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime ;
 Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by time :
 But in wine, from its age, such a benefit flows,
 That we like it the better, the older it grows.

They tell me, my love would in time have been
 cloy'd,

And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd :
 But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy ;
 For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and history prove
 'The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love :
 But in drinking, thank heav'n, no rival contends ;
 For the more we love liquor, the more we are friends.

She too might have poison'd the joy of my life
 With nurses, and babies, and squalling and strife :
 But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring ;
 And a big-belly'd bottle's a mighty good thing.

We shorten our days when with love we engage ;
 It brings on diseases, and hastens old age :
 But wine from grim death can its votaries save,
 And keep out t'other leg, when there's one in the
 grave.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to their word,
She has left me, to get an estate, or a lord :
But my bumper (regarding nor title or pelf)
Will stand by me when I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain ;
She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain :
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy :
Should you doubt what I say, take a bumper and try.

S O N G CCCXXXIV.

Set by Mr. Howard.

THE blithest bird that sings in May,
Was ne'er more blithe, was ne'er more gay,
Than I, ah well-a-day !
Than I, ah well-a-day !
Ere Colin yet had learn'd to sigh,
Or I to guess the reason why,
Oh love, ah well-a-day !
Oh love, ah well-a-day !

We kiss'd, we toy'd, we neither knew
From whence these fond endearments grew,
Till he, ah well-a-day !
Till he, &c.

By time and other swains made wise,
Began to talk of hearts and eyes,
And love, ah well-a-day !
And love, &c.

Kind nature now took Colin's part ;
My eyes inform'd against my heart :
My heart, ah well-a-day !
My heart, &c.

Strait glow'd with thrilling sympathy,
And echo'd back each gentle sigh,

Each sigh, ah well-a-day!

Each sigh, &c.

Can love, alas! by words be won?

He ask'd a proof, a tender one,

While I, ah well-a-day!

While I, ah well-a-day!

In silence blush'd a fond reply:

Can she who truly loves deny?

Ah, no, ah well-a-day!

Ah, no, ah well-a-day!

S O N G CCCXXXV.

Sung in the Mask of Alfred.

WHEN Britain first, at heav'n's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose, &c.

This was the charter, the charter of the land,

And guardian angels fung the strain?

Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves,

For Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,

Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall,

Must in, &c.

Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free,

The dread and envy of them all.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,

More dreadful from each foreign stroke,

More dreadful, &c.

As the loud blast that tears the skies,

Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
 All their attempts to bend thee down,
 All their, &c.
 Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,
 And work their woe, and thy renown.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
 Thy cities, &c.
 All thine shall be, shall be the subject main,
 And ev'ry shore it circles, thine.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

The Muses, fill with freedom sound,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
 Bless'd isle ! with beauties, with matchless beauties
 crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves,
 For Britons never will be slaves.

S O N G CCCXXXVI.

A Dawn of hope my soul revives,
 And banishes despair ;
 If yet my dearest Damon lives,
 Make him, ye gods, your care.

Dispel these gloomy shades of night,
 My tender grief remove ;
 Oh ! send some chearing ray of light,
 And guide me to my love.

Thus,

Thus, in a secret friendly shade,
 The pensive Cælia mourn'd,
 While courteous Echo lent her aid,
 And sigh for sigh return'd.

When, sudden, Damon's well-known face
 Each rising fear disarms,
 He eager springs to her embrace,
 She sinks into his arms.

S O N G CCCXXXVII.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Comus. Set by Dr. Arne.

WOULD you taste the noon-tide air,
 To yon fragrant bow'r repair,
 Where, woven with the poplar bough,
 The mantling vine will shelter you,
 The mantling vine will shelter you:
 Down each side a fountain flows,
 'Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes,
 Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
 Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
 Sultry Phœbus scorching round,
 Sultry Phœbus scorching round.

Round the languid herds, and sheep,
 Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks, sleep;
 While on the hyacinth and rose
 The fair does all alone repose,
 The fair does all alone repose:
 All alone; yet in her arms
 Your breast shall beat to love's alarms,
 Till, blest and blessing, you shall own,
 The joys of love are joys alone,
 The joys of love are joys alone.

S O N G

S O N G CCCXXXVIII.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Comus.

RECITATIVE.

HOW gentle was my Damon's air !
 Like sunny beams his golden hair ;
 His voice was like the nightingale's,
 More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales :
 How hard such beauties to resign !
 And yet that cruel task is mine.
 How hard, &c.

AIR.

On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
 Along the margin of each stream,
 Dear conscious scenes of former love,
 I mourn, and Damon is my theme :
 The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain ;
 The hills, &c.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled ;
 Groves, flocks and fountains please no more ;
 Each flow'r in pity droops its head ;
 All nature does my loss deplore :
 All, all reproach the faithless swain,
 Yet Damon still I seek in vain ;
 All, all, &c.



S O N G CCCXXXIX.

Sung in Comus.

THE wanton god who pierces hearts,
 Dips in gall his pointed darts ;
 But the nymph disdains to pine,
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine,
 Rosy wine, rosy wine,
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.

Farewel

Farewel lovers when they're cloy'd,
 If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd;
 Sure the squeamish fops are free
 To rid me of dull company;
 Sure they're free, sure they're free,
 To rid me of dull company.

They have charms, whilst mine can please;
 I love them much, but more my ease:
 No jealous fears my love molest,
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest,
 Break my rest, break my rest;
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

Why should they e'er give me pain,
 Who to give me joy disdain?
 All I hope of mortal man,
 Is to love me while he can,
 While he can, while he can;
 Is to love me while he can.



S O N G CCCXL.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Worgan.

YOUNG Colin protests I'm his joy and delight;
 He's ever unhappy when I'm from his sight;
 He wants to be with me where-ever I go;
 The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so,
 The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so.

His pleasure all day is to sit by my side;
 He pipes and he sings, tho' I frown and I chide:
 I bid him depart; but he, smiling, says No;
 The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so,
 The deuce, &c.

He

He often requests me his flame to relieve ;
 I ask him, what favour he hopes to receive ?
 His answer's a sigh, while in blushes I glow :
 What mortal beside him would plague a maid so ?
 What mortal, &c.

This breast-knot he yesterday brought from the wake,
 And softly entreated I'd wear for his sake.
 Such trifles 'tis easy enough to bestow ;
 I sure deserve more for his plaguing me so,
 I sure, &c.

He hands me each eve from the cot to the plain,
 And meets me each morn to conduct me again ;
 But what's his intention I wish I could know,
 For I'd rather be marry'd than plagu'd with him so,
 For I'd rather be marry'd than plagu'd with him so.

S O N G CCCXLI.

Set by Dr. Arne. The Words by Mr. Prior.

AS Chloe came into the room t'other day,
 I peevish began, Where so long could you stay ?
 In your life-time you never regarded your hour ;
 You promis'd at two, but—look, child ! 'tis four :
 A lady's watch needs neither figures or wheels ;
 'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals :
 A temper so heedless no mortal can bear.—
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air,
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air.

Lord, bless me ! says she, let a body but speak ;
 Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fall'n into my neck :
 It has hurt me, and vex'd me, to such a degree ;
 Look here ! for you never believe me, pray see,

On

On the left side my breast what a mark it has made !
 So saying, her bosom she careless display'd :
 That scene of delight I with wonder survey'd,
 And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said.

 S O N G CCCXLII.

THE morning fresh, the sun in east
 New gilds the smiling day ;
 The morning fresh, the sun in east
 New gilds the smiling day ;
 The lark forsakes his dewy nest,
 The fields all round are gaily dress'd :
 Arise, my love, and play, and play ;
 Arise, my love, and play.
 Come forth, my fair, come forth, bright maid,
 And bless thy shepherd's sight ;
 Come forth, &c.
 Lend ev'ry folded flow'r thy aid,
 Unveil the rose's blushing shade,
 And give them sweet delight,
 And give, &c.
 Thy presence makes all nature smile,
 Those smiles your charms improve ;
 Thy presence, &c.
 Thy strains the list'ning birds beguile,
 And, as invite, reward their toil,
 And tune their notes to love,
 And tune, &c.
 Beneath the fragrant hawthorn-tree,
 The flow'rs in wreaths I'll twine ;
 Beneath the fragrant hawthorn-tree,
 The flow'rs in wreaths I'll twine ;
 E'er other eyes ye beauties see,
 Then on my brows adorn'd shall be ;
 Thy happy fate be mine, be mine,
 Thy happy fate be mine.

SONG CCCXLIII.

Sung at Vauxhall.

SINCE Jenny thinks mean her heart's love to deny,

And Peggy's uneasy when Harry's not by ;
I will own, without blushing, were all the world by,
That Willy's the lad, the lad for me,
That Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

He brought me a wreath which his hand did compose,

Where the dale-loving lily was twin'd with the rose ;
Young myrtle in sprigs did the border inclose.

And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,
And Willy's, &c.

By myrtle, said he, is my passion express'd ;
The rose, like your lips, in vermilion is dress'd ;
And the lily for whiteness would vie with your breast.

And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,
And Willy's, &c.

These ribbands of mine were his gifts at the fair :
My mother look'd cross, and cry'd, Fanny, beware !
But d'ye think I regard her ? Not I, I declare.

And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,
And Willy's, &c.

Beneath a tall beech, and reclin'd on his crook,
I saw my young shepherd ; how sweet was his look !
He ask'd for one kiss, but an hundred he took.

And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,
And Willy's, &c.

Then

Then what can I do, O instruct me, ye maids,
 When a lover so kindly, so warmly invades,
 Whose silence as much as his language persuades.
 And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,
 And Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

S O N G CCCXLIV.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

WHEN the nymphs were contending for
 beauty and fame,
 Bright Sylvia stood foremost in right of her claim;
 And, to crown the high transports dear conquest
 excites,

At court she was envy'd, and toasted at White's,
 At court she was envy'd, and toasted at White's.

But how shall I whisper this fair one's sad case?
 A cruel disease has destroy'd her sweet face;
 Her vermilion is chang'd to a dull settled red,
 And all the gay graces of beauty are fled,
 And all, &c.

Take heed, all ye fair, lest you triumph in vain;
 For Sylvia, tho' alter'd from pretty to plain,
 Is now more engaging, since reason took place,
 Than when she possess the perfections of face,
 Than when, &c.

Convinc'd, she no more can coquette it, and tease,
 Instead of tormenting, she studies to please;
 Makes truth and discretion the guide of her life;
 Tho' spoil'd for a toast, she's well form'd for a wife,
 Tho' spoil'd for a toast, she's well form'd for a wife.

S O N G

S O N G CCCXLV.

Sung by Mr. LOWE. Set by Mr. Howard.

THE new-flown birds the shepherds sing,
And welcome in the May ;

Come, Pastorella, now the spring
Makes ev'ry landskip gay :
Wide-spreading trees their leafy shade
O'er half the plain extend,
Or, in reflecting fountains play'd,
Their quiv'ring branches bend ;
Or, in reflecting fountains play'd,
Their quiv'ring branches bend.

Come, taste the season in its prime,
And bless the rising year ;
Oh ! how my soul grows sick of time,
'Till thou, my love, appear !
Then shall I pass the gladsome day,
Warm in thy beauty's shine,
When thy dear flock shall feed and play,
And intermix with mine,
When thy dear flock shall feed and play,
And intermix, &c.

For thee, of doves a milk-white pair
In silken bands I hold ;
For thee a firstling lambkin fair
I keep within the fold :
If milk-white doves acceptance meet,
Or tender lambkins please,
My spotless heart, without deceit,
Be offer'd up with these ;
My spotless heart, without deceit,
Be offer'd up with these.

S O N G CCCXLVI.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

HOW blest has my time been ! what days have
 I known,
 Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own !
 So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
 That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain,
 That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines, as often we stray,
 Around us, our boys and girls frolic and play ;
 How pleasing their sport is, the wanton ones see,
 And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me,
 And borrow, &c.

To try her sweet temper oft'times am I seen
 In revels all day with the nymphs of the green ;
 Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
 And meets me at night with compliance and smiles,
 And meets, &c.

What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
 Her ease and good-humour bloom all the year
 through :
 Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
 And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth,
 And gives, &c.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to insuare,
 And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair ;
 In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam !
 To hold it for life, you must find it at home ;
 To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

S O N G CCCXLVII.

Set by Dr. Arne.

SYLVIA, wilt thou waste thy prime,
 Stranger to the joys of love?
 Thou hast youth, and that's the time
 Ev'ry minute to improve:
 Round thee wilt thou never hear
 Little wanton girls and boys
 Sweetly founding in thy ear,
 Sweetly founding in thy ear,
 Infant's prate and mother's joys?

Only view that little dove,
 Softly cooing to his mate;
 As a farther proof of love,
 See her for his kisses wait:
 Hark! that charming nightingale,
 As he flies from spray to spray,
 Sweetly tunes an am'rous tale,
 Sweetly tunes, &c.
 I love, I love, he strives to say.

Could I to thy soul reveal
 But the least, the thousandth part
 Of those pleasures lovers feel
 In a mutual change of heart;
 Then, repenting, wouldst thou say,
 Virgin fears, from hence remove,
 All the time is thrown away,
 All the time is thrown away,
 That we do not spend in love.

S O N G

SONG CCCXLVIII.

LOVE in LOW LIFE.

YOUNG Jockey he courted sweet Moggy so fair;
 The lass she was lovely, the swain debonair:
 They hugg'd, and they cuddled, and talk'd with
 their eyes,
 And look'd, as all lovers do, wonderful wise.

A fortnight was spent ere dear Moggy came to;
 (For maidens a decency keep when they woo:)
 At length she consented, and made him a vow;
 And Jockey he gave, for a jointure, his cow.

They pannell'd their dobbins, and rode to the fair,
 Still kissing and fondling until they came there:
 They call'd on the parson, and by him were wed;
 And Moggy she took her dear Jockey to bed.

They staid there a week, as the neighbours all say;
 And none were so happy, and gamesome, as they:
 Then home they return'd, but return'd most unkind;
 For Jockey rode on, and left Moggy behind.

Surpriz'd at this treatment, she cried, Gaffer Jock,
 Pray what is the reason that Moggy you mock?
 Quoth he, Goose, come on! why you now are my
 bride;

And when volk are wed, they set fooling aside.

He took home his Moggy, good conduct to learn,
 Who brush'd up the house, while he thatch'd the
 old barn;

They laid in a stock for the cares that ensue,
 And now live as man and wife usually do.

S O N G CCCXLIX.

Sung by Mrs. CLIVE, in As you like it.

WHEN daisies py'd, and vi'lets blue,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
Do paint the meadows with delight ;
The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,
Mocks marry'd men ; for thus sings he :
Cuckow ! Cuckow ! oh ! word of fear,
Unpleasing to a marry'd ear,
Unpleasing to a marry'd ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks ;
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks ;
The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,
Mocks marry'd men ; for thus sings he :
Cuckow ! Cuckow ! oh ! word of fear,
Unpleasing to a marry'd ear,
Unpleasing to a marry'd ear.

S O N G CCCL.

Sung by Mrs. CLIVE, in The Miser.

HOW brim-full of nothing's the life of a beau !
They've nothing to think of, they've nothing
to do ;
And nothing to talk of, for nothing they know :
Such, such, is the life of a beau,
Such, such, is the life of a beau.

For

For nothing they rise, but to draw the fresh air ;
 Spend the morning in nothing, but curling their hair ;
 And do nothing all day, but sing, faunter and stare :
 Such, such, is the life of a beau,
 Such, such, is the life of a beau.

For nothing, at night, to the play-house they croud ;
 To mind nothing done there, they always are proud ;
 But to bow, and to grin, and talk *nothing* aloud :
 Such, such, is the life of a beau,
 Such, such, is the life of a beau.

For nothing they run to th' assembly and ball ;
 And for nothing, at cards, a fair partner they call ;
 For they still must be basted, who've nothing at all :
 Such, such, is the life of a beau,
 Such, such, is the life of a beau.

For nothing, on Sundays, at church they appear ;
 They have nothing to hope for, and nothing to fear :
 They can be nothing no where, who nothing are here.
 Such, such, is the life of a beau,
 Such, such, is the life of a beau.



S O N G CCCLI.

JOCKEY and JENNY. *A Dialogue.*

She.

STERN winter has left us, the trees are in bloom,
 And cowslips and vi'lets the meadows perfume ;
 While kids are disporting, and birds fill the spray,
 I wait for my Jockey to hail the new May,
 I wait for my Jockey to hail the new May.

He.

Among the young lilies, my Jenny, I've stray'd ;
 Pinks, daisies, and woodbines, I bring to my maid ;
 Here's

Here's thyme sweetly smelling, and lavender gay,
A posy to form for my queen of the May,
A posy to form, &c.

She.

Ah! Jockey, I fear you intend to beguile :
When seated with Molly last night on a stile,
You swore that you'd love her for ever and ay,
Forgetting poor Jenny, your queen of the May,
Forgetting poor Jenny, &c.

He.

Young Willy is handsome, in shepherd's green dress,
He gave you those ribbands that hang at your breast,
Besides three sweet kisses upon the new hay :
Was that done like Jenny, my queen of the May ?
Was that done like Jenny, &c.

She.

This garland of roses no longer I prize,
Since Jockey, false-hearted, his passion denies :
Ye flowers so blooming, this instant decay,
For Jenny's no longer the queen of the May,
For Jenny's no longer, &c.

He.

Believe me, dear maiden, your lover you wrong ;
Your name is for ever the theme of my song :
From the dews of pale eve to the dawning of day
I sing but of Jenny, my queen of the May,
I sing but of Jenny, &c.

She.

Again balmy comfort with transport I view ;
My fears are all vanish'd, since Jockey is true :
Then to our blithe shepherds the news I'll convey,
That Jenny alone you've crown'd queen of the May,
That Jenny, &c.

N

He.

He.

Of ev'ry degree, ye young lovers, draw near;
 Avoid all suspicion, whate'er may appear;
 Believe not your eyes, if your peace they'd betray:
 Then come, my dear Jenny, and hail the new May,
 Then come, my dear, &c.

Both.

Of ev'ry degree, ye young lovers, draw near;
 Avoid all suspicion, whate'er may appear;
 Believe not your eyes, if your peace they'd betray:
 Then come, my dear Jockey, and hail the new May,
 Then come, my dear Jenny, and hail the new May.

S O N G CCCLII.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in The Maid of the Mill.

HARK! 'tis I, your own true lover,
 After walking three long miles;
 One kind look at least discover,
 Come and speak a word to Giles.
 You alone my heart I fix on,
 Ah, you little cunning vixen!
 I can see your roguish smiles.

Adds! my mind is so possess'd,
 'Till we're sped I shan't have rest;
 Only say the thing's a bargain,
 Here an you like it,
 Ready to strike it,
 There's at once an end of arguing:
 I am hers, she is mine;
 Thus we seal, and thus we sign.

S O N G

S O N G CCCLIII.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in The Maid of the Mill.

WHEN a maid, in way of marriage,
First is courted by a man,
Let 'un do the best he can,
She's so shame-fac'd in her carriage,
'Tis with pain the suit's began.

Tho'f mayhap she likes him mainly,
Still she shams it coy and cold ;
Fearing to confess it plainly,
Lest the folks should think her bold.

But the parson comes in sight,
Gives the word to bill and coo ;
'Tis a different story quite,
And she quickly buckles to.

S O N G CCCLIV.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Worgan.

NO Shepherd was like Strephon gay,
No swain to me so dear ;
'Twas rapture all the live-long day
His song, his pipe, to hear,
His song, his pipe, to hear :
Yet when he sigh'd, and talk'd of love,
His passion I'd forbid ;
For what I felt to hide I strove ;
Upon my word I did,
Upon my word I did.
The spring, when nature wakes to youth,
And looks all life and joy,
The summer's sun, saw Strephon's truth,
Saw Chloe still was coy,
Saw Chloe, &c.

At length he vow'd, Thou cruel fair,
 Disdain my heart has freed :
 He spoke, and left me in despair ;
 Upon my word he did,
 Upon, &c.

How sad, how penitent was I !
 My pride has caus'd my pain :
 From morn to eve I us'd to sigh,
 Oh! Strephon, come again,
 Oh! Strephon, &c.

It chanc'd, he sought a tender lamb,
 That in the grove lay hid ;
 When, thoughtless, there I breath'd his name ;
 Upon my word I did,
 Upon, &c.

Surpris'd, my well-known voice to hear,
 In sounds of soft delight,
 With eager steps the youth drew near,
 And met my raptur'd sight,
 And met, &c.

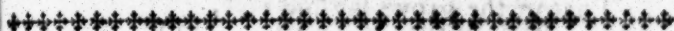
No pow'r had I, all art was vain,
 Of Strephon to get rid ;
 My panting heart confess'd the swain ;
 Upon my word it did,
 Upon, &c.

O nymph, he cry'd, whose eyes to meet,
 My soul with joy o'erflows !
 The bee, that roves from sweet to sweet,
 Like me, prefers the rose,
 Like me, &c.

Ye maids, with whom I've tripp'd the green,
 Let other youths succeed ;
 My Chloë welcom'd me again ;
 Upon my word she did,
 Upon, &c.

While

While blushes crimson'd o'er my cheek,
 My hand with warmth he prest;
 Oh! speak, he sigh'd, my Chloe, speak,
 Shall Strephon now be blest?
 Shall Strephon now be blest?
 Ah! who that lov'd so well, so long,
 The shepherd could have chid?
 Perhaps you think I held my tongue;
 Upon my word I did,
 Upon my word I did.



S O N G CCCLV.

Set by Mr. Howard.

WHY heaves my fond bosom? ah! what can
 it mean?

Why flutters my heart that was once so serene?
 Why this sighing and trembling when Daphne is near;
 Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear?
 Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear?

Methinks I for ever with wonder could trace
 The thousand soft charms that embellish thy face:
 Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find;
 With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy
 mind,
 With thy face, &c.

Untainted with folly, unfully'd by pride,
 There native good-humour and virtue reside:
 Pray heaven that virtue thy soul may supply
 With compassion for him who without thee must die,
 With compassion for him who without thee must die.

SONG CCCLVI.

Sung by Mr. SHUTER, in The Maid of the Mill.

YOU vile pack of vagabonds! what do ye mean?
 I'll maul you, rascallions,
 Ye tatter demallions—
 If one of them comes within reach of my cane.
 Such cursed assurance,
 'Tis past all endurance.
 Nay, nay, pray come away.
 They're lyars and thieves,
 And he that believes
 Their foolish predictions
 Will find them but fictions,
 A bubble that always deceives.



SONG CCCLVII.

Sung by Miss HALLAM, in The Maid of the Mill.

HIST, hift! I hear my mother call!
 Pr'ythee be gone,
 We'll meet anon.—
 Catch this, and this—
 Blow me a kifs,
 In pledge-promis'd truth, that's all.
 Farewell!—and yet a moment stay,
 Something beside I have to say;
 Well, 'tis forgot;—
 No matter what.
 Love grant us grace,
 The mill's the place.
 She calls again, I must away.

S O N G CCCLVIII.

Sung by Mr MATTOCKS, Miss HALLAM, Mr. SHUTER, Miss BRENT, and Mr. BEARD, in The Maid of the Mill.

Mr. Mattocks.

YIELD who will, to forms a martyr,
While, unaw'd by idle shame,
Pride for happiness I barter,
Heedless of the millions' blame.
Thus with love my arms I quarter:
Women graced in nature's frame,
Ev'ry privilege, by charter,
Have a right from man to claim.

Miss Hallam.

Eas'd of doubts and fears presaging,
What new joys within me rise,
While Mamma, her frowns assuaging,
Dares no longer tyrannize!
So, long storms and tempests raging,
When the blust'ring fury dies,
Ah, how lovely, how engaging,
Prospects fair, and cloudless skies!

Mr. Shuter.

Dad! but this is wond'rous pretty,
Singing each a round-de-lay;
And I'll mingle in the ditty,
Tho' I scarce know what to say.
There's a daughter brisk and witty,
Here's a wife can wisely sway;
Trust me, masters, 'twere a pity
Not to let them have their way.

Miss Brent.

My example is a rare one,
 But the cause may be divin'd;
 Women want not merit — dare one
 Hope discerning men to find?
 O may each accomplish'd fair one,
 Bright in person, sage in mind,
 Viewing my good fortune, share one
 Full as splendid, and as kind.

Mr. Beard.

Laugh'd at, slighted, circumvented,
 And expos'd for folks to see't;
 'Tis as thof a man repented
 For his follies in a sheet.
 But my wrongs go unres. nted,
 Since the Fates have thought them meet;
 This good company contented,
 All my wishes are complete.



SONG CCCLIX.

MYRTILLA.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Howard.

YE chearful virgins, have ye seen
 My fair Myrtilla pass the green,
 To rose or jess'mine bow'r?
 To rose or jess'mine bow'r?
 Where does she seek the woodbine shade?
 For sure ye know the blooming maid;
 Sweet as the May-born flow'r,
 Sweet as the May-born flow'r.

Her cheeks are like the maiden rose
 Join'd with the lily as it grows,
 Where each in sweetness vie,
 Where each in sweetness vie.
 Like dew-drops glitt'ring in the morn,
 When Phœbus gilds the flow'ring thorn,
 Health sparkles in her eye,
 Health sparkles in her eye.

Her song is like the linnet's lay,
 That warbles chearful on the spray,
 To hail the vernal beam,
 To hail the vernal beam.
 Her heart is blither than her song ;
 Her passions gently move along,
 Like the smooth-gliding stream,
 Like the smooth-gliding stream.



S O N G CCCLX.

The COUNTRY WEDDING.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Howard.

WELL met. pretty nymphs, says a jolly young
 swain,

To a lovely young shepherdess crossing the plain ;
 Why so much in haste ? (now the month it was May)
 Shall I venture to ask you, fair maiden, which way ?
 Then straight to this question the nymph did reply,
 With a smile on her look, and a leer on her eye,
 I came from the village, and homeward I go ;
 And now, gentle shepherd, pray why would you know ?

I hope, pretty maid, you won't take it amiss,
 If I tell you the reason of asking you this ;

N 5.

I would.

I would see you safe home, (the swain was in love)
 Of such a companion if you would approve :
 Your offer, kind shepherd, is civil, I own,
 But see no great danger in going alone ;
 Nor yet can I hinder, the road being free
 For one as another, for you as for me.

No danger in going alone, it is true,
 But yet a companion is pleasanter too ;
 And if you could like (now the swain he took heart)
 Such a sweetheart as me, we never would part :
 Oh ! that's a long word, said the shepherdess then ;
 I've often heard say, there's no minding you men :
 You'll say and unsay, and you'll flatter, 'tis true ;
 Then leave a young maiden, the first thing you do.

Oh ! judge not so harshly, the shepherd reply'd ;
 To prove what I say, I will make you my bride ;
 To-morrow the parson (well said, little swain)
 Shall join both our hands, and make one of us twain :
 Then what the nymph answer'd to this is not said ;
 The very next morn to be sure they were wed :
 Sing hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle down ;
 Now when shall we see such a wedding in town ?

S O N G CCCLXI.

The A D V I C E.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Howard.

YE nymphs, who to the throne of love
 With hearts submissive bow ;
 Who hope the mutual bliss to prove,
 That crowns the nuptial vow,
 That crowns the nuptial vow ;

Thro'

Thro' caution's glass, by reason lent,
 Oh! view your lovers clearly,
 Nor think to wed, till that present
 The man that loves you dearly;
 Nor think to wed, till that present
 The man that loves you dearly,
 The man that loves you dearly.

Still blind to wisdom's ray, the rake
 No social bliss allows;
 And he who long has rov'd, must make
 A good-for-nothing spouse,
 A good-for-nothing spouse.
 Nor trust the sop, tho' piteous sighs
 Proclaim you've touch'd him clearly;
 His own sweet charms too much he'll prize,
 Nor can he love you dearly;
 His own, &c.

But when, with ev'ry manly grace,
 A youth of soul refin'd,
 Who doating on your form and face,
 Thinks brighter still your mind,
 Thinks brighter still your mind;
 When such shall for the favour sue,
 Oh! yield your hand sincerely,
 And you'll love him, and he'll love you,
 To life's last moment, dearly;
 And you'll love him, and he'll love you,
 To life's last moment, dearly,
 To life's last moment, dearly.

SONG CCCLXII.

The RESOLUTION.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Howard.

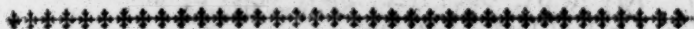
CEASE, Cupid, cease thy fond alarms,
 For I am safe from future harms;
 My heart, once free, shall ne'er again
 Or feel love's pleasure,
 Or feel love's pleasure, or its pain:
 No; from this day, this very hour,
 I turn a rebel to thy pow'r;
 Since truth and honour cannot move,
 What, what have I to do with love?
 What, what have I to do with love?

A nymph more fair I ne'er shall find
 Than lovely, faithless Rosalind:
 Beware, ye swains, nor trust your eyes;
 The wretch who gazes, surely dies:
 No swain could vie in bliss with me;
 No nymph e'er seem'd more fond than she,
 Who vow'd by each dread pow'r above;
 Then what had I to do, but love?
 Then what, &c.

But when she found I hugg'd my chain,
 Nor wish'd for liberty again,
 She bid me all my hopes give o'er,
 And think of her and love no more:
 Say then, if she no longer deign
 To hear my vows, or soothe my pain;
 If she no more my verse approve,
 What, what have I to do with love?
 What, what, &c.

Henceforth adieu, ye treach'rous fair;
 To scenes far distant I'll repair;

In desert plains, and forests rude,
I'll court my mistress, Solitude :
No more shall faithless woman's art
Insnare my fond believing heart ;
Like Nature's son, at large I'll rove,
And have no more to do with love,
And have no more to do with love.



S O N G CCCLXIII.

CHARMING BESSY.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Howard.

ASSIST me, all ye tuneful nine,
With numbers soft and witty ;
To Bessy I inscribe the line,
Then raise my humble ditty :
To Bessy I inscribe the line,
Then raise my humble ditty.
Catch, catch, ye groves, the am'rous song ;
And, as ye waft the sound along,
Attend, ye list'ning sylvan throng,
To praise my charming Bessy,
My lovely, charming Bessy.

Let others sing the cruel fair,
Who glories in undoing,
And proudly bids the wretch despair,
Rejoicing in his ruin,
And proudly, &c.
Such haughty tyrants I detest ;
And let me scorn them, while I rest
Upon thy gently-swelling breast,
My lovely, charming Bessy,
My lovely, &c.

The rose I'll pluck to deck her head,

The violet and the pansy :

The cowslip too shall quit the mead,

To aid my am'rous fancy ;

The cowslip, &c.

Ye fragrant sisters of the spring,

Who shed your sweets on Zephyr's wing,

Around my fair your odours fling,

Around my charming Bessy,

Around, &c.

When ev'ning dapples o'er the skies,

The sun no longer burning,

Methinks I see before my eyes

Thy well-known form returning.

On hill or dale, by wood or stream,

Thou art alone my constant theme,

My waking wish, my morning dream,

Thou lovely, charming Bessy,

Thou lovely, charming Bessy.



SONG CCCLXIV.

The QUEEN of MAY.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Howard.

EV'RY nymph and shepherd, bring

Tributes to the queen of May ;

Rifle for her brows the spring ;

Make her as the season gay,

Make her as the season gay.

Teach her then, from ev'ry flow'r,

How to use the fleeting hour ;

Teach her then, from ev'ry flow'r,

How to use the fleeting hour,

How to use the fleeting hour.

Now

Now the fair Narcissus blows,
 With his sweetness now delights ;
 By his side, the maiden rose
 With her artless blush invites,
 With her, &c.

Such, so fragrant, and so gay,
 Is the blooming queen of May ;
 Such, so fragrant, &c.

Soon the fair Narcissus dies,
 Soon he droops his languid head ;
 From the rose her purple flies,
 None inviting to her bed,
 None, &c.

Such, tho' now so sweet and gay,
 Soon shall be the queen of May ;
 Such, tho' now, &c.

Tho' thou art a rural queen,
 By the suffrage of the swains,
 Beauty, like the vernal green,
 In thy shrine not long remains,
 In thy shrine not long remains.
 Bless, then, quickly bless the youth,
 Who deserves thy love and truth ;
 Bless, then, quickly, bless the youth,
 Who deserves thy love and truth,
 Who deserves thy love and truth.



S O N G CCCLXV.

A M A N D A.

Sung at Ranelagh. . Set by Mr. Howard.

BY the dew-besprinkled rose ;
 By the blackbird piping clear ;
 By the western gale, that blows
 Fragrance on the vernal year ;

Hear,

Hear, Amanda, hear thy swain,
Nor let him longer sigh in vain :
Hear, Amanda, hear thy swain,
Nor let him longer sigh in vain.

By the cowslip, clad in gold ;
By the silver lily's light ;
By those meads, where you behold
Nature rob'd in green and white ;
Hear, Amanda, hear thy swain,
And to his sighs, oh ! sigh again :
Hear, &c.

By the riv'let's rambling race ;
By the music that it makes ;
By bright Sol's inverted face,
Who for the stream his sky forsakes ;
Hear, Amanda, hear thy swain,
And into joy convert his pain :
Hear, Amanda, hear thy swain,
And into joy convert his pain.



S O N G CCCLXVI.

PHILANDER and SYLVIA.

A Pastoral Dialogue.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Howard.

Phil. **W**HILE blossoms deck each verdant
spray,
And Flora breathes the sweets of May,
I'll leave my flock to frolic free,
And tune my pipe alone for thee,
And tune my pipe alone for thee.

Sylvia. What if thy flock should leave the plain,
While Tray is sleeping by my swain?

Would'f

Or, ENGLISH SYREN. 281

Would'st thou not think the minutes dear,
And rail at me that kept thee here?
And rail, &c.

Phil. First shall the lark forget his note,
The linnet stop his liquid throat.

Sylvia. So oft you game, some shepherds say,
And only jest, when you betray,
And only, &c.

Deck but your song with truth alone,
My virgin heart shall be your own.

Phil. The turtle shall forsake his love,
Ere I to thee inconstant prove,
Ere I, &c.

Both. When beauty opens all her charms,
And honour flies to beauty's arms,
Sweet peace and love take up their crown,
And virtue then ascends her throne,
And virtue then ascends her throne.



S O N G CCCLXVII.

COLIN and PHOEBE.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Howard.

WHERE the jessamine sweetens the bow'r,
And cowslips adorn the gay green,
The roses, refresh'd by the show'r,
Contribute to brighten the scene;
The roses, refresh'd by the show'r,
Contribute to brighten the scene.
In a cottage, retir'd, there live
Young Colin, and Phoebe the fair;
The blessings each other receive,
In mutual enjoyments they share;

The

The blessings each other receive,
 In mutual enjoyments they share.
 And the lads and the lasses that dwell on the plain,
 Sing in praise of fair Phœbe, and Colin her swain.

The sweets of contentment supply
 The splendor and grandeur of pride;
 No wants can the shepherd annoy,
 While blest with his beautiful bride;
 No wants, &c.

He wishes no greater delight
 Than to tend on his lambkins by day,
 And return to his Phœbe at night,
 His innocent toil to repay;
 And return, &c.

And the lads tell the lasses, in hopes to prevail,
 They're as constant as Colin, who lives in the dale.

If delighted her lover appears,
 The fair one partakes of his bliss:
 If dejected, she soothes all his cares,
 And heals all his pains with a kiss;
 If dejected, &c.

She despises the artful deceit,
 That is practis'd in city and court;
 Thinks happiness no where complete,
 But where shepherds and nymphs do resort;
 Thinks happiness, &c.

And the lads tell the lasses they die in despair,
 Unless they're as kind as Phœbe the fair.

Ye youths, who're accusom'd to rove,
 And each innocent fair one betray,
 No longer be faithless in love,
 The dictates of honour obey;
 No longer be faithless in love,
 The dictates of honour obey:

Ye nymphs, who with beauty are blest,
 With virtue improve ev'ry grace ;
 The charms of the mind, when possest,
 Will dignify those of the face ;
 And, ye lads and ye lasses, whom Hymen has join'd,
 Like Colin, be constant, like Phœbe, be kind.



S O N G CCCLXVIII.

A Pastoral Dialogue. Sung at Vauxhall.

He. **H**ASTE, haste, Phillis, haste, 'tis the first
 of the May !
 Hark, the goldfinches sing, to the wood let's
 away ;
 We'll pluck the pale primrose ; nay, start not
 my dear,
 I've something to whisper alone in your ear,
 I've something to whisper alone in your ear.

She. Excuse me, fond swain, it has often been said,
 The wood is unsafe for a maiden to tread ;
 And a wither'd old gypsey, one day I espy'd,
 Bid me shun the thick wood, and said some-
 thing beside,
 Bid me shun, &c.

He. 'Tis all a mere fable ; there's nothing to fright ;
 There's music all day, and no spectres at night :
 No creature but Cupid, believe me, is there,
 And Cupid's an urchin you surely can't fear,
 And Cupid's, &c.

She. For all I could say, when arriv'd at the wood,
 Who knows your design ? you may dare to be
 rude :

So

So I bid you farewell, and confess I'm afraid,
Lest Cupid and you be too hard for a maid,
Lest Cupid, &c.

He. His dictates you wisely at once should approve,
For pray what is life? it is pain without love:
Think how youth, like the rose, tho' ungather'd,
will fade;
Then quickly comply, lest you die an old maid,
Then quickly, &c.

She. By language as artful young Daphne was won;
Thus courted, she yielded, was trick'd, and un-
done;
And rather than trust the fine things you have
said,
Let my beauty decay, and I'll die an old maid,
Let my beauty, &c.

He. Believe not I'm faithless and false as the wind;
I'll be true as the turtle, as fond, and as kind;
Will lead you to pleasure untasted before,
And make you a bride; can a mortal do more?
And make you, &c.

She. Then at once I'll comply, for I cannot say no;
To-morrow to church with my shepherd I'll go;
To the wood next, tho' Cupid so talk'd of be
there,
With joy I'll away, and adieu to all fear,
With joy, &c.

Both. Ye nymphs, to the woods never venture to go;
Till the priest join your hands, you must answer
No, no:
Ye swains, should your fair ones be deaf to you
still,
You must wear the soft chain; then they'll go
where you will.
You must wear the soft chain; then they'll go
where you will.

SONG CCCLXIX.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Worgan.

AS on Tay's banks I wander'd in search of my
fair,
How smooth was the stream! and how soft was the
air!

To nothing but thee such a scene I compare;
And thee it resembles, dear Jenny.

The deep crystal wave was a type of thy face;
I thought it so clear it might serve for thy glass,
And the curls that were there for thy dimples might
pass:

I vow'd 'twas the picture of Jenny.

Methought I took in all the charms of thy mind,
To virtue, to love, and to pity inclin'd,
The tender soft passions that feel no rude wind;
For calm is the bosom of Jenny.

All pleas'd with the prospect, I wish'd the bright maid
Cou'd have seen her dear self in this mirror display'd;
'Twas like her when last the sweet girl I survey'd:
Like none it could be but my Jenny.

But sudden a tempest I ne'er saw before
Made the billows arise, and the waves foam and roar;
I thought that I scarcely was safe on the shore:
Ah, me! even then it was Jenny.

The same dreadful sight, when to spleen you're in-
clin'd,
When to me you are cross, and to others are kind:
But never, dear girl, raise this storm in your mind;
'Twill kill me, believe me, dear Jenny.

SONG

SONG CCCLXX.

*Sung by Mrs. CIBBER, in The Winter's Tale.**Set by Mr. Michael Arne.*

COME, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we
must shear;

In your holiday suits with your lasses appear:
The happiest of folks are the guileless and free;
And who are so guileless, so happy, as we?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught;
We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught:
What we think in our hearts you may read in our eyes,
For, knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led;
But we all the children of Nature are bred:
By her hands alone we are painted and drest,
For the roses will bloom when there's peace in the
breast.

The giant, Ambition, we never can dread;
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head;
Content and sweet chearfulness open your door;
They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.
When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal;
Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel;
So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.

SONG CCCLXXI.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

DEAR Chloe, whilst thus beyond measure
You treat me with doubts and disdain,
You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
And hoard up an old-age of pain:

Your

Your maxim, that love is still founded
 On charms that will quickly decay,
 You'll find to be very ill grounded,
 When once you its dictates obey.

The passion, from beauty first drawn,
 Your kindness will vastly improve ;
 Soft smiles and gay looks are the dawn,
 Fruition's the sun-shine of love :
 And tho' the bright beams of your eyes
 Should be clouded, that now are so gay,
 And darkness possess all the skies,
 We ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
 You've often regarded with wonder ;
 He's dropfical, she is fore-ey'd ;
 Yet they're ever uneasy asunder :
 Together they totter about,
 Or sit in the sun at the door,
 And at night, when old Darby's pot's out,
 His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

No beauty or wit they possess,
 Their several failings to smother ;
 Then what are the charms, can you guess,
 That make them so fond of each other ?
 'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
 The endearments that love did bestow ;
 The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
 The best of all blessings below.

Those traces for ever will last,
 Which sickness nor time can remove ;
 For when youth and beauty are past,
 And age brings the winter of love,

A friend-

A friendship insensibly grows,
 By reviews of such raptures as these;
 The current of fondness still flows,
 Which decrepid old-age cannot freeze.



SONG CCCLXXII.

Sung by Mr. LOWE, and Mrs. LAMPE.

NOW the happy knot is ty'd,
 Betsy is my charming bride,
 Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,
 Revel all without controul.
 Who so fair as lovely Bet!
 Who so blest'd as Colinet!
 Who so fair as lovely Bet!
 Who so blest'd as Colinet!

Now adieu to maiden arts,
 Angling for unguarded hearts;
 Welcome Hymen's lasting joys,
 Lispering wanton girls and boys,
 Girls as fair as lovely Bet,
 Boys as sweet as Colinet.

Tho' ripe sheaves of yellow corn,
 Now my plenteous barn adorn;
 Tho' I've deck'd my myrtle bow'rs
 With the fairest, sweetest flow'rs;
 Riper, fairer, sweeter yet,
 Are the charms of lovely Bet.

Tho' on Sundays I was seen
 Dress'd like any May-day queen;
 Tho' six sweethearts daily strove
 To deserve thy Betty's love,
 Them I quit without regret,
 All my joy's in Colinet.

Strike up then the rustic lay,
Crown with sports our bridal day ;
May each lad a mistress find,
Like my Betfy, fair and kind,
And each lass a husband get,
Fond and true as Colinet.

Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,
Revel all without controul :
May the sun ne'er rise or set,
But with joy to happy Bet,
And her faithful Colinet.

S O N G CCCLXXIII.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in The Fair Quaker of Deal.

HOW little do the landmen know
Of what we sailors feel,
When waves do mount, and winds do blow !
But we have hearts of steel.
No danger can affright us ;
No enemy shall flout :
We'll make the monsieurs right us :
So tofs the can about.

Stick stout to orders, messmates ;
We'll plunder, burn, and sink :
Then, France, have-at your first-rates ;
For Britons never shrink :
We rummage all we fancy ;
We'll bring them in by scores ;
And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,
Shall roll in louis-d'ors.

O

While

While here at Deal we're lying
 With our noble commodore,
 We'll spend our wages freely, boys,
 And then to sea for more.
 In peace we'll drink and sing, boys;
 In war we'll never fly:
 Here's a health to George our king, boys,
 And the royal family.

SONG CCCLXXIV.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Worgan.

TOO long a giddy wand'ring youth,
 From fair to fair I rov'd;
 To ev'ry nymph I vow'd my truth,
 Tho' all alike I lov'd:
 Yet, when the joy I wish'd was past,
 My truth appear'd a jest:
 But, trust me, I'm convinc'd at last
 That constancy is best,
 That constancy is best.

Like other fools, at female wiles
 'Twas my delight to rail;
 Their sighs, their vows, their tears, their smiles,
 Were false, I thought, and frail:
 But, by reflection's bright'ning pow'r,
 I see their worth confest;
 That man cannot enough adore,
 That constancy is best,
 That constancy is best.

The roving heart at beauty's sight
 May glow with fond desire;
 Yet, tho' possession yield delight,
 It damps the lawless fire:

But

But love's celestial faithful flames
Still catch from breast to breast ;
While ev'ry home-felt joy proclaims
That constancy is best,
That constancy is best.

No solid blifs from change results,
No real raptures flow ;
But, fix'd to one, the soul exults,
And tastes of heav'n below.
With love, on ev'ry gen'rous mind,
Is truth's fair form imprest ;
And reason dictates to mankind,
That constancy is best,
That constancy is best.

S O N G CCCLXXV.

The VINDICATION.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Worgan.

THE wicked wits, as fancy hits,
All satirize the fair ;
In prose and rhyme, in strains sublime,
Their foibles they declare :
The kind are bold, the chaste are cold ;
These prudish, those too free :
Ye curious men, come, tell us then,
What should a woman be ?
What should a woman be ?

But hard's the task, and vain to ask,
Where optics are untrue ;
The Muse shall here th' indicted clear,
And prove the crimes on you :

O all ye wits and sages **The**

The rake is cloy'd, when she's enjoy'd,
On whom his wish was plac'd ;
The fool, deny'd, affects the pride,
And rails, to be in taste,
And rails, &c.

But, not like these the men of bliss
Their sure criterion fix :
No : Wisdom cries, My sons, arise,
And vindicate the sex :
'Tis theirs to prove those sweets of love
Which others never share ;
And evidence, that none have sense
But who adore the fair,
But who, &c.

Ye blooming race, with ev'ry grace
Celestially impress,
'Tis yours to quell the cares that dwell
Within the human breast :
At beauty's voice our souls rejoice,
And rapture wakes to birth ;
And Jove design'd th' enchanting kind
To form an heav'n on earth,
To form, &c.

Oh! ev'ry art to win the heart,
Ye dear inspirers, try ;
Each native charm with fashion arm,
And let love's lightning fly :
And hence, ye grave, your counsels save,
Which youth but sets at nought ;
For woman still will have her will,
And so I think she ought,
And so I think she ought.

SONG CCCLXXVI.

Sung by Miss STEVENSON, at Vauxhall.

GAY Damon long study'd my heart to obtain.
The prettiest young shepherd that pipes on the plain;

I'd hear his soft tale, then declare 'twas amiss,
And I'd often say No, often say No, when I long'd
to say Yes.

And I'd often say No, often say No, when I long'd
to say Yes.

Last Valentine's day to our cottage he came,
And brought me two lambkins to witness his flame :
Oh! take these, he cry'd, thou, more fair than their
fleece ;

I could hardly say No, tho' ashamed to say Yes.
I could hardly, &c.

Soon after, one morning, we sat in the grove;
He press'd my hand hard, and in sighs breath'd his
love ;

Then tenderly ask'd, if I'd grant him a kiss ?
I design'd to've said No, but mistook, and said Yes.
I design'd, &c.

At this, with delight, his heart danc'd in his breast ;
Ye Gods, he cry'd, Chloe will now make me blest ;
Come, let's to the church, and share conjugal bliss :
To prevent being teaz'd, I was forc'd to say Yes.
To prevent, &c.

I ne'er was so pleas'd with a word in my life ;
I ne'er was so happy as since I'm a wife :
Then take, ye young damsels, my counsel in this,
You must all die old maids, if you will not say Yes ;
You must all die old maids, all die old maids, if you
will not say Yes.

THE BRENT;

SONG CCCLXXVII.

Set by Mr. Stanley.

DEFEND my heart, ye virgin pow'rs,
 From am'rous looks and smiles,
 And shield me, in my gayer hours,
 From love's destructive wiles :
 In vain let sighs and melting tears
 Employ their moving art,
 Nor may delusive oaths and pray'rs
 E'er triumph o'er my heart.

My calm content and virtuous joys
 May envy ne'er molest,
 Nor let ambitious thoughts arise
 Within my peaceful breast ;
 Yet may there such a decent state,
 Such unaffected pride,
 As love and awe at once create,
 My words and actions guide.

Let others, fond of empty praise,
 Each wanton art display,
 While fops and fools in raptures gaze,
 And sigh their souls away :
 Far other dictates I pursue,
 (My bliss in virtue plac'd)
 And seek to please the wiser few,
 Who real worth can taste.



SONG CCCLXXVIII.

The ROVER.

IN all the sex some charms I find ;
 I love to try all womankind,
 The fair, the smart, the witty,
 The fair, the smart, the witty.

In Cupid's fetters, most severe,
I languish'd out a long, long year,
The slave of wanton Kitty,
The slave of wanton Kitty.

At length I broke the galling chain,
And swore that love was endless pain,
One constant scene of folly,
One constant, &c.

I vow'd no more to wear the yoke ;
But soon I felt a second stroke,
And sigh'd for blue-ey'd Molly,
And sigh'd, &c.

With tresses next of flaxen hue,
Young Jenny did my soul subdue,
That lives in yonder valley,
That lives, &c.

Then Cupid threw another snare,
And caught me in the curling hair
Of little tempting Sally,
Of little, &c.

Adorn'd with charms, tho' blithe and young,
My roving heart from bondage sprung,
This heart of yielding mettle,
This heart of yielding mettle :
And now it wanders here and there,
By turns the prize of brown and fair,
But never more will settle,
But never more will settle.

SONG CCCLXXIX.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Worgan.

YOUNG Colin fought my heart to gain;
 The shepherd, lost in love,
 Each morning woo'd me on the plain,
 Each noon within the grove;
 Yet my denial still was this,
 Pshaw! Man, I can't endure you;
 And if he offer'd but to kiss,
 Such rudeness!—I'll assure you, I'll assure you,
 Such rudeness!—I'll assure you.

For twenty youths (not he alone)
 The am'rous flame confest;
 And, had I once been kind to one,
 I'm sure I'd lost the rest:
 Beside, he us'd no pretty arts,
 But sagely wou'd allure me;
 While others talk'd of flames and darts;
 'Twas pretty—I'll assure ye,
 'Twas pretty, &c.

My face, my form, were prais'd aloud;
 My wit new conquests hr'd;
 And 'twas enough to make one proud
 To be so much admir'd:
 At length, reflection shew'd the fate
 Such flatt'ry might procure me,
 And virtue warn'd to shun the bait,
 Nor vainly—I'll assure ye,
 Nor vainly, &c.

I bid the sighing train depart;
 This maxim pleas'd to prove,
 That flatt'ry fills the sensual heart,
 But truth the heart of love;

Young Colin, wont in vain to plead,
Of vanity to cure me,
Now woo'd again; and now indeed
I lov'd him—I'll assure ye,
I lov'd him, &c.

I blam'd myself, such scorn to bear
To merit now so clear:
By my example, learn, ye fair,
To prize the youth sincere:
We instant join'd the nuptial tie;
He raptur'd to ensure me;
And, trust me, damsels, when you try,
'Twill charm you—I'll assure ye,
'Twill charm you—I'll assure ye.



S O N G CCCLXXX.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Worgan.

THE sun in virgin lustre shone,
May morning put its beauties on,
The warblers sung in livelier strain,
And sweeter flow'rets deck'd the plain,
And sweeter flow'rets deck'd the plain,
When love, a soft intruding guest,
That long had dwelt in Damon's breast,
Now whisper'd to the nymph, Away,
For this is Nature's holiday,
For this is Nature's holiday.

The tender impulse wing'd his haste;
The painted mead he instant pass'd,
And soon the happy cot he gain'd,
Where Beauty slept, and Silence reign'd,
Where Beauty, &c.

Awake, my fair, the shepherd cries,
 To new-born pleasure ope thine eyes :
 Arise, my Sylvia, hail the May ;
 For this is Nature's holiday,
 For this, &c.

Forth came the maid in beauty bright,
 As Phœbus in meridian light :
 Entranc'd in rapture, all confest,
 The shepherd clasp'd her to his breast,
 The shepherd, &c.

Then, gazing, with a speaking eye,
 He snatch'd a kiss, and heav'd a sigh,
 A melting sigh, that seem'd to say,
 Consider, youth's our holiday,
 Consider, &c.

Ah! soft, she said, for pity's sake ;
 What! kiss me ere I'm well awake !
 For this so early came you here ?
 And hail you thus the rising year ?
 And hail, &c.

Sweet innocence, oh, cease to chide !
 We'll haste to joy, the swain reply'd ;
 In Pleasure's flow'ry fields we'll stray,
 And this shall be Love's holiday,
 And this, &c.

A crimson glow warm'd o'er her cheek ;
 She look'd the thing she dar'd not speak :
 Consent own'd Nature's soft command,
 And Damon seiz'd her trembling hand,
 And Damon seiz'd her trembling hand.
 His dancing heart in transport play'd ;
 To church he led the blushing maid,
 Then bless'd the happy morn of May ;
 And now their life's all holiday,
 And now their life's all holiday.

SONG

SONG CCCLXXXI.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Worgan.

TIS a twelvemonth ago, nay, perhaps they
are twain,
Since Thyrsis neglected the nymphs of the plain,
And wou'd tempt me to walk the gay meadows along,
To hear a soft tale, or to sing him a song,
To hear a soft tale, or to sing him a song.

What at first was but friendship soon grew to a flame;
In my heart it was love, in the youth 'twas the same:
From each other our passion we sought not to hide;
But who shou'd love most was our contest and pride,
But who, &c.

But Prudence soon whisper'd us, "Love not too well,
" For Envy has eyes, and a tongue that will tell;
" And a flame, without Fortune's rich gifts on its
" side,
" The grave ones will scorn, and a mother must
" chide."
" The grave," &c.

Afraid of rebukes, he his visits forbore,
And we promis'd to think of each other no more,
Or to tarry, with patience, a season more kind:
So I put the dear shepherd quite out of my mind,
So I put, &c.

But love breaks the fences I vainly had made,
Grows deaf to all censure, and will be repaid:
If we sigh for each other, ah! quit not your care:
Condemn the god Cupid; but bless the fond pair,
Condemn the god Cupid; but bless the fond pair.

SONG CCCLXXXII.

Sung in the Opera of Eliza.

WHEN all the Attic fire was fled,
 And all the Roman virtue dead,
 Poor Freedom lost her seat,
 Poor Freedom lost her seat;
 The Gothic mantle spread a night,
 That damp'd fair Virtue's fading light;
 The Muses lost their mate,
 The Muses lost their mate.

Where should they wander? what new shore
 Had yet a laurel left in store?

To this blest isle they steer,
 To this blest isle they steer.

Soon the Parnassian choir was heard,
 Soon Virtue's sacred form appear'd,
 And Freedom soon was here,
 And Freedom soon was here.

The lazy monk has lost his cell,
 Religion rings her hallow'd bell,
 She calls thee now by me,
 She calls thee now by me.

Hark, hark, hark, her voice all plaintive sounds,
 See, see, see, she receives a thousand wounds,
 If shielded not by thee,
 If shielded not by thee.

SONG CCCLXXXIII.

An ADDRESS to the LADIES.

Sung at Ranelagh.

YE belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,
 Who trip in this frolicsome round,
 Pray tell me from whence this indecency springs,
 The sexes at once to confound?

What

What means the cock'd hat, and the masculine air,
 With each motion design'd to perplex?
 Bright eyes were intended to languish, not stare,
 And softness the test of your sex—dear girls,
 And softness the test of your sex.

The girl who on beauty depends for support
 May call ev'ry art to her aid;
 The bosom display'd, and the petticoat short,
 Are samples she gives of her trade:
 But you on whom Fortune indulgently smiles,
 And whom pride has preserv'd from the snare,
 Shou'd slyly attack us with coyness and wiles,
 Not with open and insolent air—brave girls,
 Not with, &c.

The Venus, whose statue delights all mankind,
 Shrinks modestly back from the view,
 And kindly shou'd seem by the artist design'd
 To serve as a model for you.
 Then learn, with her beauties, to copy her air;
 Nor venture too much to reveal:
 Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
 And double each charm you conceal—sweet girls,
 And double, &c.

The blushes of morn, and the mildness of May,
 Are charms which no art can procure:
 Oh! be but yourselves, and our homage we'll pay,
 And your empire is solid and sure:
 But if, Amazon-like, you attack your gallants,
 And put us in fear of our lives,
 You may do very well for sisters or aunts;
 Believe me, you'll never be wives—poor girls,
 Believe me, you'll never be wives.

SONG CCCLXXXIV.

I'LL sing of my lover all night and all day;
 He's ever good-natur'd, and frolic, and gay;
 His voice is as sweet as the nightingale's lay,
 And well on his bagpipe my shepherd can play;
 And a bonny young lad is my Jockey,
 And a bonny young lad is my Jockey.

He says that he loves me, I'm witty, and fair,
 And praises my eyes, and my lips, and my hair;
 Rose, vi'let, nor lily, with me can compare:
 If this be to flatter, 'tis pretty, I swear;
 And a bonny, &c.

He kneel'd at my feet, and with many a sigh,
 He cry'd, Oh! my dear, will you never comply?
 If you mean to destroy me, why do it; I'll die:
 I trembled all over, and answer'd, Not I;
 And a bonny, &c.

Around the tall May-pole he dances so neat,
 And sonnets of love the dear boy can repeat;
 He's constant, he's valiant, he's wise and discreet;
 His looks are so kind, and his kisses so sweet;
 And a bonny, &c.

At eve, when the sun seeks repose in the west,
 And May's tuneful choirists all skim to their nest;
 When I meet on the green the dear boy I love best,
 My heart is just ready to burst from my breast;
 And a bonny, &c.

But see how the meadows are moisten'd with dew;
 Come, come, my dear shepherd, I wait but for you:
 We'll live for each other, both constant and true,
 And taste the soft raptures no mortal e'er knew:
 And a bonny young lad is my Jockey,
 And a bonny young lad is my Jockey.

SONG

SONG CCCLXXXV.

*Sung in The King and the Miller. The Words by
Mr. Doddsley.*

HOW happy a state does a miller possess,
Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be less !
On his mill and himself he depends for support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at court :
What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a beau :
A clown in his dress may be honest far
Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star,
Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen,
'The hands of his betters are not very clean ;
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal ;
Gold in handling will stick to the fingers, like meal :
What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs, without scruple, from other men's sacks ;
In this a right noble example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other men's bags,
Who borrow, &c.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
In this too he'd mimic the tools of the state,
Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
And all his concern's to bring grist to his mill :
He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lie ;
Then rises up chearful to work and to sing :
If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king ?
If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king ?

SONG CCCLXXXVI.

LOVE REWARDED.

WITH Phœbus I often arose,
 To feast on the charms of the spring,
 The fragrance to smell of the rose,
 Or listen to hear the birds sing:
 When linnets exalted their strains,
 The music enchanted my ear;
 My eyes too were blest'd on the plains
 With various sweet blooms of the year.

When Chloe shone smiling so gay,
 I there fix'd the scene of delight;
 My thoughts she engross'd all the day,
 I saw her in dreams all the night:
 Still musing on Chloe I walk'd,
 My harvest no more in my thought:
 Of nothing but Chloe I talk'd;
 Her smiles were the harvest I sought.

No longer the warblers could please;
 No longer the roses look'd gay;
 For music, and sweetness, and ease,
 Were lost, if my love was away:
 I run'd to her beauties my lays,
 I study'd each art that could move;
 She took the kind tribute of praise,
 And paid it with fondness and love.

SONG CCCLXXXVII.
 CONTENTMENT.

O True content! secure from harms,
 What's all the world without thy charms,
 Which still allure to rest?

Compar'd therewith, all earthly joys
Are empty, fading, trifling toys:
In thee mankind is blest.

Bereft of thee, no monarchs have
Such pleasure as the meanest slave,
To whom thou giv'st relief;
Tho' subjects shew profound respect,
Nor duty wilfully neglect,
Thy absence causes grief.

Come, then, thou pleasing beauty bright!
Reside with me both day and night,
Display thy lovely charms;
Be thou diffus'd within my breast,
And let me still securely rest
Infolded in thy arms.

Thro' all the various scenes of life,
Preserve me free from envious strife,
On heav'n still to rely
For true protecting aid; and when
Time terminates in death, oh! then
To thee, O heav'n! to fly.



SONG CCCLXXXVIII.

The INCURIOUS. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

GIVE me but a wife; I expect not to find
Each virtue and grace in one female combin'd:
No goddess for me; 'tis a woman I prize,
And he that seeks more is more curious than wise.

Be she young, she's not stubborn, but easy to mold;
Or she claims my respect, like a mother, if old:

Thus

Thus either can please me, since woman I prize,
And he that seeks more is more curious than wise.

Like Venus she ogles, if squinting her eye ;

If blind, she the roving of mine cannot spy :

Thus either is lovely ; for woman I prize,

And he that seeks more is more curious than wise.

If rich be my bride, she brings tokens of love ;

If poor, then the farther from pride my remove :

Thus either contents me ; for woman I prize,

And he that seeks more is more curious than wise.

I ne'er shall want converse, if tongue she possess ;

And if mute, still the rarity pleases no less :

I'm suited to either ; for woman I prize,

And he that seeks more is more curious than wise.

Then cease, ye profane, on the sex to descant ;

If you've wit to discern, of charms they've no want :

Each fair can make happy, if woman we prize,

And he that seeks more is more curious than wise.



S O N G CCCLXXXIX.

Set by Dr. Arne.

YOUNG Daphne was the prettiest maid

The eyes of love cou'd see ;

And but one fault the charmer had,

'Twas cruelty to me,

'Twas cruelty to me.

No swain that e'er the nymph ador'd

Was fonder, or was younger ;

Yet, when her pity I implor'd,

'Twas, Stay a little longer,

'Twas, &c.

It chanc'd I met the blooming fair,

One May morn, in the grove ;

When Cupid whisper'd in my ear,

Now, now's the time for love,

Now, &c.

I clasp'd

I clasp'd the maid ; it wak'd her pride :
 What ! did I mean to wrong her !
 Not so, my gentle dear, I cry'd ;
 But love will stay no longer,
 But love, &c.

Then, kneeling at her feet, I swore
 How much I lov'd, how well ;
 And that my heart, which beat for her,
 With her should ever dwell,
 With her, &c.

Consent flood speaking in the eye
 Of all my care's prolonger :
 Yet Daphne utter'd with a sigh,
 Oh ! stay a little longer,
 Oh ! stay, &c.

The conflict in her soul I saw
 'Twixt virtue and desire :
 Oh ! come, I cry'd, let Hymen's law
 Give sanction to love's fire,
 Give sanction, &c.

Ye lovers, guess how great my joy !
 Cou'd rapture well prove stronger ?
 When Virtue spoke, in Daphne's voice,
 You now—shall stay no longer,
 You now—shall stay no longer.



SONG CCCXC.

*Sung by Mrs. CLIVE, in the Farce of High Life
 below Stairs. Set by Mr. Battishill.*

COME here, fellow servants, and listen to me,
 I'll shew you how those of superior degree
 Are only dependents, no better than we,
 Are only dependents, no better than we.

Both

Both high and low in this do agree,
 'Tis here, fellow servant, and there, fellow servant,
 and all in a livery,
 'Tis here, fellow servant, and there, fellow servant,
 and all in a livery, all in a livery.

See yonder fine spark in embroidery dress,
 Who bows to the great, and, if they smile, is blest;
 What is he, i' faith, but a servant at best?

Cho. Both high, &c.

Nature made all alike, no distinction she craves,
 So we laugh at the great world, its fools and its
 knaves;
 For we are all servants, but they are all slaves,
 Both high, &c.

The fat shining glutton looks up to his shelf,
 The wrinkled lean miser bows down to his pelf,
 And the curl-pated bean is a slave to himself.
 Both high, &c.

The gay sparkling belle, who the whole town alarms,
 And with eyes, lips, and neck, sets the smarts all in
 arms,
 Is a vassal herself, a mere drudge to her charms.
 Both high, &c.

Then we'll drink like our betters, and laugh, sing,
 and love;
 And when sick of one place, to another we'll move,
 For with little and great, the best joy is to rove.

Both high and low in this do agree,
 'Tis here, fellow servant, and there, fellow servant,
 and all in a livery.
 'Tis here, fellow servant, and there, fellow servant,
 and all in a livery, all in a livery.

S O N G

SONG CCCXCI.

Sung in Eliza, an English Opera.

WITH swords on their thighs the bold yeomen are seen,

For their country they arm, their religion and queen.
How glorious their ardour to lay down their lives
In defence of their freedom, their children and wives!

Ye tyrants, ye know not what Liberty yields,
How she guards all our shores, and protects all our fields.

As Hebe she's fair, and as Hercules strong,
She's the queen of our mirth, and the joy of our song.

To Liberty raise up the high chearful strain,
Fill the goblets around to the lords of the main.
Eliza is queen, and her brave loyal band
Shall drive each invader far out of the land.



SONG CCCXCII.

To DELIA. *Set by Mr. Arne.*

SOFT pleasing pains, unknown before,
My beating bosom feels,
When I behold the blissful bow'r
Where dearest Delia dwells.

That way I daily drive my flock;

Ah! happy, happy vale!

There look, and wish; and while I look,

My sighs increase the gale,

My sighs increase the gale.

Sometimes

Sometimes at midnight I do stray .
 Beneath inclement skies,
 And there my true devotion pay
 To Delia's sleep-seal'd eyes :
 So pious pilgrims nightly roam,
 With tedious travel faint,
 To kiss alone the clay-cold tomb
 Of some lov'd fav'rite saint,
 Of some, &c.

O tell, ye shades, that fold my fair,
 And all my bliss contain,
 Ah! why should ye those blessings share,
 For which I sigh in vain ?
 But let me not at fate repine,
 And thus my grief impart :
 She's not your tenant ;— she is mine ;
 Her mansion is my heart,
 Her mansion is my heart.



S O N G CCCXCIII.

Sung by Mr. BEARD. Set by Dr. Arne.

COME, all you young lovers, who, wan with
 despair,
 Compose idle sonnets, and sigh for the fair ;
 Who puff up their pride by enchanting their charms,
 And tell them 'tis heaven to lie in their arms ;
 Be wise by example, take pattern by me ;
 For, let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free,
 By Jove I'll be free ;
 For, let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free.

Young Daphne I saw ; in the net I was caught ;
 I ly'd and I flatter'd, as custom had taught ;

I prefs'd

I prefs'd her to blifs, which she granted full soon ;
But the date of my passion expir'd with the moon.

She vow'd she was ruin'd : I said it might be ;
I'm sorry, my dear, but by Jove I'll be free,
By Jove I'll be free, &c.

The next was young Phillis as bright as the morn ;
The love that I proffer'd she treated with scorn :
I laugh'd at her folly, and told her my mind,
That none can be handsome but such as are kind.

Her pride and ill-nature were lost upon me,
For, in spite of fair faces, by Jove I'll be free,
By Jove I'll be free, &c.

Let others call marriage the harbour of joys ;
Calm peace I delight in, and fly from all noise :
Some chuse to be hamper'd ; ('tis sure a strange rage!)
And, like birds, they sing best when they're put in
a cage.

Confinement's the devil ; 'twas ne'er made for me ;
Let who will be bond-slaves, by Jove I'll be free,
By Jove I'll be free, &c.

Then let the brisk bumper run over the glass,
In a toast to the young and the beautiful lass,
Who, yielding and easy, prescribes no dull rule,
Nor thinks it a wonder a lover should cool :

Be wise by example, take pattern by me ;
For, let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free,
By Jove I'll be free ;

For, let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free.

SONG CCCXCIV.

An ODE to ECHO. *Set by Dr. Hayes.*

AIR.

DAUGHTER sweet of voice and air,
 Gentle Echo, haste thee here;
 From the vale, where all around
 Rocks to rocks return the sound;
 From the swelling surge that roars
 'Gainst the tempest-beaten shores;
 From the silent moss-grown cell,
 Haunt of warbling Philomel;
 Where, unseen of man, you lie,
 Queen of woodland harmony.

RECITATIVE.

Listen, nymph divine, and learn
 Strains to make Narcissus burn;
 Hark! the heav'nly song begins;
 Air, be still; breathe soft, ye winds;
 Peace, ye noisy feather'd choir,
 While Dione strikes the lyre.

AIR.

See, each eye, each ravish'd ear,
 Fix'd to gaze, and charm'd to hear;
 All around enchantment reigns,
 Such the magic of her strains;
 Strains which, if thou canst but learn,
 Soon will make Narcissus burn.

RECITATIVE.

Echo, should they fail to move
 His obdurate heart to love;
 Borrow, for she well can spare,
 Borrow her enchanting air.

AIR.

AIR.

Learn her ease, and elegance
Of motion, in the airy dance ;
Learn the grace with which she strays
Thro' the light fantastic maze :
Add a thousand charms untold,
Should Narcissus still be cold ;
Charms, the least of which would move
His obdurate heart to love.



S O N G CCCXCV.

JOHNNY and JENNY. *A Dialogue.*

Set by Dr. Boyce. The Words by Mr. Moore.

He. **L**ET rakes for pleasure range the town,
Or misers doat on golden guineas ;
Let plenty smile, or fortune frown ;
The sweets of love are mine and Jenny's,
Mine and Jenny's, mine and Jenny's ;
The sweets of love are mine and Jenny's.

She. Let wanton maids indulge desire ;
How soon the fleeting pleasure gone is !
The joys of virtue never tire,
And such shall still be mine and Johnny's,
Mine and Johnny's, &c.

He. Together let us sport and play,

She. And live in pleasure where no sin is :

He. The priest shall tie the knot to-day,

She. And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

{ She. Johnny Jenny's, Johnny Jenny's.

{ He. Jenny Johnny's, Jenny Johnny's.

{ She. And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

{ He. And wedlock's bands make Jenny Johnny's.

He. Let roving swains young hearts invade ;
 The pleasure ends in shame and folly ;
 So Willy woo'd, and then betray'd,
 The poor believing, simple Molly,
 Simple Molly, &c.

She. So Lucy lov'd, and lightly toy'd,
 And laugh'd at harmless maids who marry ;
 But now she finds her shepherd cloy'd,
 And chides too late her faithless Harry,
 Faithless Harry, &c.

He. But we'll together, &c.

She. And live in pleasure, &c.

He. By cooling streams our flocks we'll feed,
 And leave deceits for knaves and ninnies ;
 Or fondly stray where love shall lead,
 And every joy be mine and Jenny's,
 Mine and Jenny's, &c.

She. Let guilt the faithless bosom fright ;
 The constant heart is always bonny :
 Content and peace, and sweet delight,
 And love, shall live with me and Johnny,
 Me and Johnny, &c.

He. Together then we'll sport and play,

She. And live in pleasure where no sin is :

He. The priest shall tie the knot to-day,

She. And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

{ *She.* Johnny Jenny's, Johnny Jenny's.

{ *He.* Jenny Johnny's, Jenny Johnny's.

{ *She.* And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

{ *He.* And wedlock's bands make Jenny Johnny's.

SONG CCCXCVI.

Sung in the Entertainment of Harlequin Sorcerer.

COME Roger and Nell, come Simkin and Bell,
 Each lad with his lass hither come,
 With singing and dancing, in pleasure advancing,
 To celebrate harvest home:
 'Tis Ceres bids play, and keep holiday,
 To celebrate harvest home, harvest home,
 To celebrate harvest home.

Our labour is o'er, our barns in full store
 Now swell with rich gifts of the land;
 Let each man then take, for his prong and his rake,
 His can and his lass in his hand:
 For Ceres, &c.

No courtier can be so happy as we,
 In innocence, pastime, and mirth,
 While thus we carouse with our sweetheart or spouse,
 And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth,
 When Ceres bids play and keep holiday,
 To celebrate harvest home, harvest home,
 To celebrate harvest home.

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SONG CCCXCVII.

Set by Count de St. Germain.

O H! would'st thou know what sacred charms
 This destin'd heart of mine alarms,
 What kind of nymph the heav'n's decree,
 The maid that's made for love and me;
 Who joys to hear the sigh sincere,
 Who melts to see the tender tear,
 From each ungen'rous passion free;
 Be such the maid that's made for me.

Whose heart with gen'rous friendship glows,
 Who feels the blessings she bestows,
 Gentle to all, but kind to me;
 Be such the maid that's made for me.

Whose simple thoughts, devoid of art,
 Are all the natives of her heart;
 A gentle train from falshood free;
 Be such the maid that's made for me.

Avaunt! ye light coquettes, retire,
 Where flatt'ring fops around admire;
 Unmov'd your tinsel'd charms I see;
 More genuine beauties are for me.

S O N G CCCXCVIII.

CANTATA. *Set by Mr. Stanley.*

AIR.

WHO'LL buy a heart? Myrtilla cries,
 And throws around her wanton eyes;
 An easy shape, a graceful air,
 A face like lovely Hebe's fair;
 A pair of eyes, that wound at sight,
 And soil the di'mond's piercing light.

RECITATIVE.

Come hither, ye that long to prove
 The soul-enchanting joys of love;
 Quickly, quickly come; for he
 Buys, that bids the most for me.

AIR.

But let no fordid wretch presume,
 With even Cæsus' wealth to come;
 Nor vainly hope, for gems or gold
 Such charms as these can e'er be sold.
 So vile a change I scorn to make,
 For love's the only coin I take.

S O N G

SONG CCCXCIX.

CANTATA. *Set by Mr. Stanley.*

RECITATIVE.

AS in a pensive form Myrtilla sat,
Revolving on the will of Fate,
A sprightly youth, devoid of care,
Advanc'd, and thus address'd the fair.

AIR.

Thou vernal bloom of beauty's tree,
I'm come to buy a heart of thee :
With transport I receiv'd the tale,
That such a gem was up for sale.
Could I command the starry train,
For thee I'd give it back again ;
And if I could, to make thee mine,
The universe should all be thine.

Go hence, the maid with softness cries ;
Merit the best deserves the prize ;
The tale you've heard was falsely told ;
Myrtilla's heart can ne'er be fold.

SONG CCCC.

Sung in The Shepherd's Lottery.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

WHEN fairies dance round on the grass,
And revel to night's awful noon,
O say, will you meet me, sweet lass,
All by the clear light of the moon ?

My passion I seek not to screen ;

Then can I refuse you your boon ?

I'll meet you at twelve on the green,

All by the clear light of the moon.

I'll meet you at twelve on the green,

All by the clear light of the moon.

The nightingale perch'd on a thorn,

Then charms all the plains with his tune,

And glad of the absence of morn,

Salutes the pale light of the moon :

How sweet is the jessamine grove !

And sweet are the roses of June ;

But sweeter the language of love,

Breath'd forth by the light of the moon.

But sweeter, &c.

Too slow rolls the chariot of day,

Unwilling to grant me my boon :

Away, envious sunshine ! away,

Give place to the light of the moon :

But say, will you never deceive

The iafs whom you conquer'd too soon,

And leave a soft maiden to grieve

Alone by the light of the moon ?

And leave, &c.

The planets shall start from their spheres,

Ere I prove so fickle a loon ;

Believe me. I'll banish thy fears,

Dear maid, by the light of the moon :

Our loves when the shepherds shall view,

To us they their pipes shall attune,

While we our soft pleasures renew,

Each night by the light of the moon :

While we our soft pleasures renew,

Each night by the light of the moon.

S O N G C C C C I.

Written by William Whitehead, Esq; Poet Laureat.

Sung by Mr. BEARD.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
 And Celia has undone me;
 And yet, I swear, I can't tell how
 The pleasing plague stole on me:
 'Tis not her face that love creates,
 For there no Graces revel;
 'Tis not her shape, for there the Fates,
 'Tis not her shape, for there the Fates
 Have rather been uncivil,
 Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
 There's nothing more than common;
 And all her sense is only chat,
 Like any other woman:
 Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm;
 'Tis both, perhaps, or neither;
 In short, 'tis that provoking charm,
 In short, 'tis that provoking charm
 Of Celia all together,
 Of Celia all together.



S O N G C C C C II.

The Words by Mr. Garrick. Set by Mr. Howard.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,
 To hills and dales my passion tell,
 A flame which time can never quell,
 But burns for thee, my Peggy:

P 4

You,

You, greater bards, the lyre should hit ;
For say, what subject is more fit,
Than to record the sparkling wit
And bloom of lovely Peggy ?

The sun first rising in the morn,
That paints the dew-bespangled thorn,
Does not so much the day adorn,

As does my lovely Peggy :
And when in Thetis' lap to rest,
He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
He's not so beauteous as, undrest,
Appears my lovely Peggy.

When Zephyr on the vi'let blows,
Or breathes upon the damask rose,
It does not half the sweets disclose,

As does my lovely Peggy :
I stole a kiss the other day,
And (trust me) nought but truth I say,
The fragrance of the blooming May
Was not so sweet as Peggy.

Was she array'd in rustic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon the oaten reed,

To please my lovely Peggy :
With her a cottage would delight ;
All's happy when she's in my sight ;
But when she's gone, 'tis endless night,
All's dark without my Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r still rove,
And linnets warble thro' the grove,
Or stately swans the waters love,

So long shall I love Peggy :
And, when death, with his pointed dart,
Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
My words shall be when I depart,
Adieu, my lovely Peggy !

Or, ENGLISH SYREN. 321

S O N G CCCCIII.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in Thomas and Sally.

Set by Dr. Arne.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad ;
To horse, my brave boys, and away !
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay.
What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox !
O'er hills, and o'er valleys, he flies :
Then follow — we'll soon overtake him — Huzza !
The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
Like Bacchanals shouting and gay,
How sweet with a bottle and lass to refresh,
And lose the fatigues of the day !
With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy ;
Dull wisdom all happiness sours :
Since life is no more than a passage at best,
Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

+++++

S O N G CCCCIV.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Thomas and Sally.

Set by Dr. Arne.

MY former time, how brisk and gay !
So blithe was I as blithe could be ;
But now I'm sad, ah ! well-a-day ;
For my true love is gone to sea.

The lads pursue, I strive to shun,
Their wheedling arts are lost on me ;
For I, to death, shall love but one,
And he, alas ! is gone to sea.

As droop the flow'rs till light return,
 As mourns the dove its absent she;
 So will I droop, so will I mourn,
 Till my true love returns from sea.

SONG CCCC.V.

Sung by Miss POITIER, in Thomas and Sally.

Set by Dr. Arne.

THAT May-day of life is for pleasure,
 For singing, for dancing, and show;
 Then why will you waste such a treasure
 In sighing, and crying—Heigho?
 Let's copy the bird in the meadows;
 By her's tune your pipe when 'tis low:
 Fly round, and coquette it as she does,
 And never sit crying—Heigho!
 Though, when in the arms of a lover,
 It sometimes may happen, I know,
 That, ere all our toying is over,
 We cannot help crying—Heigho!
 In age ev'ry one a new part takes;
 I find to my sorrow 'tis so:
 When old, you may cry till your heart aches,
 And no one will mind you—Heigho!

SONG CCCC.VI.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Thomas and Sally.

Set by Dr. Arne.

WERE I as poor as wretch can be,
 As great as any monarch, he,
 Ere on such terms I'd mount his throne,
 I'd work my fingers to the bone.

Grant

Grant me, ye pow'rs, (I ask not wealth)
 Grant me but innocence and health;
 Ah! what is grandeur link'd to vice?
 'Tis only virtue gives it price.

S O N G CCCCVII.

Sung by Miss POITIER, in Thomas and Sally.

Set by Dr. Arne.

WHEN I was a young one, what girl was like
 me?

So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee;
 I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where-e'er
 A fiddle was heard,—to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say;
 'Twas, This, Sir—and That, Sir—but scarce ever
 Nay;

And, Sundays, dress'd out in my silks and my lace,
 I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband, poor man!
 Well rest him—We all are as good as we can;
 Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws,
 And jealous—tho' truly I gave him some cause.

He snubb'd me, and huff'd me, but let me alone;
 Egad! I've a tongue, and I paid him his own:
 Ye wives, take the hint, and when spouse is un-
 tow'rd,

Stand firm to your charter, and have the last word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe;
 I'm not what I was forty summers ago:
 This Time's a fore foe; there's no shunning his dart;
 However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown

Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum-chance;
 I still love a tune, though unable to dance;
 And, books of devotion laid by on my shelf,
 I teach that to others I once did myself.

SONG CCCCVIII.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in Thomas and Sally.

Set by Dr. Arne.

LIFE's a garden, rich in treasure,
 Bury'd like the seeds in earth:
 There lie joy, contentment, pleasure;
 But 'tis love must give them birth.

That warm sun its aid denying,
 We no happiness can taste;
 But in cold obstruction lying,
 Life is all one barren waste.

SONG CCCCIX.

Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, in Thomas and Sally.

Set by Dr. Arne.

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,
 From nymph to nymph, I strove in vain
 My wild desires to rally:
 But now they're of themselves come home,
 And, strange! no longer seek to roam;
 They center all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one! damps my joy,
 And cries, I court but to destroy:
 Can love with ruin tally?

By

By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
I would all deaths, all torments bear,
Rather than injure Sally.

Come then, oh come! thou sweeter far
Than jessamine and roses are,
Or lilies of the valley;
O follow love, and quit your fear,
He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
And make me blest in Sally.

S O N G CCCCX.

*Sung by Mr. MATTOCKS, and Miss BRENT, in
Thomas and Sally.*

Mr. Mattocks.

COME, come, my dear girl, I must not be deny'd;
Fine cloaths you shall flash in, and rant it away;
I'll give you this purse, and, hark you, beside
We'll kiss, and we'll toy, all the long summer's day.

Miss Brent.

Of kissing and toying you soon will be tir'd,
Should poor hapless Sally consent to be naught;
Besides, Sir, believe me, I scorn to be hir'd;
The heart's not worth gaining which is to be
bought.

Mr. Mattocks.

Fear not, my dear Sally, the world's busy tongue;
Soon above scandal my girl shall be put;
Then laugh, as you roll in your chariot along,
At draggle-tail Chastity walking on foot.

Miss Brent.

If only the fear of the world made me shy,
My coyness and modesty were but ill shown;
Their pardon 'twere easy with money to buy;
But how, tell me how, I could purchase my own.

Mr. Mattocks.

Leave morals to grey beards; those lips were design'd
For better employment——

Miss Brent.

————— I'll not be a whore!

Mr. Mattocks.

O fie, child!—love bids you be rich and be kind;

Miss Brent.

But virtue commands me, Be honest and poor.

S O N G CCCCXI.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, in Thomas and Sally.

Set by Dr. Arne.

FROM plowing the ocean, and threshing moun-
feer,

In Old England we're landed once more;
Your hands, my brave comrades, halloo, boys, what
cheer

For a sailor that's just come ashore?

Those hectoring blades thought to scare us, no doubt,
And to cut us and slash us—Morbliou!

But hold there—avaft—they were plaguily out;
We have slic'd them, and pepper'd them too.

Then courage, my hearts, your own consequence
know,

Yon invaders shall soon do you right;
The Lion may rouse, when he hears the cock Crow;
But should never be put in a fright.

You've

You've only to shun your nonsensical jars,
Your damn'd party and idle contest;
And let all your strife be, like us honest tars,
Who shall fight for his country best.

A seafaring spark if the maids can affect,
Bid the simpering gypsies look to't;
Sound bottoms they'll find us, in ev'ry respect,
And our pockets well laden to boot.

The landsmen, mayhap, in the way of discourse,
Have more art to persuade, and the like;
But 'ware those false colours – for better, for worse,
Is the bargain we're willing to strike.

Now long live the king! may he prosperous reign,
Of no power, no faction, afraid;
May Britain's proud flag still exult o'er the main,
At all points of the compass display'd!

No quicksands endanger, no storms overwhelm,
Steady, steady, and safe may she sail;
No ignorant pilots e'er sit at her helm,
Or her anchor of Liberty fail!

S O N G CCCCXII.

Sung by Miss POITIER, in Thomas and Sally.

Set by Dr. Arne.

ALL you who would wish to succeed with a lass,
Learn how the affair's to be done;
For, if you stand fooling, and shy, like an ass,
You'll lose her, as sure as a gun.

With whining, and sighing, and vows, and all that,
 As far as you please you may run;
 She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a pat,
 But jilt you, as sure as a gun.

To worship, and call her bright goddess, is fine!
 But, mark you the consequence, mun;
 The baggage will think herself really divine,
 And scorn you, as sure as a gun.

Then be with a maiden bold, frolic, and stout,
 And no opportunity shun;
 She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll cry out;
 But mum - she's as sure as a gun.

S O N G CCCCXIII.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in Thomas and Sally.

Set by Dr. Arne.

AUSPICIOUS spirits, guard my love,
 In time of danger near him 'bide;
 With out-spread wings around him move,
 And turn each random ball aside.

And you, his foes, though hearts of steel,
 Oh! may you then with me accord;
 A sympathetic passion feel,
 Behold his face, and drop the sword.

Ye winds, your blust'ring fury leave;
 Like airs that o'er the garden sweep,
 Breathe soft in sighs, and gentle heave
 The calm, smooth bosom of the deep.

Till, halcyon peace return'd once more,
 From blasts secure, and hostile harms,
 My sailor views his native shore,
 And harbours safe in these fond arms.

S O N G

SONG CCCCXIV.

Sung by Mr. BEARD, and Miss BRENT, in Thomas and Sally. Set by Dr. Arne.

Thomas.

LET fops pretend in flames to melt,
And talk of pangs they never felt;
I speak without disguise or art,
And with my hand bestow my heart.

Sally.

Let ladies prudishly deny,
Look cold, and give their thoughts the lye;
I own the passion in my breast,
And long to make my lover blest.

Thomas.

For this the sailor, on the mast,
Endures the cold and cutting blast;
All dripping wet, wears out the night,
And braves the fury of the fight.

Sally.

For this the virgin pines, and sighs,
With throbbing heart, and streaming eyes,
Till sweet reverse of joy she proves,
And clasps the faithful lad she loves.

Duetto.

Ye British youths, be brave, you'll find,
The British virgins will be kind;
Protect their beauty from alarms,
And they'll repay you with its charms.

SONG.

SONG CCCCXV.

Set by Dr. Arne.

I Met in our village a swain t'other day :
 He stopt me, and begg'd me a moment to stay ;
 Then blush'd, and, in language I ne'er heard before,
 He talk'd much of love, and some pains that he bore:
 But what was his meaning I know not, I vow ;
 Yet, alas ! my poor heart felt, I cannot tell how.

Each morning the jessamine, vi'let and rose,
 He brings me, and ev'ry sweet flower that grows ;
 The sweetest, and gayest, he picks from the rest,
 And begs me to wear these fine things in my breast :
 But what is his meaning I know not, I vow ;
 Yet, alas ! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

At my feet the young shepherd for ever I see,
 Protesting he never lov'd any but me ;
 He gazes with transport, and kisses me too,
 And swears that he'll ever be constant and true :
 But what is his meaning I know not, I vow ;
 Yet, alas ! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

I oft see the tears streaming fast from his eyes,
 And hear him, poor youth ! breathe a thousand of
 sighs ;

He tells me, no nymph in the world is like me,
 Nor shepherd alive so unhappy as he :
 But what is his meaning I know not, I vow ;
 Yet, alas ! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

Why does the dear shepherd to me thus complain,
 And say that my eyes are the cause of his pain ?
 Indeed, were I sure (for his fate I deplore)
 That he suffer'd for me, he should suffer no more :
 I'd do all I could to relieve him, I vow,
 That my heart might have ease, tho' I cannot tell how.

SONG

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the tears streaming fast from his eyes,
 him, poor youth ! breathe a thousand of
 s ;

no nymph in the world is like me,
 I alive so unhappy as he :
 his meaning I know not, I vow ;
 poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

dear shepherd to me thus complain,
 my eyes are the cause of his pain ?
 I sure (for his fate I deplore)
 'd for me, he should suffer no more :
 uld to relieve him, I vow,
 might have ease, tho' I cannot tell how.

SONG

S O N G CCCCXVI.

Sung in the Serenata of Solomon. Set by Dr. Boyce.

ON his face the vernal rose,
Blended with the lily, glows;
His locks are as the raven black,
In ringlets waving down his back.

His eyes with milder beauties beam
Than billing doves beside the stream;
His youthful cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
Enripen'd by refreshing show'rs.

His lips are of the rose's hue,
Still dropping with a fragrant dew;
Tall as the cedar he appears,
And as erect his form he bears.



S O N G CCCCXVII.

The SCHOOL of ANACREON. *A Cantata.*

Sung by Mr. BEARD. Set by Dr. Arne.

RECITATIVE.

THE festive board was met; the social band
Round fam'd Anacreon took their silent stand:
My sons, (began the sage) be this the rule,
No brow austere must dare approach my school,
Where love and Bacchus jointly reign within;
Old Care, be gone!—here sadness were a sin.

AIR.

Tell not me the joys that wait
On him that's learn'd, or him that's great;
Wealth and wisdom I despise,
Cares surround the rich and wise:

The

The queen that gives soft wishes birth,
And Bacchus, god of wine and mirth,
Me their friend and fav'rite own,
And I was born for them alone.

Bus'ness, title, pomp and state,
Give them to the fools I hate;
But let love, let life be mine,
Bring me women, bring me wine!
Speed the dancing hours away,
Mind not what the grave ones say.

Gaily let the minutes fly,
In love, in freedom, wit and joy:
So shall love and life be mine;
Bring me women, bring me wine!
Speed the dancing hours away,
Mind not what the grave ones say.



S O N G CCCCXVIII.

Sung in Eliza. Set by Dr. Arne.

MY fond shepherds of late were so blest,
Their fair nymphs were so happy and gay,
That each night they went safely to rest,
And they merrily sung thro' the day:
But, ah! what a scene must appear!

Must the sweet rural pastimes be o'er?
Shall the tabor no more strike the ear?
Shall the dance on the green be no more?

Must the flocks from their pastors be led?
Must the herds go wild straying abroad?
Shall the looms be all stopp'd in each shed,
And the ships be all moor'd in each road?
Must the arts be all scatter'd abroad,
And shall commerce grow sick of the tide?
Must Religion expire on the ground,
And shall Virtue sink down by her side?

S. O N G

SONG CCCCXIX.

The Words by Mr. Gay. New set by Mr. Jackson.

RECITATIVE.

'T WAS when the seas were roaring,
 With hollow blasts of wind,
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd :
 Wide o'er the foaming billows
 She cast a wishful look ;
 Her head was crown'd with willows,
 That trembled o'er the brook.

AIR.

Twelve months are gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days,
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas ?
 Cease, cease, thou troubled ocean,
 And let my lover rest ;
 Ah ! what's thy troubled motion,
 To that within my breast ?

The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
 Views tempests with despair ;
 But what's the loss of treasure
 To the losing of my dear ?
 Should you some coast be laid on,
 Where gold and di'monds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.

How can they say that Nature
 Has nothing made in vain ?
 Why then, beneath the water,
 Do hideous rocks remain ?

No eyes those rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

Thus melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear,
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear:
When o'er the white waves stooping,
His floating corpse she 'spy'd;
Then like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head - and dy'd.

S O N G CCCCXX.

Sung by Miss BRENT, in The Beggars Opera.

VIRGINS are like the fair flow'r in its lustre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground;
Near it the bees in play flutter and cluster,
And gaudy butterflies frolic around.

But when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring;
To Covent-Garden 'tis sent, as yet sweet;
There fades and shrinks, and grows past all enduring;
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

S O N G CCCCXXI.

*Sung by Mr. BEARD, and Miss BRENT, in the
Parting Scene of The Beggars Opera.*

THE miser thus a shilling sees,
Which he's oblig'd to pay;
With sighs resigns it by degrees,
And fears 'tis gone for aye.

The

The boy thus, when his sparrow's flown,
The bird in silence eyes;
But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, sobs, and cries.

S O N G CCCCXXII.

The SLY SHEPHERD. *A New Ballad.*

I N a sweet summer's eve, by the side of a stream,
I listen'd while Damon told Chloe his dream;
But first to this purpose the shepherd reveal'd
The deep wounds in his heart, which could not be
conceal'd.

" 'Tis now quite an age since first I made known,
" Oh! fairest of maidens, that my heart was your
" own;

" And tho' time must have prov'd how sincere was
" my mind,

" To such dictates of truth my dear Chloe is blind.

" To the world she distributes her blessings around,

" But the man she should bless she continues to
" wound.

" Opprest with these cares, last night in the grove,

" I dreamt that my life paid a forfeit to love,

" And despairing of ever obtaining relief,

" I'd recourse to this stream to finish my grief."

When, the better to shew her what pass'd in his sleep,

The sly shepherd seem'd ready to plunge in the deep.

" O stop (said the maiden) at length I'll prove kind,"

And held him from doing what was ne'er in his mind:

And before she detected the art of the swain,

She'd said to him what she'd not unsay again.

By

By this artful deceit the fly shepherd obtain'd
 What by humble entreaties he ne'er would have gain'd:
 From hence let the fair this short maxim believe,
 That if truth cannot win 'em, men will learn to de-
 ceive.

S O N G CCCCXXIII.

The C O N S T A N T L O V E R.

An admirable Old Song. The Words by Mr. Booth.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,
 More fragrant than the damask rose;
 Soft as the down of turtle dove,
 Gentle as air when Zephyr blows;
 Refreshing as descending rains
 To sun-burnt climes, or thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
 Or as the dial to the sun;
 Constant as gliding waters roll,
 Whose swelling tides obey the moon:
 From ev'ry other charmer free,
 My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,
 The dam the tender kid pursues;
 Sweet Philomel, in shady bow'rs,
 Of verdant spring her note renews:
 All follow what they most admire,
 As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
 And vary as the seasons rise;
 As winter to the spring gives place,
 Summer th' approach of autumn flies:

No change on love the seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring Time, with stealing pace,
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow ;
Ev'n marble tow'rs, and walls of brass,
In his rude march he levels low :
But Time destroying far and wide,
Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel dart,
The gentle godhead can remove,
And drive him from the bleeding heart,
To mingle with the blest above ;
Where, known to all his kindred train,
He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love and his sister fair—the soul,
Twin-born from heav'n together came ;
Love can the universe controul,
When dying seasons lose their name :
Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,
When Time and Death shall be no more.

S O N G CCCCXXIV.

The I N V I T A T I O N .

*Sung by Mr. LOWE, Mrs. VINCENT, Mrs. COLLETT,
and Miss DAVIS, at Marybone-Gardens.*

Mrs. Vincent.

C O M E, ye party-jangling swains,
Leave your flocks, and quit the plains ;
Friends to country, or to court,
Nothing here shall spoil your sport.

Chorus.

Ever welcome to our feast,
Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

Q

Mr.

Mr. Lowe.

Sprightly widows, come away;
Laughing dames, and virgins gay;
Little gaudy flutt'ring misses,
(Smiling hopes of future blisses).
Ever welcome, &c.

Mrs. Collett.

All that rip'ning sun can bring,
Beauteous summer, beauteous spring,
In one varying scene we show,
The green, the ripe, the bud, the blow.
Ever welcome, &c.

Miss Davis.

Comus jesting, music charming,
Wine inspiring, beauty warming;
Rage and party-malice dies,
Peace returns, and discord flies.
Ever welcome to our feast,
Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

SONG CCCCXXV.

BACCHUS TRIUMPHANT.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Marybone-Gardens.

THE swain, with his flock, by a brook loves to
rest,
With soft rural lays to drive grief from his breast;
The fop, light as air, loves himself to behold;
The Briton, his foe—and the miser, his gold.
The pleasures I chuse, yield more joy to my soul,
The delight of my heart is a full-flowing bowl.
The huntsman, fatigu'd with the toil of the chase,
By the side of a fountain delights to solace;

At

At his mistress's feet, the fond lover to whine;
The beau, at the play or assembly to shine.

The pleasures I chuse, &c.

My Chloe's in rapture, to hear herself prais'd;
The courtier, to find that his income is rais'd:
Some nymphs love the town, and in jewels to shine,
And some spiritless lovers, in silence to pine.

The pleasures I chuse, &c.

Some cards love, some coffee, some dice, and some tea;
Some talking, some fiddling, some dancing, some play:
Their choices are dull — there's a spirit in wine,
That more than enlivens with rapture divine:

That pleasure I chuse, it yields joy to my soul,
The delight of my heart is a full-flowing bowl.

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S O N G CCCCXXVI.

The KNIFE - GRINDER.

Sung at Sadler's-Wells.

The Words by Mr. H. Rhodes.

THERE's grinders enough, Sirs, of ev'ry degree;
From jewel-deck'd great, to low poverty;
Whatever the station, it sharpens the sense,
And the wheel goes round, to wind in the pence.

Master-grinders enough at the helm you may find,
Tho' I'm but a journeyman — Knives to grind.

Whatever the statesman may think of himself,
He turns Fortune's wheel in pursuit of the pelf;
He grinds back and edge, Sirs, his ends to obtain,
And his country may starve, so he pockets the gain,
Master-grinders, &c.

The rich grind the poor, is a saying of old;
The merchant the tradesman, we need not be told:
Whether Pagan, Mahometan, Christian you be,
There's grinders of all sorts, of ev'ry degree.
Master-grinders, &c.

The patriot, with zeal animated, declares
 The curtain he'll draw, and display the state-play^{rs};
 He is a staunch grinder, to some 'tis well known,
 And they're mightily gall'd by the grit of his stone.
 Master-grinders, &c.

I too am a grinder: what, what, Sirs, of that?
 I am but in taste, since I copy the great;
 To be, Sirs, ingenuous, I'll tell you my mind;
 'Tis for what I can get, makes me willing to grind.
 Master-grinders enough at the helm you may find,
 Tho' I'm but a journeyman—Knives to grind.

S O N G CCCCXXVII.

The CONTENTED MILLER.

Sung by Mr. HUDSON, at Ranelagh.

IN a plain pleasant cottage, conveniently neat,
 With a mill, and some meadows—(a freehold
 estate)

A well-meaning miller by labour supplies
 Those blessings that Nature to grand ones denies;
 No passions to plague him, no cares to torment,
 His constant companions are health and content:
 Their lordships, in lace, may take note, if they will,
 For he's honest—tho' daub'd with the dust of his mill.

Ere the larks early carol salutes the new day,
 He springs from his cottage, as jocund as May;
 He chearfully whistles, regardless of care,
 Or sings the last ballad he bought at the fair:
 While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of state,
 Or bribing elections, in hopes to be great;
 No fraud, nor ambition, his bosom does fill,
 Contented he works if there's grist for his mill.

On

On Sunday, bedeck'd in his home-spun array,
 At church he's the loudest to chant, or to pray;
 Sits down to a dinner of plain English food;
 And, tho' simple the pudding, his appetite's good:
 At night, when the priest and exercise-man are gone,
 He quaffs at the alehouse with Roger and John;
 Then returns to his pillow, and dreams of no ill,
 —No monarch's more blest than the man of the mill.

S O N G CCCCXXVIII.

*Sung by Mrs. SCOTT, at Ranelagh. Set to Music by
 Mr. Bach.*

BY my sighs you may discover
 What soft wishes touch my heart;
 Eyes can speak, and tell the lover
 What the tongue must not impart.

Blushing shame forbids revealing
 Thoughts your breast may disapprove;
 But 'tis hard, and past concealing,
 When we truly, fondly love.

S O N G CCCCXXIX.

A favourite SONG. Set by Dr. Boyce.

RAIL no more, ye learned asses,
 'Gainst the joys the bowl supplies;
 Sound its depth, and fill your glasses,
 Wisdom at the bottom lies:
 Fill 'em higher still, and higher,
 Shallow draughts perplex the brain;
 Sipping quenches all our fire,
 Bumpers light it up again.

Draw

Draw the scene for wit and pleasure,
 Enter jollity and joy;
 We for thinking have no leisure,
 Manly mirth is our employ:
 Since in life there's nothing certain,
 We'll the present hour engage;
 And, when Death shall drop the curtain,
 With applause we'll quit the stage.



S O N G CCCCXXX.

DAMON and PHILLIS, *a Pastoral Dialogue.*
Sung by Mr. LOWE, and Miss DAVIS, at Marybone-
Gardens. Set by Mr. Berg.

Damon. **H**OW fierce is the sun!
 Haste, Phillis, let's run,
 To shelter a-while in the grove;
 Young Cupid reigns there,
 And I'll please thee, my fair,
 By telling you stories of love.

Phillis. I'll tell you, young swain,
 You attack me in vain;
 Too fatal the going might prove:
 For many a maid
 Has there been betray'd,
 By list'ning to stories of love.

Damon. When passion's sincere,
 There's no danger to fear;
 The spring-time of beauty improve;
 Nor let it be said,
 Phillis dies an old maid,
 Averse to the raptures of love.

Phillis. To hear the soft sigh,
 When her lover is nigh,
 A nymph can't, perhaps, disapprove:

It may flatter her pride ;
But if reason's her guide,
She makes honour attendant on love.

Damon. 'Tis with honour I burn,
Yet, for mutual return,
With Phillis now vainly I've strove !
See our flocks, how they join,
'Tis an omen divine,
Portending compliance and love.

Phillis. Oh! Damon, I find,
My heart seems inclin'd,
The test of your passion to prove.

Damon. Then be Hymen our guide,
Be the nuptial knot ty'd,
And let wedlock give sanction to love.

Duetto. When love's gentle fire
Enkindles desire,
Suppress the wild maxim to rove ;
Let the nymph and the youth
Plight their honour and truth,
And be happy in virtue and love.

SONG CCCCXXXI.

The SONG of DIANA. *Sung by Miss POITIER,*
at Covent-Garden Theatre. Set by Dr. Boyce.

WITH horns and with hounds I waken the day,
And hie to my woodland walks away ;
I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,
And tie to my forehead a waxing moon ;
I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,
And chase the wild goats o'er summits of rocks :
With shouting, and hooting, we pierce thro' the sky,
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

SONG

SONG CCCCXXXII.

THROW the WOOD LADDIE.

*Sung by Miss WRIGHT, at Vauxhall.**Set by Mr. Michael Arne.*

O Sawney, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to mourn?
 Thy presence cou'd ease me,
 When naething can please me;
 Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,
 Or throw the wood, Laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
 While lav'rocks are singing,
 And primroses springing,
 Yet nane of them pleases mine eye or mine ear,
 When throw the wood, Laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell;
 I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
 Baith ev'ning and morning,
 Their jeering goes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When throw the wood, Laddie, I wander my sell.

Then stay, my dear Sawney, nae longer away,
 But quick as an arrow,
 Haste here to thy Marrow,
 Wha's living in languor, till that happy day,
 When throw the wood, Laddie, we'll dance, sing,
 and play.

F I N I S.



96-82-1

B

much again

Buttins & Spatula 2 Staffordshire Doulton
Bolted by Death's Quarters hear them
and when the trumpet sounds O. H. H. and?

